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❀❀ THE NEW CRUSADE ❀❀

FOR

1899

With enlarged space we shall be able to give a more varied table of contents. We have enlisted the services of able contributors, experts along the various lines which they discuss. A partial list of these will suggest some of the good things we have in store for you; but as a bill of fare is of little account unless followed by the dinner itself, so names of writers and topics will do no good to those who do not partake of the feast they will furnish.



PARTIAL LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

❀❀❀ NEW CRUSADE. ❀❀❀

During the coming year a wide range of topics will be discussed in our pages by the following writers of reputation, and others of equal note

- | | |
|---|--|
| B. A. HINSDALE,
<i>Professor of Pedagogy, University of Michigan.</i> | LEWIS REID, PH. D.,
<i>Ex-principal of Collin's Classical School.</i> |
| W. XAVIER SUDDUTH, M. D.,
<i>Superintendent of Alpha Sanitarium.</i> | PROFESSOR J. B. DE MOTTE,
<i>Scientist and Lecturer.</i> |
| HELEN CAMPBELL,
<i>Professor of Household Economics, University of Kansas.</i> | M. B. O'SHEA,
<i>University of Wisconsin.</i> |
| MAYOR SAM M. JONES,
<i>Toledo, Ohio.</i> | FRANK V. IRISH,
<i>Educator and Author.</i> |
| ELIZA M. MOSHER, M. D.,
<i>Dean of Woman's Department, University of Michigan.</i> | GENEVIEVE TUCKER, M. D.,
<i>Author of "Mother, Baby, and Nursery."</i> |
| LUTHER GULICK, M. D.,
<i>Editor of "Association Outlook."</i> | HARRIET LINCOLN COOLIDGE,
<i>Author of "In Story Land."</i> |
| C. C. VAN LIEW,
<i>Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy, State Normal School, Cal.</i> | MARY E. LAW, M. D.,
<i>Principal Law Kindergarten School, Toledo, Ohio.</i> |
| ELIZABETH GRINNELL,
<i>Author of "How John and I Brought up the Child."</i> | ELIZABETH JARRETT, M. D.,
<i>Editor "Alumnæ News."</i> |
| ALICE LEE MOQUÉ,
<i>Author, Scientist, and Lecturer.</i> | T. D. CROTHERS, M. D.,
<i>Sec'y American Medical Association.</i> |
| ORRIN GRANT LIBBY,
<i>University of Wisconsin.</i> | J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.,
<i>Editor "Good Health."</i> |
| | LYMAN B. SPERRY, M. D.,
<i>Author of "Confidential Talks with Young Men" and "Young Women."</i> |

Wood-Allen Publishing Company,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Every Mothers' Club

must take up some course of study. It takes lots of work to plan one. It takes more work to arrange for each meeting. Why spend your precious time at the difficult task when you can have it all done for you?

The *Mothers'-Club Helper*, a Pre-view Leaflet issued monthly, not only gives programs for four meetings a month along the Course of Study planned by Dr. Wood-Allen, but it also presents questions upon the topics of study which provoke thought and arouse interest.

Read what others say of it : —

Evanston, Ill., Sept. 13, '98.

I am delighted with the Pre-view Questions. I hope all my Unions will subscribe for them.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN HILTON.

(Nat'l Superintendent Mothers' Meetings.)

Mooretown, N. J., Sept. 12, '98.

Please send me one year's subscription to *Mothers'-Club Helper* Pre-view Leaflet, for which find 35c enclosed. I am more pleased with this leaflet than anything of its kind I have ever seen, and it certainly fills a vacant place and will, I am sure, be a great assistance to many superintendents of Mothers' Meetings.

MRS. ANNIE N. HENLING.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 6, '98.

I am just in receipt of copy of the *Mothers'-Club Helper*. The questions on Heredity in these little Pre-view Leaflets seem to me perfect and exhaustive. You are digging at the root of things. When these questions are generally discussed and sex-nature becomes thoroughly understood, the people of that time will form ideal marriages and produce an ideal race.

EMMA PLATT GUYTON.

Mothers'-Club Helper, issued monthly. Prices as follows :—

Single copy.....	per year \$	35
Six copies to one address.....	"	1 25
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All subscriptions payable in advance.

Wood-Allen Publishing Company,

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Ann Arbor, Mich.

Books Mothers Need.

THE profession of motherhood calls for study and preparation, just as all other professions do. Mothers have studied in the past, but they have had no guide by which to direct their reading into definite channels. They have not been able to cover the whole ground properly, because there has been no plan for them to follow.

This has all been changed. The well-known writer, Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, has arranged a course of study covering the first sixteen years of a child's life. Every important subject is touched upon in its proper place. Heredity, prenatal life, first care of the infant, physical, mental, and moral training from the early years on up, are duly considered.

Certain books are necessary for this course of study. There are a multitude of books upon the market which touch upon these topics. Some of these are too technical for the mother, some have only a chapter or two of practical value, some are not to be depended upon.

A well-known educator states that he spent \$300 in his endeavor to find books of value to him, only a few of the ones purchased being available. Mothers can not afford such an expense. How can they tell what books are the ones of value to them?

After years of extensive reading, Dr. Wood-Allen has been able to make a selection of suitable books, and mothers will do well to trust to her experienced judgment.

Below is given her selection of books suitable for the first part of the course of study.

Library No. 1.

1. MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D.....	\$1.00
2. SEX AND LIFE, by Eli T. Brown, M. S., M. D., paper, 50c, cloth.....	1.00
3. SOUR GRAPES, or HEREDITY AND MARRIAGE, by Ed. Amherst Ott.....	.25
4. PRENATAL CULTURE, by E. A. Newton25
5. MOTHER, BABY, AND NURSERY, by Genevieve Tucker, M. D	1.50
6. HOW JOHN AND I BROUGHT UP THE CHILD, by Elizabeth Grinnell.....	.80
7. CRADLE AND NURSERY, by Christine Terhune Herrick.....	1.00
8. CHILDREN, THEIR MODELS AND CRITICS, by Auretta R. Aldrich.....	.75
9. THE CHILD, by Bertha Meyer, cloth	1.00
10. CHILD CULTURE, by Hannah Whitall Smith30
11. GENTLE MEASURES IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE YOUNG, by Jacob Abbott..	1.25
Publishers' price for Library complete in best binding....	9.10
For entire Library when ordered at one time....	8.50

Library No. 2.

HABIT and EDUCATION, by Dr. Paul Radestock.....	\$.75
HINTS ON CHILD TRAINING, by H. Clay Trumbull.....	1.00
HOME OCCUPATIONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN, by Katherine Beebe.....	.75
Publishers' price for Library complete.....	2.50
For entire Library when ordered at one time.....	2.30

The above are the first two libraries as recommended by the secretary of the Mothers' Meetings. We shall be pleased to fill orders for single books at prices quoted.

All orders will be filled promptly. Cash must accompany all orders.

Wood-Allen Publishing Company,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Jan. 13, 1899.

*Wood-Allen Publishing Company,
Ann Arbor, Mich.*

WE have carefully read all the competitive letters sent to the Wood-Allen Publishing Company, and after duly considering each letter separately, we have made the following selection as entitled to prizes : —

A LETTER TO A MOTHER.

First Prize: ELEANOR K. MEACHAM, Clarinda, Iowa.

The five next best, in the order named, were written by —

MRS. ANNA E. FOWLER, Charlotte, Mich.

LIZZIE H. HARSHA, Hillsboro, O.

PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL, Evansville, Wis.

MARY B. LINDLEY, Rialto, Cal.

EDITH M. T. GROOVES, Farmington Cal.

A LETTER TO A TEACHER.

First Prize: MRS. W. T. BLAND, College View, Neb.

* The next best, in the order named, were written by —

L. R. M. HUDSON, Toronto, Ont.

FAUSTA A. DANARD, Allenford, Ont.

EMMA F. A. DRAKE, M. D., Denver, Colo.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

First Prize: REV. ALVIN C. KRIEBEL, Lansdale, Pa.

Next best, in the order named, were written by —

MRS. B. LAYTHE SCOVIL, Minneapolis, Minn.

M. A. WADELL, Rodger, Benzonia, Mich.

A. S. K. BURTON, Ganges, Mich.

FLORA M. THORNTON SWIFT, Grand Junction, Colo.

E. M. GRAY, Redlands, Cal.

S. A. MORAN, *Chairman,*

D. R. CLIPPINGER,

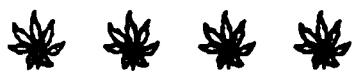
G. P. COLER.

* Only four letters were sent in under this class.

Friday Evening, January 13.

THE committee of gentlemen previously selected to pass judgment on the letters written in response to the prizes offered, together with a few friends of the Wood-Allen Publishing Company, gathered in one of the rooms of the new addition for supper. After the inner man had been refreshed, and the addition to the building explored and admired, the committee retired for work. Several days previous to this gathering, type-written copies of all the letters received had been sent to each member of the committee, in order that he might make a tentative selection beforehand. In spite of this precaution, it took the committee fully two hours to make a final decision from the large number of letters left.

The result of their deliberations is given on the opposite page.



First Prize. A Letter To A Mother.

BOURNE, KY., Nov. 16, 1898.

MY DEAR SISTER: Some time since you asked me to advise you as to the best "Home Magazine" to take. I have hesitated because I know how little time and money you have for your own use, and I want you to have the best and most helpful books possible. It has been "borne in upon me" that the best magazine for you is THE NEW CRUSADE, a little monthly published at Ann Arbor, Mich., by the Wood-Allen Publishing Company.

Its editor, Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, is a physician of broad culture and great experience, and is Nat'l Superintendent of Social Purity for the W. C. T. U. Like all great philanthropists she believes it is better to **form** than to **reform**, and her magazine is devoted to all that makes home better, childhood safer, and motherhood more sacred. For a time you may miss those personal touches that make a "Houshold magazine" so dear to an isolated woman, but you will soon learn to know the new writers, and be uplifted by their breadth of view and consecration of purpose.

The discussions will not be upon how to mold bread, or raise chickens, but upon the nobler work of molding character, and raising children who shall rise up and call you blessed.

Yours for the uplift of the home,

ELEANOR K. MEACHAM,

Clarinda, Ia.

First Prize. A Letter to a Friend.

LANSDALE, PA., Oct 3, 1898.

Wood-Allen Publishing Company.

DEAR FRIENDS: My wife is a subscriber to the NEW CRUSADE. I read it with a profounder interest than I do any other magazine that comes into our home. It has wonderfully guided us in training our 20-month-old boy. Among its salient points I consider the following:—

1. In general: Its subject-matter is in perfect harmony with modern scientific research, physiological, and psychological.

2. In particular: It rightly assumes that a child's education should begin before it is born, and accordingly instructs young married women in the preparation necessary to true motherhood.

3. It is the first paper aiming to break down that false modesty which prevents parents from telling their boys and girls things that they ought to know, and which they have a RIGHT to know.

4. It strives to purify young lives of everything vicious that may have insinuated itself into their natures, and therefore the NEW CRUSADE can not help being blessed and prospered by God.

Yours gratefully,

REV. ALVIN C. KRIEBEL.,
Lansdale, Pa.



First Prize. A Letter to a Teacher.

COLLEGE VIEW, NEB., Nov. 17, 1898.

Miss Mary Smith.

DEAR FELLOW TEACHER: Your letter just received, and I note with much interest the perplexities with which you have to cope in school work. Yes, I am of the same opinion as yourself; nothing is so helpful as the proper kind of literature. I take all sorts of school journals, from the Kindergarten Magazine up to the College paper, and I get a certain amount of help from each one; but for all-round instruction in genuine character-building I value most of all a little magazine called the NEW CRUSADE, published at Ann Arbor, Mich. It is a monthly, and comes at a dollar a year.

So many parents know so little about children in general, and their own in particular, that it seems imperative for a teacher, if she would hope for any fruit of her toil, to be well informed on all phases of child life. There is a valuable department on the subject of Purity.

I consider it most important that a teacher should be well read and fully up to date on such subjects as Co-Education, White Life for Two, The White Cross and White Shield Work, and all kindred subjects; for we have these immense problems of life to meet every day, and joy be to us if we can direct *our* pupils in the right way of clean thoughts, clean words, clean acts.

But, coming down from this high plane of the morality part of it, this journal also deals with practical, every-day things, such as the children's lunch at school; and in the last number there was an excellent article on Sand Maps.

If you have never seen this magazine, by all means send for a sample copy. You will find it all and more than I claim for it.

As ever your friend,

MRS. W. T. BLAND,
College View, Neb.

SANATONAP.



Indispensable to the woman who travels.

Economical for the woman who boards.

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This article, easily adjusted, comfortably worn, and conveniently disposed of, solves a great personal problem. It meets a need for women who are patients in hospitals or asylums, for girls away from home at school, for mothers of young infants. It dispenses with unpleasant labor, and saves laundry bills.

Send for descriptive catalogue.

Hygienic Home-Supply Company,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE COMING MAN.

By Courtesy of the School Physiology Journal.

THE NEW CRUSADE.

To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispel Darkness by Light.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1899.

NO. 1.

THE COMING MAN.

A PAIR of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can,
And lo, before us strides in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light,—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour,—
'T is knit now with a troubled doubt,—
Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
From world to world may reach;
That, sternly gave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control,—
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands,— those little busy hands,—
So sticky, small, and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems.
To pull all order down,—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 't is but a taffy-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet un-run!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future hold in store,
God bless the "coming man"!

— Anon.

WRONG POSTURE AS A CAUSE OF PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

BY ELIZA M. MOSHER, M. D.,

Dean of the Woman's Department of the University of Michigan.

A WELL-POISED body conduces not only to health, but it is also essential to physical beauty. The great masses of Americans, young as well as old, stand and sit in wrong postures, and acquire a habit of body that is most detrimental. The shoulders are rounded, head projects forward, the chest is compressed, and the curve at the lower part of the spine is straightened. In my travels in Europe I looked for this attitude, but did not find it as I do in this country, so I have come to call it the American attitude.

It is a sorry sight to see young people, who should walk with vigor and grace, shambling along with crooked backs and hollow chests and knees that are never fully straightened. Mothers and teachers should know what the normal attitude is, and insist that the children shall maintain it, and then it will be the habit of adults.

In standing, the body is in the proper position when the weight rests principally on the balls of the feet, the heels lightly touching the ground. The knees are held firm by muscular tension; the chest is elevated and thrown forward, and the lower part of the spine thrown backward and held high, while the head is balanced on the top of the spinal column. With the body thus placed, the arms drop at the sides midway between front and back, the space between spine and breast-bone is increased, giving more room for the great mass of the lungs, and the breathing muscles are aided in their ceaseless labor.

In this position the pressure of the contents of the abdomen is downward and outward, away from the larger blood-vessels that lie along the spine, and away from the organs of the lowest or pelvic cavity,—a very important matter in the healthful development of girls. In sitting, the right position is with the lowest part of the spine projected two or three inches back of the shoulders. The ordinary chair will not permit this, and is therefore unphysiological. A chair to be hygienic should be open to allow the mass of muscles at the lowest part of the body to pass below the bar which supports the small of the back. Another bar behind the shoulders would maintain the upright sitting posture without fatigue or muscular

effort. Such a chair would tend to maintain the right curves of the spine instead of producing new and wrong curves. School children thus seated would not be as restless as they are in seats which tend continually to unbalance the body.

The common wrong postures are:—

1. Standing with the weight of the body on one foot.
2. Resting the weight of the body on the heels.
3. Sitting "on the small of the back," as it may be called.
4. Sitting with shoulders not parallel with hips.

In standing with the weight on one foot the spine bends to one side, carrying with it the arms and head. It also turns a little on itself. The space between hip and shoulder of one side is lessened, and of the other is increased, making one hip high, the other low. The neck on one side is shortened, and all the internal organs hang unevenly on this support.

The symmetry of the face is also affected, the face being flattened on one side, the eyes differing in size, and the nose deviating from the middle line. Artists and photographers have long noticed this difference between the two sides of the face, but not till lately has it been observed to be the result of habitual and injurious postures of body.

This wrong standing attitude tends to increase the danger of hernia or rupture. In women it crowds the reproductive organs, and causes permanent displacements. This is one of the most common attitudes among school children, and calls for prompt and constant attention of parents and teachers.

Standing with the weight on the heels straightens the lower curves of the spine, and causes round shoulders, flat chest, projecting head and prominent abdomen. The pressure of a corset-steel on the front wall of the abdomen, and tight clothing, especially tight skirt-bands, tend to produce this habit of standing, and the habitual use of rocking-chairs exerts an influence in the same direction.

Before beginning to attend school, most children have fairly symmetrical bodies. Bad postures in a vitiated and overheated atmosphere are responsible for the imperfect physical development of many school children in this country at the present time. The responsibility of parents and teachers is very great in this regard. School seats and desks should be more hygienic in form. Posture drills should be given daily (hourly, if necessary); school hours should be short, especially for children in the lower grades, and a

well-trained physical inspector should look the children over frequently, to detect the results of bad postures before they become serious. Each inspector should have a drill room, to which she can take such pupils as are becoming unsymmetrical, there to give them exercises calculated to correct the tendency.

It seems to me that the time has come when more intelligent oversight should be given, both at home and at school, to the physical development of children, and young people; otherwise, we shall develop intellectual power without the physical foundation needful to fit men and women for the work of life.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. HELEN RAYMOND WELLS.

(Extract from a paper read at the Second Mothers' Congress.)

I WOULD name, first of all, the right of being welcome. If you have ever for the briefest time been condemned to be even apparently an unwelcome guest, you may form some idea of the unhappy disadvantage in which an unwished-for child enters life, and of the cloud that must darken all his days, if not embitter them.

A sound mind in a healthy body with good moral impetus is also a birthright to be secured to each child by intelligent thought and study of prenatal influences. If a mother indulges herself in every caprice of appetite or inclination, or in moody, violent tempers, pays no regard to the laws of health or of the rights and comforts of others, she can not reasonably expect her child to be born with a strong constitution, a sweet temper, and happy, considerate disposition. If by taking thought we can not add one cubit to our stature, we may somewhat to our children's and greatly to our children's children.

The child's right of environment includes such conditions as procure proper moral, mental, and physical development, the natural unfolding of faculties, the restraining of wrong tendencies, and the training of right motives. They have a right not to be dwarfed, or hampered, or bent, or broken by ignorant, injudicious, or unkind treatment. A right not to have their lives warped, or soured, or darkened by impure, uncongenial, or unhealthful sur-

roundings. They have a right to an intelligent provision for their physical care and growth ; to the activity that strengthens the muscles, and the diet and dress that secures health and comfort ; to the intelligence that protects their sexual functions.

Because these things are quickly enumerated does not mean that the ability to provide them is readily acquired. Indeed, it means great patience, perseverance, tact, skill, time, and study on the part of the parents.

Children have a right to beauty, cheerfulness, kindness, and gentleness. They have a right to freedom from care, worry, teasing ; a right to individual tastes ; a right to be well-guided in matters pertaining to their relation with others.

It is a common error to interpret rights as riot, and liberty as license. If children really have all their rights, that will include deference to their elders. When through neglect or over-indulgence a child is allowed to grow rude, disrespectful, disobedient, or in any way disagreeable, his rights are being infringed upon, for it is every child's right to make himself loved.

The child's right to consideration is very commonly ignored. To count their talk simply chatter, or to answer their questions in a heedless, indifferent way, is to lose the opportunity of studying the workings of the child's mind, of guiding his questions into right channels, and most of all, of winning his full confidence. Lack of consideration is shown in ignoring children's hopes and fears. We can never know how many hours of thought and purpose go into their hopes before they venture to give them expression, neither can we fathom their fears except by remembering our own childish agony resulting from some bugaboo held over us as a restraint. Children have a right to be courageous, and will be if their fears are understood, rightly met, and occasion for them avoided.

They have a right not only to considerate notice, but also to a judicious amount of letting alone. They are not here to gratify our pride or to furnish us entertainment.

Children have a right to play, to a playtime and place, to play-things out of doors and in. It is the right of our children to have beautiful school buildings, properly situated, ventilated, furnished, and lighted ; to have large playgrounds, with plenty of room for good blood-stirring games, besides pretty swards with shrubbery and flowers. They have a right to such teachers as are able and disposed to make individual child-study a basis for instruction and

to second the parent's endeavor to maintain the child's health, curb his faults, and encourage his right tendencies.

They have a right to joyousness, to innocent fun and frolic. We have no right to check or spoil their enthusiasm or spontaneity because we know they can not last. I know one mother who deliberately planned to have her children disappointed at least once a day that they might early be inured to the inevitable. Another went to the opposite extreme, exempting her children from every duty, saying: "They will have cares enough later. They shall be perfectly free so long as I can do everything for them and get them everything they want." Other mothers I have known who cultivated cheerful, amiable, altruistic dispositions in themselves and in their children, meeting pecuniary reverses with such a spirit as taught them that happiness does not consist in houses, lands, and moneys, and coming into the possession of wealth in a way to show that its possessors are responsible for their own intrinsic worth and their neighbors' welfare; deeming it their mission to make life bright and beautiful, even in sorest affliction; keeping cheerful for the sake of the living. One mother I know who sent floral offerings to the church on the Sabbaths nearest the sad anniversaries of the death of her husband and child instead of to the cemetery, and from the church they were sent to the invalids of the congregation. Such a mother helps her children to learn kindness and goodness, besides securing for them the right of unclouded youthfulness. Through this harmony in which she holds them and herself she secures their sympathy and affection, and her example sinks into their lives with its influence for unselfishness, love, true sympathy, and Christian character.

Children have a right to the very best that is thought or written in story or song.

They have a right to a will, a way, a method, a purpose, a plan, an opinion, so long as these do not stand in the way of the rights of others. Our study should therefore be not so much to control the child as to teach him self-control, out of which shall come all the best qualities of mind and heart.

The crowning right of the child's environment is love,—a right to love and be loved. A love pure and strong and deep enough to reach down to the lowly and lift up the fallen, free and generous and broad enough to reach out both hands to friends and associates as to brothers and neighbors, a love high and holy enough to reach up to God.

LIFE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

(All rights reserved.)

No. V.

IN our last article we noted the foreshadowing of parental care among the lower forms of animal life. Among the fishes, for example, we found species that gave some little protecting care to their young. But as a rule the very prodigality of life-giving in the fish-world points to the fact that life there is very uncertain. Fish will not eat the eggs of their own species, but they have no scruples about devouring the eggs of any other. Therefore the millions of eggs which each female fish may produce are not too many to insure the life of the species. I have read the statement that from one pair of shad and their offspring the whole Atlantic Ocean could be filled from brim to brim in a few years. Huxley calculates that the progeny of one species of plant-louse would in a few months outweigh the whole population of China.

It is a fortunate thing that not all forms of life are so prolific. The more elaborate the structure, the higher the type, the fewer are the life cells elaborated and perfected, and the better the arrangements for care of the helpless young. The lobster, for example, uses the joints of its body as a nursery. The hind portion of the body is made of rings, and on the other side of each ring is a little leaf-like swimmeret. In the male, the sperm-sacs are on the inner joints of the last pair of legs, and the last two pairs of swimmerets are hard and bony. In the female, the egg-tubes have openings on the inner joint of the third pair of legs. The hard swimmerets of the male help to carry the sperm to the egg-cells while still in the egg-tubes. The eggs are then deposited on the broad swimmerets of the female, where they are held fast by a sticky substance. After the eggs are hatched, the young lobsters cling to the cradle of the swimmeret, made more secure by the doubling under of the jointed body of the mother lobster.

The family of the Crustacea, to which the lobster belongs, illustrates in various ways protection of the young. Professor Geddes says, "In some lowly crustaceans, the young may return to the shell-cavity of the mother after hatching and even after they have undergone a moulting. The young crayfish are said to return to the maternal shelter after they are set adrift."

Again he says, "Some crustaceans swim along with their young ones like a hen among her chickens. Some cuttle-fish take pains in keeping their egg-clusters clean and safe ; while even the headless fresh-water mussel retains her young when there is no fish present to which they may attach themselves."

The insect family is one of great interest and variety in its life-manifestations. Some forms of insect-life, scientists tell us, are reproduced without fertilization. This is the case with the drones of bees, which are produced from unfertilized eggs. In some cases reproduction without fertilization may occur in species where fertilization is the usual method. The subject is one of great interest as opening fields of speculative reasoning to the scientist, but our investigation lies along the line of reproduction through the union of the two principles, male and female, which in the higher forms of life are found in two separate individuals.

The life of the insect is one of great interest ; beginning as an egg, it continues as a crawling worm, and ends as a winged creature full of abounding life, and capable of wonderful flights through the air, and so entirely different from itself in the creeping stage that it would not be recognized as the same individual by one who knew nothing of the transforming process. The butterfly is often represented in poetry as scorning the lowly caterpillar, wholly unconscious that not long before, it, too, was a humble, fuzzy, crawling worm, while the caterpillar is represented as longing for the gorgeous wings of the soaring butterfly, not knowing that it is spinning itself a cocoon from which it shall escape in the possession of gauzy wings that shall bear it aloft, a living blossom.

In our every-day life we have come to know that the maggot is the intermediate form between the egg and the fly. We know that the winged moth lives among our garments as a larva, eating from our clothing that which it shall make into body and wings with which to fly away leaving us to mourn its destructiveness.

The insect lays the eggs, and leaves them to their fate. She has placed them, in all probability, where the offspring can obtain food. Then her work is done. She has no further acquaintance with her own children ; in fact, would not recognize them were she to meet them. The egg hatches out a wingless creature, worm, caterpillar, or maggot, which is called a larva. Some insects pass through this larval stage in a few days ; with others it continues weeks, months, or even years.

During this stage the larva eats and grows until its skin bursts and it crawls out, and sometimes, for dessert, eats up its cast-off garments. Then it loses its appetite, and hides itself either in chips or small bits of earth, or buries itself in the ground ; or it spins for itself a silken cocoon, and goes to sleep. But while it sleeps wondrous changes have been taking place within. Its vital forces are busy in making itself over. In this stage it is called a pupa, but when it emerges from the pupal stage it is called an imago, a name given because it has become a true image of its species.

Returning to the thought of the development of parental care, we find no possibility of it among insects except in the mother's choice of a cradle for her young, wherein they will find food while they are hatched. Drummond, in his chapter on the "Evolution of a Mother," says :—

"The butterfly places the eggs of its young on the very leaf which the coming caterpillar likes the most, and on the under side of the leaf where they will be the least exposed — a case which illustrates in a palpable way the essential difference between motherhood and maternity. Maternity here, in the restricted sense of merely adequate physical care, is carried to its utmost perfection. Everything that can be done for the egg is done. Motherhood, on the other hand, is non-existent, is even an anatomical impossibility. If a butterfly could live till its egg was hatched, — which does not happen, — it would see no butterfly come out of the egg, no airy likeness of itself, but an earth-bound caterpillar. If it recognized this creature as its child, it could never play the mother to it. This anatomical form is so different that were it starving, it could not feed it ; were it threatened, it could not save it ; nor is it possible to see any direction in which it could be of the slightest use to it. It is obvious that Nature never intended to make a mother here ; that all that she desired as yet was to perfect the first maternal instinct. And the tragedy of the situation is that on that day when her training to be a true mother should begin, she passes out of the world."

I WILL govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one, and to read the other.— *Seneca*.

A PRACTICAL INSTANCE.

BY DR. C. W. LYMAN.

No. II.

HAVING considered certain prenatal and parental conditions, let us pass to the case of the boy. From the moment of birth onward, several relatively new theories were unwaveringly applied. They were matters of assured belief and of experience, too, with both my wife and myself. I had the faith common to all physicians that physiology and life will run themselves correctly, if only a clean chance is allowed them; and my wife had spent thirteen years as a kindergartner, a trainer of kindergartners, and a lecturer to mothers' classes on the care and training of young children. Perhaps the thing possessed most nearly in common by all mothers is an earnest, even a passionate, desire that their children should have a fair chance at life; if possible, an extra good chance. It is in intelligence as to what constitutes a full opportunity for growing up that mothers differ. We simply had advantages here, and used them.

The umbilical cord was not tied off till ten minutes after birth (securing a better blood supply in the child). Then he got no bath, no food, no dressing process; but was merely rolled in cotton batting, and laid aside in the padded box-bed waiting for him. And there, with a bottle of hot water buried in the bedding on either side, and soft blankets laid lightly over the edges of the box, he remained for six solid hours—to sleep, breathe, and get used to the new environment. This time elapsed in perfect quiet. There was no crying after the first few moments of necessary handling. Contrast here the usual goings-on. When he became evidently hungry he was put to breast, seven hours after birth. On the second day we began rubbing him daily with vaseline, from head to foot, and dressed him in the simple woolens. His first bath, with a flannel cloth dipped in warm milk and water (half of each), and without soap, came when he was a week old. Only the eyes, nose, and mouth were cleaned with soft warm water soon after birth. In other respects quiet and warmth were deemed more important than anything else. The oil bath left the skin soft and clean. We continued to use it as a wind-up to the milk-and-water bath for a number of months, rarely missing a day. He often cried, or crowed and begged for his bath, but never so much as whimpered during its

performance, only protesting when the clothes were replaced. It was evidently an unalloyed pleasure.

As for feeding, he was put to breast every hour of the twenty-four, for the first week, like all babies. Then feeding in the night was reduced to two meals, and from early morning till nine of the evening he was fed with two-hour intervals between meals. This till two months was reached. He never had colic, never raised any curds. If he had a little wind at times he was turned on his face, or patted on the back, never dosed with any tea, or put irregularly to breast for diversion. About then he began sleeping right through the nights,—always in his own little bed,—and, we believe, largely because of his own private berth, and also because he had his digestion in its original, brand-new perfection. Until four months old he was fed every three hours of the daytime only; then went on to exactly four full meals *per diem*. Occasionally he woke and cried in the night, always from thirst, and a few spoonfuls of cool water were gratefully swallowed, and his sleep was resumed. He was raised on his bed for the water,—not picked up. All in all, up to six months old, he woke us perhaps a dozen times. No one ever walked the floor with him at night; he never came into bed with his mother; simply nestled down and passed the dark hours in a warm place, like all the thousands of young calves, kittens, puppies, and birdlings the country over. It is only the tampering of ignorant, however well-meaning, solicitude, that breaks up this natural way, and ushers in the night-long fussing, racketing, and irregular napping, which so many mothers soon manage to have, instead.

At his bedtime no devices were ever practised to get him off to sleep, no holding in arms, no rocking. He was simply dressed for the night and put into his box-bed, over which a loosely knit afghan was thrown, to exclude light and drafts. So, too, during the days. When cross or fretful, we recognized simply need of rest, and plumped him into his box for sleep to come. It came so invariably, in a little while, that we called that afghan “the extinguisher.” Twenty minutes (by the watch) of fretting or crying was the longest I ever recorded. For, needing sleep, shut away, and entirely unnoticed, he soon learned to give himself over to his own reflections; and then presently slumber came and took him. Thus we kept down to its lowest terms that first great nuisance of ordinary infancy, namely egoism, and a practise of howling for attention and for being picked up, when no attention is really needed.

But social relations, and those of the gayest, he had continually with both his parents ; his social nature developed very early anyhow ; and whatever things he became sociable in, we both played with him, particularly taking up and responding to *his own initiatives and ideas*. He was shown some finger plays. In the main he originated his own amusements, and these in considerable variety. So he lived from the first in the attitude of that most intensely interested of all persons, the inventor and originator, and we were the playmates who understood him, and gave him society. This social basis between him and his parents, broadening day by day, became later the foundation of his entire life, and the universally available basis for everything we wished to teach him. It was, of course, simply the kindergarten idea used from the first.

(Continued next month.)

HYGIENE OF THE SKIN, HAIR, AND TEETH.

BY J. V. SHOEMAKER, M. D.

THE skin is to be regarded both as an organ of the body and as its finished exterior. It is supplied with sebaceous glands and their ducts ; sweat-glands and their ducts ; hairs and their erecting muscles ; pigment which gives it color ; lobules of fat which nourish it ; arteries, capillaries, and nerves. It is at the skin that man ends and the outlying universe begins. Dr. Maudesly says ; "Were a sane person to wake up some morning with the cutaneous sensibility gone, or with a large area of it sending up to the brain perverted and quite unaccountable impressions, it might be a hard matter, perhaps, for him to keep from going mad."

It is well known that the skin, as well as other parts of the body, depends for integrity upon the general nervous system. Disturbances anywhere in the body act upon the skin ; and conversely, any disturbance in the skin acts upon the central nervous system.

A simple case of indigestion often manifests itself over considerable areas of the skin. In man, woman, or child, bodily health and vigor are inseparable from a healthy condition of the skin. It is continuously engaged in expelling effete matters. The amount of solid matter in solution expelled by the skin actually exceeds that expelled by the lungs in the proportion of eleven to seven parts.

The neglect of attending regularly to elimination through the bowels can be detected, not only in the complexion, but in the odor of the skin. The fearful odors that assail us in crowded street-cars on rainy days are from unclean clothes and skin.

Cleanliness is one of the concomitants of self-respect. Cleanliness, clothing, warmth, friction, exercise, food, are chiefly concerned in the healthiness of the skin, and the first, the most important, is most neglected.

Even in the care of the face is instruction needed. Foreign matters can best be removed by hot water, but it is only by the use of cool water that we increase the health and beauty of the skin: therefore, the hot water should be followed by the application of cold water and friction. This applies to the full bath as well.

Coarse soaps are injurious to the skin of face or body, but nothing is so beneficial to the complexion as an elegant toilet-soap. Rinse off the soapy water, and rub dry with a soft towel.

Next to the face the hand has, of all the members of the body, the most expression. The hand must physically express the general character of the brain. It is by constant assiduous attention that the hands are kept in order. In washing them one should never fail to press gently back with the towel the delicate edge around the root of the nail. Wash the hands frequently with soft water and bland soap. The delicacy and beauty can be much increased by rubbing into them the oil of almonds. A piece of smooth pumice stone may be used to remove hard parts on the palm. Trim the nails carefully, or file them daily, which enables one to dispense with trimming.

No portion of the body is more imposed upon than the civilized foot. The culpability of having corns is much less than that of having bunions. Corns arise from friction or pressure on the skin, bunions from pressure on a joint; their presence is proof positive that the shoes have been too tight and too short, a fact parents should know and remember.

Corns can be easily removed by soaking the feet in warm water until the dead horny layers can be peeled off. After that, if attention be continuous through bathing the feet in warm water, followed by use of a delicate file and rough towel, the tendency to form a corn at that place can be checked, providing the shoes are not keeping up the pressure. The soft corn may be reduced in a few hours by using pieces cut from an old white kid glove with holes in the center. The bunion can only be removed by wearing a physiolog-

ical shoe, one that is as long as the foot would be if the great toe were straightened out to its right relation to the foot. The general rules for bathing the hands may be applied to the feet. The pumice stone is always useful for keeping the soles soft.

The nails are affected by the condition of the general system. They are affected by acute and chronic diseases.

The hair, being a vital structure, needs light, air, and cleanliness. We can maintain the health of the hair only by maintaining the healthy action of the scalp. One of the worst methods is severe use of fine tooth-comb, and severe brushing with stiff hair brush. A gentle use of the fine comb removes the fluffy dust, and is beneficial, but severe use excoriates and unduly stimulates the scalp.

To wash the hair use a suds made with a fine soap, rubbing the scalp with the finger tips, pour cool water over the head, and dry with hot towels. Then a fine brush may be gently used after which some fine pomade may be rubbed in. When the hair begins to fall, the thing to do is to cut off a generous allowance at the ends, so that the lessened vigor may not be taxed in maintaining an undue length of hair. Supply ample nutritive oily material, but avoid all cosmoline and vaseline preparations.

Teeth indicate the condition of the general health. The food given to children will largely determine the character of their teeth. The modern jaw is contracting because it gets less use than in the savage state. In the preservation of the teeth two dangers are to be guarded against, the lodgment of food between the teeth, and the accumulation of tartar on them. For the first pass silk thread between the teeth after meals and at night. Careful cleaning of the teeth will tend to prevent accumulation of tartar. The Irish clean them with common salt rubbed into the gums with a soft cloth inside as well as outside. Tooth pastes should not be used indiscriminately, as they often contain injurious substances. Listerine is an elegant preparation as a tooth wash, but the best dentifrice is a soft brush, pure water, and frequent applications of the same. Put the child under the care of a competent dentist, and do not wait for toothaches to cause you to seek the benefit of his care.— *Extracts from Health, Heredity, and Personal Beauty.*

SLEEP.

BY MRS. MCVEAN-ADAMS.

NEVER waken a child, for it has a right to as much healthful refreshing sleep as it will naturally take. Nature knows when the waste of brain-tissue, nerve-force, and muscle are fully restored. Different temperaments require different amounts of sleep. The little infant needs more sleep than an older child. Regularity and periodicity are natural laws applying to sleep.

However much a baby may sleep during the day, it should be put into soft, clean night-clothes, and laid in its bed at a regular, early hour every evening, and left to quiet, that it may form the habit of going regularly to sleep. If it lies long awake, but is happy, turn it into a new position, to rest and relieve the soft and delicate muscles ; then leave it again. If it cries, or frets, lift it, remove the clothing and rub it softly, but briskly, all over with your warm, bare hand. Then dress it smoothly and comfortably again, and leave it to sleep. Some nervous and sensitive infants will at first sleep more sweetly in the arms of the mother, but should not be long held, the bed being preferable.

Never give a child anything to produce sleep. If your little one is wakeful, look for the cause, and remove it. Is it on account of lack of exercise? A good run in the open air is best. If that is impracticable, an indoor romp that shall set the blood tingling in the tips of the fingers and toes will relieve the undue activity of the brain, and induce drowsiness. A happy medium must be observed, however, as too wild, or too long continued play-times unduly excite a child, and prevent sleep.

Next in value after exercise that regulates the circulation and draws the blood away from the brain so that sleep naturally ensues is warmth. All young things require warmth. An infant is hardly ever kept uniformly warm enough. Heavy or close coverings cause the baby to sweat too freely, which is weakening, and a movement, such as lifting the child, causes a current of air to strike it, producing a clammy coldness which makes imperative a quick change into soft, warm, dry garments, in a warm air, with a rapid massage to restore to the skin its natural glow. A warm, but well-ventilated room, and soft, light covering are most desirable.

In no better way can any child be prepared for sleep than by a warm bath and brisk rubbing. Cleanliness, warmth, and a correct circulation are all thus insured. The perfect bedtime toilet, regularly and properly performed from infancy, will insure health of body, mind, and soul, a proper self-respect, and refinement of heart and life. This seems a strong statement, but it has been proved true.

But what is the perfect, the ideal bedtime toilet? Suppose the play and the pillow-fight over, the bath and the rubbing given. Is that all?—No. Before the bath, the mother must be sure that the lower bowels are free from waste matter, which, left overnight, would cause fetid breath, a bad taste in the mouth, itching of the sex-organs, or even rectal disease and blood-poisoning by absorption. Incredible as it may seem, there are mothers who love their children, yet who do not know whether their little ones are cleansed from waste matter twice a day—as they should be—or twice a week. The mother must also see that the bladder is empty before sleep.

Is that all?—No. In caring for the rosy mouth, and the first pearls that adorn it, every child must have its own tooth-mug, soap, brush, and clear water to cleanse the teeth after each meal. But at night, if at no other time, the mother must use, and teach the use of, a simple antiseptic tooth-paste or wash, to destroy all food-germs left in the mouth, and leave the breath sweet, gums pink and firm, teeth polished and pure during sleep. Is that all?—No. The nasal passages must be clear, or the child will sleep with the mouth open and the air, full of dust and disease germs, will pass directly through the throat into the bronchial tubes and lungs without being strained and purified by the fine hairs of the nasal passages, which act as a filter and a disinfectant.

A good method is to let the children take turns in blowing soap bubbles at bedtime. This they can not do with obstructed noses. If you are not sure that the baby's nose passages are open, tie up the mouth firmly for a moment, and watch. If, during sleep, the mouth drops open, tie the chin firmly into place with an old silk handkerchief knotted at the top of the head. Every mother can save her children from catarrh, consumption, and kindred evils by insuring a habit of breathing properly through the nose, from infancy. More than this "a stiff upper lip" is an indication of courage and endurance, and a firmly shut mouth, through the long hours of sleep, actually helps to form a character of firmness, patience, and self-control.

Is that all?—No. The mother wants to leave her child's mind and soul as clean and pure as its sweet, dimpled body. Has he been naughty? Let him feel that he is forgiven and loved. Make him know that he is precious to you, and to that God who, in the person of his own beloved Son, blessed little children. Never say "God will not love you, if you are not good." The most cruel lies about God are sometimes told to little children, and by their own mothers. God is love. Tell him this truth, but show him how he grieves those who love him most by an ungrateful disobedience. Do not excite his brain, nor arouse his emotional nature, so as to banish sleep, but give him a sense of full pardon, and he will "cuddle down" into a feeling of mother-love and God's love, enwrapping him like a soft garment. Never leave him for the unknown night without a kiss. The monotonous, low singing of some old-time hymn will often induce drowsiness. Then, if you leave the room darkened, and the child has warmth, cleanliness, and a sense of safety, sleep, like balm, will fall upon him.

In after years that bedtime hymn will echo sweet as songs of angels, and in some dark hour of life will hold him back from desperate deeds.

Not all sleep is healthful or refreshing. Restless and unnatural sleep leads to fatigue, ill-health, and even impurity of bodily habits.

The mother is to blame if her child goes to bed with the dust of the day on his hot and restless feet, or with cold feet and a brain excited by fairy tales, or by older "blood and thunder" literature; or if he is sent crying to bed, while not sleepy; or if worms in the intestines are causing itching of the sex-organs; or if his stomach is overloaded, or he has eaten heating and indigestible food; or if he has a restless bedfellow, or one who will teach improper practises.

A cooling diet, a light supper, a perfect bedtime toilet, and fatigue enough to insure sleep as soon as the head nestles on the pillow, will keep a child safe from personal impurity, while rich meats, pickles, spices, condiments, tea, coffee, and stronger drinks will cause wakefulness and danger. You owe to the child perfect cleanliness of its body, and an uplift of mind to purity and confiding love. If you have told your boy or girl all the beautiful, holy story of life, and the wonderful sacredness of their own sex-organs, so that no one—boy, girl, or servant—can tell them anything new about these subjects, then, if you have kept them so close to you (by listening with interest, *every time* they come to you) that

they will run to mother with whatever is said to them on such topics, you may feel safe ; but if you would be *sure*, stay with them until they are asleep.

Every child has a right to go to sleep happy. Phrenologists tell us that all night long the blood builds up most those organs of the brain that were most active when sleep came. Was it anger? Was it pain? Was it fear, or a sense of being unjustly punished? By all these you build up evil and weaken good, in the growing character. Was it happiness — a sense of peace and safety, a thought of angels watching over a baby's bed, or of a wonderful star standing over where the young child lay? Was it the touch of kisses, and the sound of cooing mother-love? By these you build up, all night, a sweet temper and a serene disposition.

What a vocation is motherhood! Even the poorest of us can give ourselves to our children,

“For the gift, without the giver, is bare.”

IN one month the Mothers' Clubs will begin the second half of the first year's Course of Study. For the study of the topics presented in this part of the Course the following three books will be needed in addition to those of Library No. I: —

LIBRARY NO. II.

Habit and Education, by Dr. Paul Radestock.

Hints on Child Training, by H. Clay Trumbull.

Home Occupations for Little Children, by Katherine Beebe.

(See advertisement on page 5.)

WE recommend to all mothers “How to Make Sabbath Afternoons Profitable and Pleasant for Children,” by Mrs. F. A. Welcher, 306 Washington Ave. Brooklyn, New York. Price, 20-cents.

A BRIEF STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

No. I.

IN order to fulfil his duties, the parent must know what the child is struggling to become, and actively assist that development. Especially is this assistance needed in the mental life, but without the necessary knowledge of the mental powers, their relation to each other, and the environment needed by them for their proper growth, the parent's guidance is oftentimes more a matter of impulse than of well-planned intention.

It is not necessary, however, for the parent to be an expert psychologist. He can gain a knowledge of the rudiments of the science without attempting its more intricate problems, and be fairly well equipped for this work of aiding the various powers of the mind to appear and mature.

We have no knowledge of the mind as such ; we only know it through its operations. The mind is a unit, but it manifests itself in various ways. These modes of manifestation have been arranged and classified under their proper heads. Consciousness, according to the psychologist, presents three phases : cognition or knowledge, sensibility or feeling, will or choice. Thus we see that all acts of the mind are not cognitive, although we are too apt to think of the mind and the intellect as coextensive, synonomous. Intellect is the mind knowing. But the same mind also feels and wills. We must also remember that no one of these three states of consciousness is ever present without the other two. One may predominate, but the other two are always present in greater or less degree.

As we investigate mental phenomena, we find that they rest upon activity of the senses. The mind is created with a tendency to activity : it is self-active, as psychologists say, but it must have something to act upon. This material is furnished to it in the outer world which can reach the mind only through the channels of the senses. Any harm done to the senses means corresponding detriment to the brain. The one born blind has no idea of how things appear, and never can have unless sight is restored. The boundary of the mind is narrowed by just so much. In the same

way, if all the senses are present but are deficient in some degree, the mind is hindered from its fullest growth.

Sense-knowledge, we see, is the first form of knowledge, and its value should not be underestimated. This original knowledge which the child gains through his senses can come to him in no other way. No person can teach it to him ; he must gather it for himself. Moreover, without this sense-knowledge for a foundation, other learning is an impossibility. A child who has no understanding of *things* can not be expected to learn the symbols which stand for them. Hence a child who has never used his senses could not be expected to learn to talk, or read, or write. There is no knowledge that can be imparted to a child lacking sense-knowledge.

We are apt to think that the child's first lessons are gained from his first teacher in school. Such is not the case. His first and most important lessons he learns by himself from the day of his birth until he learns to talk. Even after he has gained command of language, he gains much important information unaided.

Again, this sense-knowledge is important because it conditions all future knowledge. The child who has only half used his senses can not comprehend in its fulness the information that he seeks, later in life, to glean from books. He may learn to speak the words, but when the time comes for a practical test of his knowledge, it is found to be unreliable if not wholly wanting. We see evidences of this fact every day of our lives. Here is one boy, who, with keen senses, notices everything going on around him. He observes, listens, thinks, and though he may not be able to gain a college education, yet he is running over with valuable and practical information. Whatever he reads has meaning for him, because the words call to his mind real mental images of things perceived by him previously.

On the other hand, here is a boy who has spent his years studying books, but has never been taught to use his senses. He is blind and deaf to the outer world, helpless in emergencies, and only half comprehending the words he studies, because the words are merely words, and do not touch his own experience.

If parents desire their children to be all that they were intended to be, they should see to it that their whole lives are not hampered and limited because the foundation of their growth and development were not laid broad enough through sense-education in their early years.

No. II.

When a sensation is placed in time and space and assigned to some cause, we call it a perception. Generally there are several sensations which are integrated to form the perception; for instance, a certain appearance of roundness together with a feeling of softness and a certain peculiar odor is interpreted as a ball, and the same combination of sensations will always call up the same perception.

Perception is, then, knowledge of an actually present particular thing or event. Before sensation can become knowledge it must be ideated, as psychologists say; that is, it must be interpreted by the brain as evidence of the presence of some object.

Perception is the essential element in observation and experiment. If experiments are to be relied upon as sources of knowledge, perception must be accurate and true in every particular. But sometimes the perceptive powers seem to play us false, and we have what we call illusions. What reason can be found for such experiences?

There are several possible causes. In the first place, the senses themselves may be abnormal. A common example of this is color-blindness, inability to distinguish one color from another. The fault here is in the physical make-up of the individual. Again, the nerves may be out of order, and may cause abnormal sense-stimulation. Thus a person may see colors or hear sounds when they are not really present to his senses. His nerves are abnormally excited, and bring to the brain a message similar to the ones which result from excitation from the outer world.

In the third place, the senses and the nerves may be all right, but the interpretation of the sensation be at fault. This is not only the most frequent cause of illusions among both old and young, but also serves to explain the many mistakes made by children. The correct interpretation of sensations comes from experience. How unjust, then, to appear to blame the little ones for their unconscious blunders in this respect! No one can expect to be entirely free from mistakes in this direction, as every one discovers sooner or later.

The mental state has much to do with the interpretation of a sensation. A timid boy going through the woods at night takes every stump for a bear or a burglar, whereas in the daytime, when

fear is no longer present, they will assume their rightful shapes and positions.

In order that we may appreciate the fact that no one mental act can take place without some other of the mental processes being present, let us analyze a recurring perception. Certain sensations are felt. Memory recalls their former experience. The two sets of sensations are compared, and judgment is passed as to whether or not the sensations are identical. We have here memory, comparison, and judgment, all involved in a so-called simple perception. This in itself is enough to show us that no one mental faculty can be trained alone. The training of one faculty can be emphasized above the others, but all receive benefit to a greater or less degree, for they are all woven into an inseparable whole.

Each perception, as soon as gained, becomes an active assistant to the mind to gain more knowledge. This assistance comes through a method called apperception, meaning a grasping to; that is, one thing is grasped by means of another. It is a uniting, adhesive, agglutinating process. Lange says, "Apperception is the psychical activity by which individual perceptions, ideas, or idea-complexes are brought into relation with our previous intellectual and emotional life, assimilated with it, and thus raised to greater clearness, activity, and significance."

Dr. Harris makes clear the distinction between perception and apperception. "From a pedagogical point of view we contrast perception with apperception. In perception we have an object presented to our senses, but in apperception we identify the object or those features of it which were familiar to us before: we recognize it, we explain it, we interpret the new by our previous knowledge, and thus are enabled to proceed from the known to the unknown, and make new acquisitions. In recognizing the object, we classify it under various general classes; in identifying it with what we have seen before we note also differences which characterize the new object and lead to the definition of new species or varieties. . . . By it we re-enforce the perceptions of the present moment by the aggregate of our own past sense-perceptions and by all that we have learned of the experience of mankind."

To quote Dr. Lange again: "Our first perceptions are not heaped up like dead treasures, but almost as soon as acquired they become living forces that assist in the assimilation of new percep-

tions. They are the contents of the soul that now permanently assert themselves in the act of perception, for wherever it is at all possible the child refers the new to related older ideas; with the aid of familiar perceptions he appropriates that which is foreign to him, and conquers with the arms of apperception the outer world which assails his senses."

Apperception greatly promotes knowledge, for if the child were not able thus to refer the new to the old, he would be compelled to begin at the beginning with every new fact. Thus we see how great is the benefit of this power of classification.

In apperception, too, we find the germs of habit, bias, prejudice. These are partly due to will or feeling, but in large part they find their root in old ideas that suggest themselves through the process of apperception.

The influence of old ideas on new ones is twofold. In the first place they greatly facilitate the formation of new ideas. Hence we say that the man who has the most ideas, other things being equal, forms new ideas most readily. He gains new knowledge with greater ease because he already has such a store to assist him in the process of assimilation. On the other hand, old ideas tend to distort new ones. We classify new objects upon the basis of their likeness to ones already familiar, but we are apt to overlook points of difference. To use a very simple illustration,—a child familiar with a ball might apply the same name to an orange upon first seeing it. The roundness and softness would be noticed by him while the difference in color and odor would not be taken into account. If, however, he is not only familiar with a ball but also with an apple, a peach, and a plum, he will see points of similarity between the orange and each of these articles, and so will probably be led to place it in a class by itself.

Again we see the value of wide information. The man who knows the most will not only, other things being equal, learn the most readily, but will be less apt to make mistakes.

AIM at the highest prize; if there thou fail,
Thou 'lt haply reach the one not far below.— *Mant.*

A STUDY OF CHILD-NATURE.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

No. XV.

(Last paper of the series.)

WE have one more problem to solve before we have completed our study of the child.

He has gained control of his senses, his intellect, his will; these powers have united in enabling him to acquire language; but when and how does he gain the idea of self which, above everything else, distinguishes him from the brute?

In one of the previous articles we discussed the development of consciousness, but this must not be confounded with the consciousness of self. It is well at this point to consider the words of Compayré: "Let no one think that conscious states, which exist very early in the child, can immediately and at the first onset serve as principles of the idea of the *ego*, of the distinction between subject and object. The child is conscious of a multitude of successive acts before he becomes conscious of his personal existence, of a self that lasts and survives the disappearance of such and such a conscious state. He can think, even reason, long before he knows himself."

One who has this consciousness of self has been defined as "he who is aware of himself as a permanent being, distinct from the objects he knows, the feelings he experiences, and the ends he chooses." This is so essential a part of the individual that many never realize the possibility of life without this recognition of the permanent self. Yet this recognition is a growth, a development, just as we have found the mental life to be.

It was stated in one of the earlier papers that the babe did not distinguish between himself and the outer world. This is shown in many ways. Preyer refers to the effort of his child to pull his own fingers off; having offered a biscuit to his friends, he offers it in the same way to his foot. Again, he tried to hand over his foot to another as he had his shoe, and when over a year old he bit himself on his bare arm so that he immediately cried with pain. Thus it seems that "even at a time when attention to what is around is very far developed, one's own person may not be distinguished from the environment."

What, then, is the process by means of which the child attains to a consciousness of self? The instances before given, while illustrating the absence of the idea of self, at the same time show some of the methods by means of which this idea is gained.

The most efficient teacher in the learning of the difference between subjective and objective is pain. The child learns by experiment that there is a difference between biting some one else's fingers and his own. In the former case, there is only the pleasure of biting; in the second, the pleasure of biting is followed by the pain of being bitten. The connection between his fingers and his sensibilities is found. In the same way he discovers that his toes belong to himself. He experiments in many ways with his body, and often gazes at it attentively as though studying it.

“Closely connected with this is the child's evident delight in his own activity and ability to do things. Wundt believes the muscular sense plays a predominant rôle in the genesis of self-consciousness, and there is little doubt that the acquisition of the power of walking contributes very largely to the growth of the self-idea. The feeling of power is engendered by the discovery that he can cause changes in objects. An extremely significant day in the life of the infant, is the one in which he first experiences the connection of a movement executed by himself with a sense-impression following upon it. This is not mere playing, although it is so called; it is experimenting. The child that at first merely played like a cat, being amused with color, form, and movement, has become a causative being.”

The next assistance in this development comes from attention to the parts of his own body and the articles of his dress. After many weeks of experimenting, the child comes to know the parts of his body, and to distinguish them from foreign objects. They have become familiar, no longer excite the optic center so strongly, and are overlooked when made use of. “He no longer represents them to himself separately as he did before, whereas every new object felt, seen, or heard, is very interesting to him, and is separately represented in ideas. Thus arises the definite separation of object and subject in the child's intellect. Now that he has become acquainted with himself, and his body has lost the charm of novelty for the representational activity of his brain, a dim feeling of the ‘I’ exists, and by means of further abstraction the concept of the ‘I’ is formed.”

The child's behavior toward his image in the glass is an indication of his advance. Darwin's child failed to interpret his reflection when five months old, but two months later he had accomplished it, and at nine months had learned to associate his name with the image. "This shows the transition from the infant's condition previous to the development of the *ego*, when he can not yet see distinctly, to the condition of the developed *ego*, who consciously distinguishes himself from his image in the glass and from other persons and their images."

Another sign of advance is the appearance of those actions which show the beginning of the feeling of property, such as pride in personal appearance and in adornment, jealousy over toys and other things which the child considers his rights.

Last of all comes the child's use of the personal pronoun "I." The "I" feeling is often present before the word is used. "The concept of self is not generated, but only rendered more exact and definite by speech. On the other hand, it must not be presumed that the concept is always present when the word is used. Children who are constantly in the society of those who use the word will use it also, merely by imitation in many cases, without comprehending its meaning."

"All these progressive steps, which in the individual can be traced only with great pains, form, as it were, converging lines that culminate in the fully developed feeling of the personality as exclusive, as distinct from the outer world."

VALUES.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THERE is no little and there is no much;
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.

Editorial.

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D., Editor. ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN, Assistant Editor.

THE blades of grass that clothe our land with verdure are innumerable, but each new blade springs up without apology. If it finds food, it lives ; if not, it dies. Its continued existence therefore is its reason for being.

The periodicals of various kinds that spring up all over the country are almost as many as the blades of grass, and, like them, live or die as they find sustenance. If they die, they are soon forgotten. If they live, it proves that there was a reason for their being.

Three years ago, the NEW CRUSADE ventured timidly to put out its little venture toward life, and during that time has not only lived, but grown,—grown in favor with the public, grown in size and strength, and also grown in confident assurance of its right to be.

It originated in a demand of mothers for special instruction ; it lives because it has met that demand. It will continue to live and to grow because it fills its own unique position. Many magazines there are that deal with the physical and intellectual needs of the child. Some there are that aid teachers in a study and observation of the child. But the peculiar moral problems which present themselves to every parent had received no adequate attention until the NEW CRUSADE assumed the responsibility of dealing with them frankly, fearlessly, but delicately. In this field it has been a revealer of the universal sacredness of truth. It has carried the white light of divine purity into untrodden places, and helped to change the morass into a garden. Turning its light upon the spangles and glamour of evil mystery, it showed them to be but tawdry gilt and tattered rags. It revealed the sacred mysteries of life clothed in shining garments and radiant with beauty ; and the pure eyes of the children first made acquainted with this holy vision have turned with disgust from the tinsel and mockery of untruth and impurity.

Our title-page, beautiful and symbolical, illustrates the purpose of the magazine, a crusade of knowledge, virtue, health, and light against ignorance, vice, disease, and darkness.

. . . Of Interest to Fathers . . .

**"Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise."**

— Bayard Taylor.

EMOTIONAL PRODIGALITY.

BY W. XAVIER SUDDUTH, A. M.; M. D.

PERHAPS no form of incorrigibility is less understood than that which includes a lack of emotional control. Children of both sexes are equally affected. In one instance the child may, without the slightest provocation, burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, sobbing as if its little heart would break, and upon being closely questioned, its only explanation, if it has any, is that "so and so hurt its feelings;" and the general opinion is that the child is very "tender-hearted."

Again, lack of emotional control may express itself in the form of a tirade of abuse, a fit of uncontrollable anger; at other times the child loses consciousness.

Nearly all epileptic children have been humored by reason of their infirmity,—are, in fact, what are called "spoiled children,"—and in many instances make use of their affliction to gain their own way. I can not do better in illustration of this point than cite a case that came under my care recently. From the time the child was three years old, it had shown a wilful disposition and a determination to "run the house." At the age of four it had brought its mother under subjection, until she was afraid to punish it, and under dire threats was prevented from telling the father of its cruel behavior toward the other children of the family and the neighborhood. The method employed by this precocious youngster was to feign convulsions. He would fall in a fit of rage, scream at the top of his voice, and turn black in the face. Under such conditions all thought of punishment was abandoned, the attention being turned to restore him to "consciousness," with the invariable demand upon his part when he was "better" that he should have his own way in the particular thing the denial of which had led up to the attack.

Things progressed in this manner until, at the age of seven, his treatment of his playmates became so atrocious that the neighbors

made complaint to his father. The father attempted punishment, whereupon the boy fought him "like a tiger," finally falling into a fit of ungovernable rage which presented all the symptoms that had so terrorized the mother, and which had prevented her from following out a systematic course of training. The matter was then laid before the family physician, who pronounced it a case of epilepsy, and began a course of therapeutic treatment. The boy was allowed in the meanwhile to have his own sweet (?) will in everything. Matters went from bad to worse, until it became necessary to remove the child from the family circle on account of his evil influence upon the other children.

A case came under my notice in which a boy would hold his breath, when being punished, until he was black in the face, and unless the punishment ceased, would fall into convulsions. This child grew up to be a musical prodigy, and his lack of emotional control manifested itself in the production of sweet sounds. At nine years of age he played a cornet in a local band, and wrote orchestral music. He also played the piano with marked skill. At the age of sixteen he was the leader of the local band and instructor in several others. His musical productions were well received and published by prominent music houses. He was genial and loving, and the favorite of the whole community, going "headlong" into everything that interested him or struck his fancy. He mastered two professions, viz., pharmacy and medicine, and was establishing himself in a lucrative position when he fell hopelessly in love with a talented young lady who fully reciprocated his passion, which now, as at all other times in his life, was marked by a decided lack of emotional control. The young woman's mother, however, remonstrated and stepped in to prevent the marriage. His character was outwardly irreproachable in every respect, and his prospects for the future were bright. When pressed for the cause of her objection, the mother could give none, save that her intuition impressed her that happiness for her daughter did not lie in the direction of matrimony with the object of her choice. The sequel was a tragic one, for the young people died in each other's arms, by the emotional hand of the lover, thus braving death rather than suffer separation in life. I cite these cases to show to what extremes lack of emotional control may go in wrecking the lives of its victims.

Successful treatment invariably involves the development of moral hygiene on a rational and persistent basis. A regular system verging on military discipline must be established — regular hours

for rising and retiring, regular times for meals, which should be more frequent than is ordinarily the rule (about two hours apart during the waking hours), regular times for study, exercise, and sleep. All the activities of the patient should be as regular as clock-work, and no interferences to such activities ever be permitted. Nothing serves to establish emotional control better than regularity in occupation, which should be varied as frequently as is necessary, not at the caprice of the child, but by the direction of the attendant, who must be keen to anticipate fatigue of attention on the part of the patient. In one extreme case I found it necessary at first to change the occupation every fifteen minutes, gradually extending the time as the power of attention was developed.

Methods of relaxation should also be taught and put into practise whenever it is observed that the child is becoming nervous and shows a lack of emotional control. I find that this is best accomplished by a system of breathing exercises, together with certain intoning breaths on a key that will bring the bodily vibrations to a normal tone. This may be accomplished by permitting the child frequently to accompany the piano in song, choosing selections written in the desired key, or by following certain intoning exercises on a single note, especially prescribed at the time for the condition in hand.

If possible the child should be placed in an entirely new environment, and should have thrown around it the restrictions of altogether new associations, which for a time will occupy its attention and materially assist in diverting its mind. It is much easier to establish correct dietetic and hygienic rules in a new environment than in the patient's own home, where, in many instances, marked lack of emotional control and gross infractions of proper rules of diet are apt to exist.

THE CRUELTY OF SMOKERS.

HAVE we not all seen delicate women struggling along with their housework, even the very heaviest of it, when the money expended by the husband on tobacco would pay for a servant? Unless the wife be one of the very meek, martyr-like kind, this unfair appropriation of the family income does not tend to tighten the marriage tie.—*Charlotte Smith Angstman, in Good Health, January.*

...In the Nursery...

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."— DELANO.

BENNIE'S OAK-TREE.

BY HARRIET LINCOLN COOLIDGE.

BENNIE thought it was a dead tree when he first told his mama about it, but one beautiful warm day in the merry springtime, little Bennie was looking out of the window, and he exclaimed, "Mama, O! dear mama, do please come to the window quickly! I'm sure our poor little tree is not dead, it has only been very sound asleep. Now God has told it to wake up, just as you tell me to wake up in the bright daylight; and see, mama, it will not be so bare any more, will it?"

"No, dear," replied mama, "if you watch that little oak-tree carefully, you will see those little brown things unfold, and gradually they will grow larger and larger until you can scarcely see through the branches at the top of the tree, if you are standing on the ground."

"But why has it been so bare, mama? Where did all the leaves go to?"

"The leaves of this little oak-tree stayed on until long after New Year's day. Don't you remember that you called them dead leaves, and that was the reason you thought the tree was of no use, because you said the pretty leaves were all dried up? But you see God was taking care of that tree, all the time, and the sun shone on it, the rain moistened it, and then in the right time the wind blew on the leaves, and sent them spinning and whirling away up the streets and on our doorsteps. Those little leaves had stayed on that tree many months, and they seemed very glad to fall down and rest, and so give room on the tree for the lovely new leaves."

When the summer-time came, Bennie was very glad to sit under the shade of his pretty green oak-tree; and the horses were glad to stand in the shade that it made, when they came to bring packages to Bennie's home. The little sparrows who had been chattering and flying about in its branches all winter, still loved to come to it in summer; it made no difference to them whether the oak-tree was dressed in brown or green, it was still their dear little oak-

tree. They and their whole family used to play hide-and-seek in its branches. Warm days when people wanted to wait for a trolley-car (which passed Bennie's house) they used to say, "O! here is a nice little tree to stand under; come here and wait in the shade." And so the little oak-tree grew and grew, until now, while I am telling you about it, it is looking in at me through the window of my writing-room, which is up one long flight of stairs. So you see we can hardly call it the *little* oak-tree any more. But Bennie always points it out to his friends as the queer little oak-tree which was dead and God made it alive again.

Now, if little boys and girls will open wide their bright eyes and look about them, they will find many trees like Bennie's. See if you can't all find one. It is very pleasant to watch for the coming of the pretty little new leaves.

WHITE SHIELD AND WHITE CROSS DEPARTMENTS.

THE change in the Purity Department will necessitate a slight change in the White Shield and White Cross Departments in the magazine.

Just what course will be pursued can not be definitely stated until next month. The space of the two departments is given this month to the following symbolic picture.

CROSS AND SHIELD.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

DARK lay the earth beneath the silent stars. The moon's pale light, reflected faintly from the snowy mountain peaks, but seemed to throw the valleys into deeper shade. From out a deep ravine, known as the Vale of Human Passion, rose the sound of weeping and most awful cries, as if from souls in mortal agony, mingled with brutal laughter and with songs of fiendish triumph. Two angels, hastening from the gates of heaven, paused on the heights that overhung this dread abyss, and looked with pitying faces on a scene of strife below.

A strange and wondrous battle scene it was. Here on one side was ranged the world of womankind, matron and maid and tiny infant girl, and each clasped to her heart a priceless gem, whose luster flooded all her being with a wondrous light. And over against

these stood a motley crowd of men. Each strove by force or stealth or stratagem to steal some woman's jewel, cast it in the mire, and then, with fiendish triumph, hold her up to scorn, as lacking her most precious treasure; all unaware, meanwhile, that in thus robbing her they lost a jewel in value equal to her own. And so they walked as loftily as before, not noting that they walked in deadly shadow, wherein lurked creatures most venomous and foul, whose breath most poisonous tainted all the air. And she from whom the jewel had been stolen sank down in shame, and hid her weeping face, or still more pitiable, lifted brazen face toward all the world, and laughed to scorn the taunting fingers.

And she who held unharmed her priceless gem looked often with disdain on her who walked within the shadow of its loss, and drew her snowy garments close from touch of her who might defile; and yet,—alas! alas! that this could be,—she often turned with kindly glance toward him who had been guilty of a theft so base, and who would steal from her, if for one brief space she loosed her grasp upon her jewel fair.

Upon the higher ground above the vale, fair women walked and sometimes looked with pity on the wretchedness below, and sometimes stretched a helping hand to lift a sister to their own pure heights. And sometimes men would struggle from the crowd and climb with strong, heroic strides up to these same fair heights where dwell calm Purity and Peace who give sweet rest to longing, striving souls.

'Twas on these heights the angels from the gates of heaven paused, and looked in wondering pity down. And one, with snowy wing and brave, heroic mien, held in his hand a cross of dazzling brilliancy, whose radiance threw a stream of light so clear and bright across the Vale of Human Passion that men's eyes were lifted to wonder and behold. To his companion thus the angel spoke: "The Spirit of True Manhood, I. Into this vale of woe I go to lay this cross upon the breasts of men, and they will yield them to its wondrous power, and cease to be despoilers of their sisters. Its clear light will reveal the gem of purity they, too, possess, all hidden now within the slimy folds of deadly creatures that enwrap them round. The radiance that streams from this White Cross will light them from the Vale of Human Passion to the heights serene where Love divine dwells with serene-eyed Purity. But you, fair spirit, get you back within the sacred walls of heaven. This vale of woe is not for such as you to enter."

But the gentler angel lifted her fair face bathed with the tears of pity, and pointing to the broad White Shield she held, thus made reply: "I am the Spirit of True Womanhood. Those are my earthly sisters suffering in that shadowed vale. I must go down, and gather them behind this shield. Here are they safe, and while I hold it firm, no harm can come."

So hand in hand the angels downward went, and the sounds of strife grew fainter. Men lifted up their eyes, and as the radiant light of the White Cross fell on their hearts, all thoughts of evil fled, their sight grew clear, and when they grasped the cross and laid it on their breasts, they bowed in reverence before the Spirit of True Womanhood. Evil words were silenced, and they longed to climb to heights where they had thought that only purest women-souls might walk. And then, with greater love for all the world, they stretched out hands of helpfulness toward the young or weak or erring, and as they worked for others, felt themselves grow strong. And the White Cross angel looking toward the East beheld the dawn of day.

And as into the valley came the pure sweet angel of True Womanhood, timid maidens fled behind her broad White Shield for shelter, and many faltering souls grew stronger, and some who hid their faces now looked up and hoped. And as the angels onward walked, the vale grew lighter, and rose to a broad and pure-aired upland, where all melodious cadences rang from sweet human voices, and the shadows fled away and Fear fled also, and the crowd of passions base that in the vale below had ruled the hearts of men. And in the clasped hands of the angels lay a pure White Shield, and on its glistening surface a White Cross of radiant brilliancy reposed, and looking toward the East they saw the full-orbed day.

IT may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.

— *Canon Farrar.*

NOTHING can work me damage except myself.— *Emerson.*

"To cure is the voice of the past ; to prevent, the divine whisper of to-day."

Parents' Problems.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR.

"Questions answerless, but yet insistent."—BYRON.

"What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer."—*Shakespeare.*

"DEAR DOCTOR: I come to you in a great trouble. My heart is nearly broken. I have just discovered that my little five-year-old daughter has formed a dreadful habit of personal impurity. I have talked with her, scolded her, even shut her up as punishment, and all to no purpose. I am wild with grief and shame. I lie awake nights wondering what I can do to save her, my dear little child. Tell me, O tell me, what can I do.

"Yours with most intense anxiety,
"M— ———"

This extract from the letter of a mother is only one of many similar ones, and these questions have pressed upon me so urgently that I begin to feel that it is not enough to answer them by personal correspondence.

The subject is a vital one, it is imminent, it should not be left to silence and apparent indifference. An evil so wide-spread and so appalling, that touches the life, health, happiness, and future welfare of the innocent children, and through them threatens the very foundations of national virtue, must be dealt with openly and fearlessly. Therefore I speak to all parents when I answer this mother.

In the first place, I would say, put away entirely out of mind the feeling of shame and worry. The child is not a moral reprobate, even though doing that which is a wrong. If in her ignorance she took that which did not belong to her, you would not call her a thief. You would say, "She does not know any better;" then you would instruct her. Take that same view of this matter. She is not a sinner, she is ignorant. Your tumult of shame and anxiety no doubt disturbs her, but she does not understand it, and the very fever of excitement you are in only increases the trouble by continually turning her thoughts to the subject. By your inquiries, your excessive anxiety, you continually suggest to her mind the very thing you desire to

avoid. Let us put from our minds all thought of her as a criminal or sinner. Let us get calm in mind, serene, and full of the hope that comes from a confident assurance of success. Now let us examine her physical conditions, her needs, and her general habits of life. Is she entirely well? Is she troubled with constipation? Has she pinworms? Read Mrs. Adams's article in this number on "Sleep." Do you give her a careful bedtime toilet? Are there any local irritations that would tend to create a desire to relieve them by touch? Does she eat irritating, highly seasoned foods, or drink tea or coffee? Do her garments press unduly on the private parts, or do they by slightly soiled places increase or create irritations? Has she too much cover during sleep? Can she be induced to sleep with her hands outside of the cover?

Having healthfully arranged her clothing and as far as possible her habits of life, we will begin more direct training. In the first place do not refer to her wrong conduct. Let it drop out of mind as fully as possible, for your very thoughts will impress your manner in a way to suggest it to her. Begin a series of little talks on the body and its care. Tell her of it as a marvelous house in which she lives ("The Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling" would be a great help in this). Tell of the beautiful windows of the eye, and how she must not hurt them nor let any one else touch them, they are so precious. Tell her of the doors of sound, the portals of the lips, the soldier teeth, all of which must be carefully watched and protected. When you come in due course of time to the sex-organs, do not make the mistake of saying that they are vile, and that it is "naughty" or "not nice" to touch them. Tell her of their office as outlets of waste material, and that they, too, are of value and must be guarded and cared for. Do not draw any special attention to these organs, only say that we keep them covered because that is the way in which we can best protect them. Teach her the modest care of them in private, just as you teach her to clean her nails, to pick her teeth, or scratch her head away from public observation.

We know scientifically that all activity builds up brain structure. Therefore we know that any habit has created larger brain-cells. By her habit she has created an undue quantity of brain structure that quickly responds to local irritation, or mental suggestion. A great desideratum in cure, then, is to let these cells die for lack of use, and to build up a greater quantity of desirable cells. Keep her so

occupied that she has no time to think in the wrong direction. Interest her in study of forms of leaves, of flowers, of clouds, of all objects. Teach her to distinguish between manifold shades and tints of colors. Let her draw with pencil or chalk the shapes of things she sees, or color them with water-color paints. Let her make collections of leaves, shells, stones, flowers. Teach her to know all the trees and plants in her range of vision. Teach her the forms and colors and songs of birds. Let her try her ears on distinguishing pitch of tones. The little book, "Training of the Senses of Young Children" (50 cents), would be a great help. Let her assist in household duties, even if you have to do her work over again. She can dust, set table, wash silver, help make beds, answer the doorbell, tidy the rooms. Her cure will come from continual active occupation made pleasant for her by the thought that she is doing something, while she has no idea that she is being treated for a wrong habit. I know from experience that this course of treatment will meet with success.

MAGAZINES OF TO-DAY.

THE usual number of technical articles along the line of child-study is presented in the *Child-Study Monthly* for September, enlivened by an occasional bright anecdote of childhood. Of especial interest to parents will be "A Parents' and Children's Club," which tells in an interesting manner of the good that has been done by the formation of a club in the home where each member of the family, large and small alike, was called upon to take part on the program and to fill the president's chair. (\$1 per year. A. W. Mumford, 203 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.)

A DELIGHTFUL magazine for the children is *Birds and All Nature*. It is filled with poetry, prose, and story, all upon natural subjects, and is illustrated by color photography, containing beautiful pictures of birds, animals, insects, butterflies, flowers, etc., etc. (\$1.50 a year. Nature Study Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.)

EVERYTHING pertaining to human life and effort is being made into a science, and the work especially given to woman throughout the ages is not an exception to the rule. The *American Kitchen* magazine (\$1 a year. Home Science Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.) succeeds in convincing one not only that domestic work is a science, but even that it is decidedly interesting. Its bright articles along all lines of household work, its suggestive *menus* and recipes, will be heartily welcome to the tired home-maker and housekeeper.

BOOK CHATS.

The question of "Making Home Happy" by Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle, (cloth, 50 cents; paper 25 cents), tells in story form of the change in a home where the parents, lacking in sympathy, irritated their children and drove them to deceit and disobedience. Being aroused by a sermon the parents at once changed and became loving and sympathetic and the children responded by obedience and helpfulness. Some cheerful evenings with pleasant home recreations attracted others, and the good influence widened and other homes were made happier and lives were influenced for all eternity.

Fiction has an important mission in teaching many whom sermons would not reach. "A Child of Nature" (75 cents), by Abner Thorp, M. D., portrays a changeful experience of compensation and penalty, wherein the good is successful and the evil fails. The story has no thrilling interest, but can be said to be safe reading, which is greater praise than can be given to some books, whose literary style is far superior.

A book of fine style and ennobling teachings is "How to Win," a "Book for Girls" (price, \$1.00), by Frances E. Willard. The girl who reads and makes her own the thoughts herein revealed will certainly grow toward an ideal womanhood. The topics discussed are practical, and of every-day interest, but treated with that glowing poetic touch that transfigures the commonplace and makes it the ideal, as witness this extract from the chapter, "How do you treat your laundress?" "For that weary, uncouth woman, who broke the spell of my reflections, the torch of history is still unlighted; for her science reveals no secrets. Artists evoke from canvas the visions which haunt their dreams; sculptors carve their thoughts in marble, and singers wake from lyre and organ mystic voices to mingle with their own; but these radiant revelations of the beautiful are lavished on more favored lives than hers."

School seems to mean to most people, books, blackboards, and desks, and hours of close confinement. In "A School without Books," by Martha Watrous Stearns (price \$1.50, post-paid), we have the successful attempt of an Eastern teacher during her summer vacation to interest and instruct a group of active children. The country abounded in minerals, and with these the teacher taught all crystal forms, and showed the children how to imitate them in straw and paper, for practical purposes. Many diagrams are given of the way the paper is to be folded and cut, and pictures of the completed work show glove boxes, baskets for ribbons and ties, boxes for school-books, photo-holders, and meanwhile they have learned of monoclinic or rhombic systems, of triangular and square prisms with truncated angles, and many more scientific phases apparently without knowing that they were studying. A bundle of patterns of the exact size accompanies the book, and makes its teachings possible to duplicate by one who has not the foundation education that could dispense with books.

The New Crusade.

MONTHLY.

\$1.00 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.
Foreign subscription, \$1 50.
6s English.

Entered at Ann Arbor, Mich., as Second-class matter

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D., Editor.
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Assistant Editor.

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PUBLISHED BY
Wood-Allen Publishing Company,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Advertising rates on application.

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The NEW CRUSADE desires to secure for publication the best thoughts of all who join with it in seeking "the higher life of the family." All contributions received will be promptly read, and if not available will be at once returned, if stamps for that purpose are enclosed.

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Those who desire to purchase our books may order them of the Dominion Repository (Mrs. Bascom), 56 Elm St., Toronto, or of our branch house, The Book Room, Richmond St., W., Toronto.

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I have left all my sins behind and will try to live life happy.

I cannot express my thankfulness to you. Who has saved my soul. Norman D.

I am a boy of fifteen and a farmer's son.

The book referred to in the letter is "Almost a Man."

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* * *

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THE NEW CRUSADE.

To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispel Darkness by Light.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1899.

NO. 2.

THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

O ! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care ;
Like a dream of pleasure the days flew by,
And peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

He ordered us here, and he sent us there,—
Though never a word could his small lips speak,—
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak ;
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
“Go up, thou baldhead from No-man's-land !”

But his abject slaves they turned on me ;
Like the bears in Scripture they'd rend me there,
The while they worshiped on bended knee
The ruthless wretch with the missing hair ;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And now before him I made my bow ;
“Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land ?”

Old Time, he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim ;
“I'll take the tyrant under my care ;
Watch what my hour-glass does for him.
The veriest humbug that ever was planned
Is this same baldhead from No-man's-land !”

Old Time is doing his work full well :
Much less of might does the tyrant wield ;
But, ah ! with sorrow my heart will swell,
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shriveled hand,
I would keep the baldhead from No-man's-land

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care ;
Like other vassals I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair,
And hurried along without a tooth ;
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

— *Anon.*

TWO QUEENS.

BY MRS. A. S. HARDY.

TWO queens sat together not long ago. Their royal robes were very common muslin and their crown-jewels nobody saw ; yet in very fact, all the gems reported to be held by the sultan of Turkey in the strongholds of his seraglio were but dust in comparison.

One of the queens was so tall and graceful, so royal in her beauty, that all felt that she was born to rule, and Regina Osmunda they called her, even before her beautiful crown came to her, in the days when she had worn short gowns and her shining hair in braids.

The other queen was so wee and winsome, so loving and lovely, all her subjects bent tenderly to her, and called her Queen-kin.

Both had lived very much like other people, and their training had been like that of other girls in the realms from which they came. It has been affirmed, however, by those blessed with a second sight, that angels may be seen at any hour, in all our earthly stations ; that " up-stairs and down-stairs and in the lady's chamber," they are busy in wondrous ways training and ministering to those who are heirs to great inheritances. If I but had the wonderful vision, I might tell you if this be so.

Certain it is the training these two received had been well chosen, preparing each for the kingdom to which she was coming. It occupied many beautiful years. But now the kingdom had come. Both were queens, crowned with the triple crown of womanhood, wifehood, motherhood.

While each was clothed with graces and regal in beauty,—every inch a queen,—still there was a difference in the swaying of their scepters.

Many cares beset the two kingdoms, and the tall and stately Regina Osmunda wore their shadow upon her beautiful face.

Although the dangers threatening the realm of the winsome Queen-kin were equally serious, each year but added peace to her gentle face. Indeed, it had been whispered among her subjects, that once an angel was seen smoothing the lines of weariness and anxiety from her brow. Be that as it may, no frown darkened it, and to look into her face in the morning gave one courage for all the day.

her heart desires which may make angels glad. Shall I tell you a chapter from our experience, my sister?" and the voice of the queen-mother was very low and tender.

"I grieved to see in Elsie," she continued, "a growing disposition to delay, and only reluctantly to obey when her own desire was not approved. I talked earnestly with her, but felt that something more must be done. My pain led me to my Counselor of whom none ask wisdom in vain.

"I felt that my little nine-year-old daughter, who was growing more and more to be my companion, might be helped better than by chastisement; that painful threats and reproaches and terribly portrayed pictures of evil for her sensitive little soul to dwell upon — which sometimes and in some cases might be necessary — could not bear the best fruit in her life at this time. Bedtime came. With an earnest agonizing prayer in my heart, I went to her room with her, as from her babyhood has been my habit. After the evening prayer was said, and the weary little girl in bed, the oft-desired story was asked for, — 'one of your own, own stories, Queenie Mama!' asked the little pleader, and out of the need and the agony of my heart the story grew. Perhaps her 'angel that always beholds the face of the Father' spoke through my mother-lips to my darling's heart, I do not know. This was the story: —

" 'Once upon a time, there was a little girl — a sweet little girl whom God and the angels loved. God sent her many precious gifts by the angels, — loveliest gifts, — till her hands were full and her heart was glad. Every day the angels brought heaven's white flowers, and laid them upon her bosom, and every day they walked by her side helping her to be true and loving, and gentle and good, and every night they carried to heaven the record of her ways.

" 'One day the little girl was disobedient, and in place of the love in her eyes there were clouds and frowns, and all their light went out. Then the angels wept as they wrote down the record of the day to carry to the skies, and lo! the beautiful flowers the angels had bound upon her breast were drooping and dead, and the little girl herself was wretched as she never had felt before.

" 'When she knew the angels must carry to heaven the sad story of her evil day, she begged it might not be, but weeping, the angels shook their shining heads, for they must obey. Then the little girl knelt at Jesus' feet, and told him of her sorrow, and laid her hand in his, that he might keep her from sin evermore. When she arose, the light of love shown again in her eyes through her tears,

and the evil record of the day had been erased, and angels sang for love and joy; but all their efforts could not bring back life and beauty to the flowers upon her breast,—for heavenly flowers can only thrive in the light of love and goodness.

“‘When the morning light shone again into her little room, her angels bound new flowers upon her breast, and now she lives every day the sweet life of love, and her angels walk with her smiling, and the flowers are beautiful upon her breast. If tempted to evil, she clings the closer to the dear hand that leads her, and the flowers are kept fresh.’”

The two queens looked from the window, out into the queen's gardens, and beheld the two little princesses walking, the brown head and the golden were very close together. The Princess Alice had asked the little princess with the golden hair, “What flowers did you tell the Queen-kin you would not let wither?” and the little princess with the golden hair told her the story that the Queen-kin had just told to Regina Osmunda.

Then the Princess Alice had said, “Have I, too, angels that walk with me? and may I wear heavenly flowers? I have been wicked till I feared I should grow like the ugly Black Dwarfs of the Cavern. I hate them; but I have thought about them until I felt their awful image was stamped upon my very soul. I could not escape them, much as I longed to escape, and to forget them forever. But now, like you, I will walk with my hand in the hand of the Heavenly One, and to do only what is right and lovely. I will think of the angels, and wear their sweet flowers, and I will be so very careful each day that nothing make them wither and die.”

HOW TO STAND AND WALK CORRECTLY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH ANGSTMAN.

ANY person who habitually walks with bent shoulders and an abdomen necessarily thrown forward, must be insensible to beauty of outline. The person who has this habit of posture, shows at once the want of development of that part of his mental perception which might feast upon the lines of noble architecture and the entrancing beauty of form abounding in the animal and vegetable kingdom.

He is also seriously handicapped in mental strength, as well as physical. In order to have the mind do its best, the body must

be kept in the best possible condition. It is a fact well known to physicians and metaphysicians that the condition of the body very largely determines the mental capabilities.

Standing incorrectly it is impossible properly to fill the lungs, and so supply the body with its due amount of oxygen, that great energy-giving principle. It is impossible that the stomach should properly do its work of contraction and expansion in the process of digestion when the lungs, heart, and liver are crowded upon it from above, and the abdomen, thrown upward and forward, is giving it still less of its own space from below. With the lungs and stomach hindered in their great work what else can be the result than that the master for whom they act has poor results from their service?

We often hear the direction to these crooked people, "Put your shoulders back," with the result of a spasmodic jerk which leaves head and abdomen in as incorrect position as before.

To learn to stand and walk with ease and grace, first stand with your back to the wall, raise your arms, carry them straight back, gradually lowering the elbows till you find the shoulder blades flat against it. Raise your chin till it is horizontal, and the back of your head touches the wall. Now, if you notice, your diaphragm is drawn in, and your chest is elevated. This is the whole secret of standing correctly. Draw in the diaphragm, and the chest elevates itself; the body is straight. Having attained the correct position, fill the lungs, and see how surprised you will be at their capacity. In order to know that they are completely filled, place the hands upon the waist at the belt and allow them to expand to their fullest extent. This exercise will also indicate whether the clothing is worn sufficiently loose, which should permit unrestricted expansion of the lungs at this point as well as in the chest.

To learn the next step,—to walk correctly,—draw in the diaphragm as before. Then, with the chest elevated, begin to walk as if it must carry and balance a fifteen-pound sack of sugar. When you have practised this until you can walk with elevated chest at least ten minutes at a time, place your foot, toe pointing outward, with the instep directly over the seam of the carpet or any straight line. Now do the same with the other foot. When you can walk evenly in this manner, you will have learned to balance your body in a way which will give a poise, dignity, and grace of carriage which will be the admiration of all beholders.

tion of "fever" with some callers. We simply credited the four-meal plan, and thought more and more kindly of Dr. Page, of Boston, who introduced it professionally. There was an early breakfast, a late breakfast, a dinner about one o'clock, and a supper between six and seven, all on the identical provender. The bath came when most convenient. On pleasant days, right through the winter (and most are such in Colorado), he was outdoors, well wrapped, for several hours; and often took a long nap there, with face shielded from the sun. Soon after his birth, I made him—what every baby in a northern latitude should have—a fur sleeping-sack, with loops and buttons along one side. It was of fur above, canvas below, the whole lined with soft green felting. A waterproof sheet and an old blanket were put in, loose, for him to lie on. These could be removed for airing or washing, as needed. The upper fur flap came snugly across under his chin, so he could always breathe, but everything else was securely enclosed, and, the bag being long and roomy, he could kick and throw arms about as much as he pleased. He could *not* uncover himself. Through the winter nights, with an unheated cabin (after the fire died down), this fur sack paid for itself a dozen times over. Once buttoned in, we laid him in the box-bed, and then, according to the coolness or coldness of the night in question, laid on additional coverings,—soft blankets and shawls, their weight mostly supported by the edges of the box,—with the afghan, tented on a light framework, over all. So he slept, and we slept in perfect security and assurance, through the coldest nights. Thus one of the greater dangers that threaten little infants was entirely excluded,—that of their exposing shoulders and arms in the night, and contracting coughs. We dressed him from the first in the "Gertrude" system of baby clothes, invented by Dr. Grosvenor, of Chicago,—all-woolen princess garments, with shirring strings at lower hems, by which each skirt becomes a closed bag, ending a little below the feet; warm, making no compression anywhere, and allowing of full movements of arms and legs. At five months he went into short clothes, including shirts and drawers of warm flannel, long, snug-fitting stockings, and buckskin shoes. This was in winter time, but winter and summer the drawers, in varying weights, have been worn ever since. He has never had a cold.

(Continued next month.)

THE SOUL'S SPRING CLEANING.

BY S. W. FOSS.

YES, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part ;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.
Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom ;
But rake yer foggy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust,
An' dress yer soul in newer style ;
Scrape from yer min' its worn-out crust,
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure ;
Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer morril cubby-holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum ;
'T is cleanin' time for healthy souls —
Git up an' dust ! The spring hez come !
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbin'-brush an soap,
An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak ev'ry cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootier picturs on the wall ;
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin ;
Swing open wide the dusty blind,
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul, once froze an' hard,
Sprout crocuses of new idees.
Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part ;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

“GOOD-WILL TO MEN.”

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

WYNN MARSHALL, followed by half a dozen other lads, came into the room where his mother was sewing.

“O mama,” he exclaimed, “won’t you tell us boys about the peace button? You said once you would tell me how I could wear it to be helpful to myself, and all the boys want to know. We think we’d like to form a Peace Club.”

Mrs. Marshall smilingly laid by her sewing, and handing Wynn a small box, said:—

“Give each one of the boys a button, and then we will talk about it. I would like you to look at the buttons, and tell me what you see.”

“Why, mama,” said Wynn, “they are just like the peace flag, only round instead of square.”

“Then as we have studied the flag, I suppose you can tell me what the button means.”

“Well, let me see. The three colors, like the triangle, stand for Liberty, Unity, and Fraternity, or for Power, Love, and Purity. The yellow color means the strength of the father, the purple the love of the mother, the white the purity of the child, and altogether represent the family.”

Wynn recited this with the satisfied air of one who repeats a lesson well learned.

“But what do the wings and hands on the purple color mean?” asked Charlie Ford, the oldest boy in the circle.

“The clasped hands mean co-operation, and the wings mean aspiration.”

The boys smiled, and shook their heads as if they did not quite understand that.

“They are symbolic. Can any one of you tell me what a symbol is?”

As no one ventured a definition, Wynn hurried to the dictionary, and read therefrom: “‘A symbol is something used to represent or suggest that which is not capable of portraiture, as an idea or quality. The oak is a symbol of strength, white of purity,’ etc.”

“Thank you, Wynn. When people work together, we say they co-operate. The clasped hands, then, are a symbol of a union of working forces. The white wings symbolize a lifting of these forces

Mrs. Marshall felt that something else was needed in the home besides obedience, and that was justice ; but she could not criticize the parent to the child, so she only said : " No doubt we will each have some hard lessons to learn in our efforts to bring peace, but we can learn one thing from every experience that is unpleasant to us, and that is to think in dealing with others how we would like to be ourselves dealt by. After we have learned to obey in the home, we go into the larger family of the school, and learn to obey there. Sometimes we find it harder, because we do not realize that the teacher has the same right to demand our obedience that our parents have."

" But, mama," said Wynn, " teachers do ask such foolish things of us sometimes. Now Miss Warner won't let us sit with our elbows on the desk or twisted to any side at all. We just have to sit straight, and we must n't stand on one foot. Such little things to fuss about all the time ! "

" Miss Warner is much wiser than you are, and some day you will be thankful that she insisted on your sitting and standing so that you will not grow crooked. You see, children are not capable of seeing all the reasons parents and teachers have for certain rules, but they should trust and obey, feeling sure it will be for their best interest. After the school comes the still larger family of society ; here old and young are obedient to certain customs or regulations. Just who has made them we may not know, but we recognize the authority under the form of expression ' they do so and so,' or ' they don't wear this or that.' What ' they ' decree is law. ' They say ' we must not eat with our knives, or pour our tea into our saucers, that we must greet our friends after a certain fashion, and we all obey. Now the still larger family of the nation demands our obedience to laws which are enforced by officials, and no one of responsible age and common intelligence is exempt. Then comes the still larger family of the race. There are international laws to govern the relations of different countries with each other ; and first and last and always is the law of God which is the supreme law in all these different families of the home, school, society, and state, and this law is obligatory upon all. You said grown people don't obey, but you see they do. They are under the dominion of the laws of God, and these laws cover all the different conditions of life. We find in the Bible directions for ourselves as children, as parents, as teachers, as citizens. The one thing I want you boys to remember is that as boys you are preparing for the more responsible

LIFE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

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No. VI.

THE insect's choice of a cradle for its young seems to be all that it has of motherhood, and many are its devices to secure the best and safest cradle. By means of a long egg-depositor, or ovipositor as it is called, the mother is enabled to place the eggs in safe and convenient quarters.

This ovipositor is a very interesting instrument. Sometimes it is a long tube. Sometimes it is made of a number of grooved blades that can be made to fit together as a tube. These may end in sharp points, or have teeth like a saw ; and sometimes they are tipped off with a sting, so that the ovipositor becomes, on occasion, a quite formidable weapon of defense, as some of us have learned by experience.

By means of the pointed or saw-like edge of the ovipositor the insect pierces into leaves or stems, or crevices of the bark of trees, or she bores holes into the ground to make a safe place for her eggs. Growths called "galls" are often seen on plants, and indicate the presence of the larvæ of insects. A great mystery surrounds these, as no one has yet discovered what makes the presence of the eggs, or larvæ, set up such a growth. "Two insects of differing species will deposit their eggs in the same position: in the one case no abnormal growth follows; in the other some peculiar irritation sets up a tumor, often enormous in size."

If two insects, both gall-makers, deposit their eggs in the same position, the tumors that follow will be entirely different in form. It is asserted by some that the insect accompanies the egg with a secretion which causes the irritation.

When we remember that the larvæ live upon food which the insect does not eat, we must wonder at the instinct that enables her to choose just the place where that food will be found. The ichneumon-fly does not hesitate to make use of the larvæ of other creatures to support the life of her own. She sees where some unfortunate caterpillar has taken refuge under the bark of a tree, and, boring a hole into his body, places her eggs there, and they, awakening into life, find ample food at hand. The poor caterpillar probably gets no satisfaction from the fact that it dies that they may live.

In their structure, insects are not unlike the lobster ; in fact they are often called cousins. The majority of insects are made up of thirteen segments, the head being one, the thorax having three, and the abdomen having nine. The last three or four are much smaller in size than the rest, and this fact causes the end of the body to curve. On the under side of these smaller segments grow out long slender tubes, which in some cases can be drawn up into the body. In the male they are called intromittent, which means, "conveying into," because they convey the sperm-cells into the body of the female.

The ovaries of the female are the organs in which the eggs are formed, and they lie within and on each side of the body. From them lead out canals which are called oviducts, and these communicate with the tubes which grow from the terminal rings, and which have been called the ovipositors.

In the male, instead of ovaries, are sperm-sacs, and sperm-ducts lead out from these to the terminal tubes. Through these the sperm must find its way out, and, if new life is to result, the sperm-cell must unite with the egg-cell. This union, we have learned, takes place in the fishes and lower orders of animals after the egg has been deposited. But in the insects the union of sperm-cell and egg-cell takes place while the latter is still in the body of the female. This occurs in many insects during flight, and soon after both die, the male perhaps at once, the female after she has found the cradle, and placed therein her eggs.

They have accomplished the purpose of their existence ; they have passed on their gift of life ; they die, and their children never know at what a cost their existence has been purchased. They, too, live their brief hour, pass on the life they received, and unnoticed drop into oblivion. Their little life-tragedy is over, but life itself has not perished. It goes on and on, with endless repetition reproducing the same history of crawling worm, of soaring winged creature, of mingling of life-elements, of new life and unnoted death.

No insect family is of more general interest than that of the bee. We are all more or less acquainted with bees, and feel a debt of gratitude to them for supplying our tables with a toothsome sweet. "No nation on earth has had so many historians as this remarkable class of insects." There are three kinds of bees, the drones, the workers, and the queen. The drones are the males ; the workers are called neuters, although they do contain the rudiments of ova-

ries. There is usually only one queen bee in a hive at a time. The workers are so called because they perform all the labor. They build the honeycomb, search for food, wait on the queen, and defend the hive. The chief business of the queen is the laying of the eggs. The drones are idle spectators of the busy workers, and seem to exist only for the purpose of giving the life principle that will fertilize the eggs. The union of sperm-cell and egg-cell takes place in the body of the queen, and the introduction of the sperm-cell takes place during flight; after which the drone dies, having been robbed of the organs used in conveying the sperm-cell to the oviduct.

The queen bee has thus received a large supply of sperm-cells, which may indeed last for some years, so that her eggs may continue to be fertilized during all that time, though she never receives another supply. This seems all the more wonderful when we know that during her life she may lay more than a million of eggs.

The workers build the cells of the honeycomb, and in these the queen places her eggs. In about three days after the egg is deposited, the larva appears. Then the worker-bees feed it with great care. In four or five days it has grown so as nearly to fill its cell. Then it stops eating, and the bees close up the cell. In the course of a week it tears its way out, a perfect bee. Then the bees gather around it, and feed it again, and clean out its cell. This is the worker-bee. The male bee takes four days longer to develop. If it is the intention of the bees to raise a queen, they place the egg in a larger space called a royal cell, and feed it with a peculiar kind of food. It grows very fast, and in sixteen days has become the perfect queen bee. Any worker egg may be made to develop into a queen by being fed with this royal food.

Among some insects the larva develop in the body of the parent, the cavity of which they destroy and burst in order to become free.

No part of the earth's surface is without insects, even in the arctic and antarctic regions, and "even showy butterflies of several species enliven the dreary solitudes of everlasting ice."

consider a reproduction of the sensation without the presence of the object, we find the question a somewhat difficult one.

This power, again, finds its cause in the physical make-up of brain. In obtaining knowledge of a simple object we find more than one sense is involved. Thus, we remember an apple by its shape, color, taste, odor, feeling, etc. If each sensation was retained by the brain as separate from all the others, there would be no possibility of our ever getting a correct idea of an apple, for an apple is a combination of all the different things which cause the various sensations mentioned. Fortunately for us, such a connection has been provided for. By some it is termed "associative fibers," by others "neural paths," but whatever the name, all agree in considering it one of the most important factors in memory. These connecting paths are nothing more nor less than modified brain-cells, which, like the modification spoken of a moment ago, tend to become permanent by repetition. We all know that repetition of muscular action renders the action more easy of reproduction and more liable to recur. The same holds true of the brain activity. Whatever has been perceived, felt, thought, once is more readily experienced a second time; if several sensations, emotions, or thoughts have been grouped together once by the brain the tendency will be for them to recur in the same relation to each other.

Here we find the solution to our problem. Former experiences are reproduced because some sensation of the present, previously associated with these experiences, calls them into being by means of this machinery of association.

Passing along the street you hear a grind-organ playing a familiar air, and you suddenly find yourself thinking of a conversation you carried on with a friend one evening while that air was being played. The cells which responded to the stimulus of the music had been connected with the cells used in carrying out that particular line of thought and the reawakening of the former called the latter again into activity.

This explains the method of calling to mind some elusive fact—the name of a friend, say. You begin to put into activity all the brain-cells that could be connected with those whose duty it is to retain the impression of the name. You call up a mental image of his home, his parents; you try to recall under what circumstances you spoke his name last; and finally the pressure

intimacy which characterizes all the experiences of an individual. Everything that is remembered must be referred to the individual's past.

We are now ready to combine the elements of memory which we have been considering into a definition. "Memory is the knowledge of an event, or fact, of which meantime we have not been thinking, with the additional consciousness that we have thought or experienced it before."

No. IV.

Closely allied to memory is imagination. Each is a part of the representative power, and each is an aid to the other. Imagination could not work without the material furnished by memory, while memory is rendered more effective by the assistance of imagination.

Imagination is the power of representing a mental product as an image. Hence the people who remember in images, remember by way of the imagination. The difference between the two forms of memory can readily be seen in an example. You ask one person if he remembers John Smith. He recognizes the name, recalls the time and the circumstances under which he met John Smith, the words that were said, etc., and it is these recollections that make up his memory of the individual. Ask another person the same question, and there will immediately rise before his mind's eye a picture of John Smith as he saw him last, every feature of the face, every article of clothing, and all the surrounding scenery being as clear as if in a photograph. The latter person has what is called a visualized imagination. He uses his imagination in remembering.

Besides visual images there are images of sounds, of touch, and of muscular sensations. This is a form of imagination not often considered when this mental faculty is spoken of. It is what may be called literal imagination.

Imagination also aids perception. We see the half of the apple, but the side away from us is out of our sight, and we must imagine it.

The usual meaning of the term "imagination," however, is that power of the mind which constructs images to which there is nothing exactly corresponding in the external world. Thus the poet imagines a mermaid, an engineer pictures in his mind the

tion may join half a woman to half a fish and thus form a mermaid. This may be looked upon as the work of a mechanical imagination. But the imagination can do more than to represent things as formerly seen, or simply separated into pieces, and recombined. It can represent any actually existing object as diminished or enlarged in size. More than this, it can select from the elements of past experience, alter these selected parts according to a rational plan, and construct a new image from these changed elements. "The productions of the great musical composers, poets, artists, and inventors illustrate this constructive power. Nature gives us no object like a watch, a steam-engine, a typewriter, or a typesetting-machine. The mind has no more important power at its disposal than the constructive imagination.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, a former president of the Royal Society, said: "Physical investigation, more than anything besides, helps to teach us the actual value and right use of the imagination — of that wondrous faculty which, when left to ramble uncontrolled, leads us astray into a wilderness of perplexities and errors, a land of mists and shadows; but which, properly controlled by experience and reflection, becomes the noblest attribute of man, the source of poetic genius, the instrument of discovery in science, without the aid of which Newton would never have invented fluxions, nor Davy have decomposed the earths and alkalis, nor would Columbus have found another continent."

TRAINING THE MENTAL POWERS.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

No. I.

CLOSELY allied to the training of the senses is the training of the perceptive powers. Indeed, many of the games and exercises given for educating the senses are really developing the perception. Thus, when a child is made to recognize a substance by taste, or an object by feeling, he is being taught to translate his sensations into perceptions.

But it must not be imagined that exercise can be given the perceptive powers only after the preparation of many objects and the laying of many plans. Much training can be given during walks out-of doors, while taking necessary journeys, etc. The child

always has with him the powers that we desire to train, and the external world presents an endless store of perceptive material.

Not long ago I saw an example of this kind of training made use of as a means of keeping quiet an otherwise restless and almost uncontrollable child. A pleasure party was following the shores of a small lake in a little launch, and the ceaseless activity of a little girl of three was a constant menace to her safety. One of the young girls of the party, holding the child by her side for a moment, said, "Oh, I see a house !"

"Where?" demanded the child.

"See if you can find it," was the reply.

After a moment of eager searching the little one pointed her finger, and exclaimed triumphantly, "There !"

"Yes. Now I see a barn." Another search.

"There," and so it continued, each endeavoring to see something before it was discovered by the other, and then requiring the slower one to hunt until the object was found. It wasn't long before the child was seeing everything within range, recognizing objects at so great a distance as to cause astonishment among those watching her. When everything noticeable in the landscape had been observed, attention was turned to colors : the color of hair, eyes, and clothes of every member of the party was thoroughly discussed, the child's pleasure in the exercise being shown by her frequent exclamation, "Oh, mama, we're *seeing* things."

The same play has been found a happy way of keeping children amused on the train. This method of procedure educates the perceptive powers, and creates a habit of observation which will be found of much benefit throughout a whole lifetime.

After leading a child to observe, he should be encouraged to exactness in perception. Begin by showing him two objects, say an apple and an orange, and see how many points of difference he can discover. Then let him describe each of the objects, embodying in his description all the distinctive qualities. This can, of course, be used as a game to be played by a number of children.

The same method can be pursued in nature-study, and become the beginning of work in the sciences. For instance, the children may be led to discover the differences between the various kinds of trees. The resulting descriptions, if written down by an older person (for this study may be pursued by children not yet able to

write), will form the beginning of a series of note-books, which, if continued, will prove very valuable. Children will also take pleasure, at a very early age, in collecting and classifying the leaves of flowers and plants. The same plan may be pursued in the study of birds, etc.

It is important that the child be led to put his observations into words, as this leads to definiteness and exactness. Another valuable aid in acquiring these qualities is the art of drawing. This form of reproduction, though crude at first, leads to more careful observation; it calls for concentrated attention and a study of details. An attempt to draw an animal or a building from memory will quickly convince one of the carelessness with which we usually observe. A school full of country children was asked whether a cow's ears are above, below, behind, or in front of her horns. Only two could answer, and each of these had drawn a picture of a cow.

After one has reproduced many objects in drawing, the habit of careful attention to details will be quite well established. This experience will also probably teach one that in order accurately to perceive a complex object one must not try to perceive the whole of it at once. The reason so many people are unable to remember faces is because they see them as complex wholes. If, instead, they would turn their attention to details, noting the eyes, nose, hair, etc., they would in time become expert in recognizing and remembering faces.

In this endeavor to learn exactness of perception we must not make the mistake of becoming slow in perception. "Life is short, and there are many things to see. Existence yields the most to him whose mental faculties work the quickest. Thirty years measure a longer life span for some than seventy for others. Some persons will take in more at one glance than others do from torpidly staring around for half an hour."

We must then work for rapidity of perception, and the first requisite is attention. See to it that the children, when they do look, look with all their senses alert. The spur of rivalry will probably be of help here in keeping them on the *qui vive*. Take some well-known object in your hand, uncover it for a second, and see how many can recognize it. No time should be given them to gaze at it, but they should be expected to know it by a single glance. After they have become proficient in recognizing an

object at a simple glance, arrange three or four different objects on a table, out of sight of the children. Then call the children to walk rapidly past, and see how many can name all the objects correctly. As they gain in proficiency, the number of objects should be increased to forty. The magician, Houdin, trained his son by walking rapidly past a shop window, and then writing down as many as possible of the articles displayed. "If different things are at the same time tossed into the air, and allowed to fall behind a screen, or into a basket, bag, or sheet gathered up, great quickness of perception will be necessary to name and describe all. A word may be written on a revolving blackboard which is then to be turned with rapidity barely sufficient to allow the word to be made out at the first trial. New words or sentences should then be added; with practise a sensible statement of several lines can be read at one glance."

TRAINING THE SENSES.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

No. I.

SENSE-ACTIVITY is so essential a part of existence that it is almost entirely overlooked. Because a child can not normally develop without the use of his senses, it is apparently not deemed necessary to give any direction or assistance to their activity. And yet, the fact that the activity of the senses is vital to individual life and character, should be the very reason why much attention should be given to its cultivation.

The majority of children are allowed to slip through life with a minimum of sense-activity. How much of the meaning of life they lose thereby can not be estimated. Glimpses of their loss can sometimes be gained by the comparison of what is seen by the trained eye of the artist or heard by the trained ear of the musician with that which is seen or heard by the average individual. How great assistance trained senses give to the accumulation of knowledge might be demonstrated by an investigation of the benefits derived from the same reading lesson by two pupils, one wide-awake, alert, always seeing and hearing everything to be seen and heard, the other, half-blind, half-deaf, to whom the words are but dead things instead of signs for living, interesting realities.

The schools are beginning to train some of the child's senses by lessons in nature-study. But the best years for training of the senses are passed before the child enters school. The first six years of life constitute the period when the senses are paramount, and call most strongly for material with which to work, for wise direction and careful control.

The duty of training the senses, then, really rests with the parents. It will not be amiss for parents to consider the need for training of the senses, and some practical methods of procedure.

The value of the senses of taste, touch, and smell are often lost sight of in the appreciation given sight and hearing. The importance of rightly educated taste is readily seen when one remembers that upon this sense depends the selection of the right food for building up the body and maintaining it in a healthful, vigorous condition. Nor is this sense incapable of a high degree of cultivation. It is said that expert tea tasters can recognize as high as fifty different kinds of tea that have been mixed and steeped together. Moreover, the proper cultivation of this sense is of great moral value. A. R. Taylor in his book "The Study of the Child" says: "Not only is all this to be done for the sake of the health of the child, but for his moral character as well. Taste for highly seasoned food, and stimulating drinks almost invariably become appetite consuming and uncontrollable, later in life. Its long train of evils need not be rehearsed here. No heart is so pure, no soul so noble, that physical appetite long unrestrained does not corrupt. Crimes hideous and revolting might easily have been prevented by a little intelligence and firmness in training the tastes of the child for food and drink."

For the sake of a discriminating sense of taste no highly seasoned food or stimulating drinks should be given, for these tend to thicken and render less sensitive the tissues upon whose activity this sense depends. Wholesome foods should be given in great number and variety. The flavors of these should not be disguised and rendered identical by use of spices, but each substance should be allowed to retain its own delicate flavor, thus increasing the child's power of discrimination.

However, merely eating simple food is not enough. To make progress in any line of effort, it is necessary to turn the attention in that direction, thus making a definite and more lasting impression upon the brain. So in the training of the sense of taste, the

child's attention must be called to differences in flavors. The easiest way to accomplish this end is to play a game in which one after another is blindfolded and given some substance to taste and then name. The mere pleasure of using the senses will be enough pleasure for the little ones. For those older it might be played as a contest, the players being divided into two sides, the side whose member is successful in naming the substance having the privilege of choosing a member of the opposite side to join its ranks. The following are some of the substances that might be used: brown sugar, white sugar, salt, milk, water, cheese, bread, butter, biscuit, apple, turnip, carrot, pear, vinegar, etc. The list can be added to almost indefinitely.

It would be interesting to show the children how much taste depends upon smell. Let them be blindfolded, and try tasting different substances while holding their nostrils tightly closed. See how many substances can be recognized by taste alone. For the older children, tell them that psychologists say that there are only six elementary flavors,—sour, salt, sweet, bitter, metallic, and alkaline,—and that all other flavors are simply combinations of these, together with sensations of smell and touch. Then let them try to tell which of the six elementary flavors can be found in bread, which in potatoes, which in beefsteak, etc.

The above suggestions will furnish a starting-point for the inventive mind which will add many new games to the ones suggested.

A reliable and highly developed sense of taste is invaluable to the cook, the mineralogist, the grocer, the pharmacist, the physician, the fruit dealer, the confectioner, the dairyman, the restaurateur, the baker, and many other professional, industrial, and commercial people.

“This sense is intended to contribute to man's physical enjoyment. Its proper cultivation refines and enlarges that enjoyment not only in a sensuous way, but in an intellectual way as well. So intimately is the delicate discrimination of foods allied to good judgment in an intellectual, and particularly in an esthetic, way, that the word “taste” is universally used in distinguishing men and women of refined culture from those of the common sort.”

No. II.

Closely connected with the sense of taste is the sense of smell. Of this sense Taylor says: "In addition to its utility as a factor in determining the nature of food, smell also proves of great value in an intellectual and practical way. It assists in getting knowledge of a thousand things in the world round about us. The botanist is dependent upon it for distinguishing many varieties of plants; the mineralogist would be sorely handicapped in classifying minerals if his sense of smell were to fail him; the biologist without a good nose would be almost as bad as a miner without a lantern; the chemist would be in greater confusion than Pandora when she opened her famous box, if he were unable to discover the odors of the various compounds in his laboratory. What is true of the sciences is also as true of the arts. Many diseases are revealed to the physician largely through their odor. The plumber and gas-fitter would not earn his salt who could not discover the presence of deleterious or poisonous gases by their peculiar odor. Without this sense the cook could hardly know that a stew is burning, a sauce is fermenting, an egg is addled, or that a dish will prove relishable at the table. Without this sense one would succeed poorly in handling drugs, perfumery, groceries, farm products of all kinds, etc. Without it what would become of—

" 'The butcher and the baker
And the candlestick maker' ?

"The sense of smell has always been prized, even among barbarous nations, for its pleasure-producing capacities. It is, moreover, an esthetic sense. Into whatever walk or occupation in life a child is to go, he will need for his physical well-being, for his general knowledge, for his esthetic enjoyment, for his practical use, a sensitive, delicately discriminating sense of smell."

The same sort of games as suggested for the cultivation of the sense of taste can be used for the cultivation of this sense. The articles to choose from are almost innumerable. There are all the various foods, both liquid and solid,—bread, cheese, milk, tea, coffee, meats of various kinds, vegetables, fruits, etc.,—then all the perfumed flowers, and such articles as leather, brown paper, candles, rubber, etc., which we do not often consider as possessing odors. Common household remedies should

also be learned by their odors. Strongly scented flowers may be hidden in a handkerchief or in different parts of the room, and the children told to find and identify them by smell. The children may try to puzzle each other with different objects to be guessed by the blindfolded one, and, of course, the more advanced the children, the more unusual may the objects and odors be. Two strongly scented objects may be presented to the child when blindfolded, to see if, knowing that there are two, he can identify them. For the older children, more advanced experiments may be tried. See which one can discover the largest number of objects in the room possessing odors. Let them investigate, and discover the fact that the sense of smell can be fatigued. For instance, if a piece of camphor is held to the nose for a few minutes the organ of smell becomes fatigued, and, if the fatigue continues, the odor of camphor may no longer be perceived. The students might discover what odors fatigue soonest, etc. Again, the effect of fatigue from the odor of one flower, say tuberose, on the odor of other flowers may be investigated.

Another interesting phenomena for them to investigate is the relation existing between the two halves of the nose. "When roses and water-lilies are both present, we smell the combination of both ; but when a rose is placed in one paper tube and a water-lily in another, and the tubes are so arranged that we get the odors to separate nostrils without mixing, we do not smell a combination, but alternately either a rose or a water-lily. We can smell either one in preference to the other by simply thinking about it. It is a very curious fact that we are unable to think of the same odor steadily ; our thoughts irresistibly turn from one to the other, and thus the smells alternate."

Such facts as the above I would endeavor to let the older children discover for themselves by a series of experiments. The only paraphernalia necessary for the latter experiment are two sheets of paper rolled into the shape of a cornucopia or candy-horn, with the small end trimmed off to fit the nostril. The flowers, or other odorous substances, are placed under the large ends.

No. III.

"The intellectual value of touch, the power to give us knowledge of the external world, is seldom placed high enough. With-

out the sense of touch the child would not only see things flat, but the myriad forms that fill the earth and sky would never be known to him. All of them would be alike to him — neither rough nor smooth, fine nor coarse, sharp nor blunt, round nor square, far nor near, in high nor low relief. In fact he would have no idea in the concrete or in the abstract of any such qualities. He would, in manhood, be tumbling down-stairs, over chairs, into the fireplace, into the wash-tub, and everywhere else, just as he does in childhood before this sense has taught him the relief and relations of objects. Without it he would know neither sea nor lands, wood nor mineral. If man were deprived of the sense of touch, every loom, every ship, every railway car, every industry in which man is engaged, would instantly stop. All these are dependent upon its high cultivation for their successful conduct. No matter for what occupation a child is intended, the education of this sense is of vital importance. Whether he becomes a blacksmith or a farmer, he will discover not only its every-day use, but its value in buying his food and clothing and the furnishings for his house. In selling his wool or buying sheep, the wool-grower will find his profits largely in his skill in detecting the value of both by feeling. The sense of touch discovers many defects which escape the best of eyes. If he becomes a weaver, a watchman, a dealer in fine fabrics, a surgeon, an oculist, a dentist, a musician, an artist, a bank cashier, the possession of delicate and finely discriminating touch is absolutely essential. It must ever be remembered that childhood is the only time when the resources of this sense can be profitably developed. Fair efficiency may be secured by beginning later in life, but rare power is seldom attained. Some children inherit great delicacy of touch, but whatever nature supplies them may be multiplied manifold by intelligent cultivation. We have here a sense that is the avenue of a greater variety of knowledge than comes to the individual by means of the two senses already considered. By means of the sense of touch we learn of temperature, of quality, and of form. Hence the sense is capable of broader development, and the means of cultivating it are more numerous."

In this work of training the senses, care should be taken to begin with the simplest forms of knowledge and proceed gradually to the more complex. So in our games of touch we will begin by finding all the objects in the room that feel rough, smooth, cold,

hot, curved, etc. Then we will try to recognize familiar objects by means of this sense alone. We will put a bit of stick, a stone, a pencil, a pen, a slate-pencil, a pincushion, a bit of paper, a bit of cloth, etc., into a bag, and let the children take turns in naming an object by means of touch, and then drawing it forth for verification or disproof of their conclusions.

Then objects may be compared in size by means of this sense. Let a child feel of two coins simultaneously and decide which is the larger. Then let them compare by feeling of the objects successively. Then let them see which of any two of the following feels warmer and which cooler: metal, glass, wood, cloth, stones, etc.

Again the children may be blindfolded, and then attempt to distinguish people by merely feeling their hands; then by feeling their clothes. Another good game is to put a few peas and beans into a bag, and let the children try to pick out all the beans by touch. Put a two-cent piece and a quarter into a child's hands, and have the child, without looking, distinguish between them. This can be done with numerous coins. Have them learn to recognize various varieties of cloth by touch alone. Then the children may learn to distinguish plain geometrical figures, as triangle, square, oblong, pentagon, circle, oval, etc., by touch alone. Another step upward will be taken when the children can recognize the most familiar plants by feeling the leaves alone. Then let them try to recognize each other by feeling very lightly of each other's faces. Just here it would be interesting to tell them of Helen Keller, who passed her hand over the head and face of a piece of statuary, and said, "The face feels sad." It was the statue of Melancholy!

Editorial.

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D., Editor. ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN, Assistant Editor.

THE little one whose picture serves as our frontispiece is one of hundreds of homeless children for whom homes have been found by The American Home-Finding Association whose headquarters are located at 167 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Those who have in their own homes their dear little bald-headed tyrants will be glad to know that such tyrants who have no kingdom to which they are heirs by birth are being supplied with places where they rule by the might of a love born of the Spirit of Christ.

Between Sept. 32, 1897, and Feb. 23, 1899, a total of 341 children have been placed in homes by this association. Of course such a work needs financial aid, and those who may feel moved to give of their abundance for the care of God's little ones, can address as above. Any one desiring to learn more of their work can send for their little paper, *Our Homes and Our Homeless*.

The editor says, "Your help is needed. Your prayers are needed. Did you know but a small part of the sacrifice and anxiety borne by those who are carrying forward this work in order that the increasing number of pitiable applicants coming to us daily may be cared for, you would at once lay down your work, and give at least one day to help advance this most beautiful and Christlike charity."

Again he asks, "Does any one know of a home willing to give home life to a homeless child or other homeless person? Does any one know of a homeless child or other homeless person in need of home life?"

Perhaps you can answer these queries. Perhaps in your home is a vacancy caused by the going of your own little child "into the Silent Land," a vacancy that you would gladly see occupied by Christ himself.

Forget not that he has written, "Inasmuch." Will you ask him to be your guest in the person of "one of these little ones"?

BOYS' CHARACTERISTICS.— If, then, we would study the religious life of the boy, we have to answer the question first, What are the dominant characteristics of boys? We have defined religion as the highest expression of the self possible in any given stage of one's existence. We come now to the discussion of the characteristics of the boy, because upon these characteristics, according to our definition, the religion of the period must depend.

HABITS.— It is the age for the formation of habits. The brain is in the condition of acquiring its final organization. Nerve paths are organized through it readily at this period, but the brain substance seems to become in some way increasingly hard, so that these paths or lines of habits are increasingly difficult to form or to break. It seems as if the brain was setting, as a cup of jelly sets into a definite form. In this way the best work is secured, for with the passing years the habits of work formed by the brain are increasingly effective. The man of fifty can do treble the work in a line to which he is accustomed than a man can who is twenty ; but in taking up a new line of work, the boy of twenty will far surpass the man of fifty. Nearly all the daily acts of our lives are performed without thought; they are habits. We walk by habit. If we had to think about every step we took in order to maintain our equilibrium, if we had to think about every mouthful of food that we ate, and of all the physical acts that we must do, we should have neither time nor strength for any intellectual achievements. So we put on and off one article of attire after another largely automatically. We wash our faces, brush our hair, all largely through unconscious habits ; we put on the same shoe first, the same trouser leg ; the necktie is tied in a uniform way ; our physical lives are lives of habit. Our mental lives are also lives of habit. During boyhood we open up the lines of thought that are to be followed the rest of the life. It is a rare exception when any individual after thirty comes into a successful line of activity, the basis for which was not laid during boyhood. Thus the enormous significance of these years is evident. We live all our lives largely as we live during boyhood.

REFLEX RELIGION.— In emphasizing the habit-forming function of boyhood, I do not wish to minimize the importance of the years preceding, for I believe that the atmosphere and the general trend of the life during the years preceding boyhood are of the greatest importance ; but during the years from twelve to eighteen the moral nature seems to blossom, it seems to come to its pretty

definite and final direction. The significance, then, of habit, in terms of religion, is this: Religion being a life rather than a philosophy, boyhood is the period for putting into terms of habit this religious life. So long as a man debates whether he will do right or not, he is in danger, but when the religious life has become so deeply ingrained, has secured such a thorough organic basis in the individual that the nervous system and the mind react with instant and positive answer in a true way, to every impulse toward good, on the one hand and toward evil on the other, then the largest life is possible. The most truly religious life is laid in a basis of unconscious reflex, a basis of habit, a basis of doing all the things related to the routine of righteousness as certainly, as definitely, as the eye winks on the approach of certain stimuli.

(To be continued.)

A QUESTION.

HE looks upon me as a saint,
Free from fault or sinful taint,
Supreme and grand !
But he is a child —
Sweet, undefiled - -
And can not understand !

Oh ! to have lived
So that to-day
I might look in his eyes,
And sincerely say,
I would have him live as I lived, and do
As I have done, in every way !

But, say, has there ever been a man
Since Father Adam went amiss
Who dared to face the son he loved,
And tell him this ?

Cleveland Leader.

IMPORTANT PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

DURING the last two months we have been changing our mailing system, as you will see by the address on the wrapper of your magazine. In changing so large a list from one system to another mistakes have very likely occurred. Kindly note if the address on your magazine and the date of expiration are correct, and if not, notify us at once, and we will promptly correct the error.

...In the Nursery...

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."—DELANO.

INVALID CHILDREN.

BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL.

IF the healthy, happy, romping, bursting-with-fun child needs care, scarcely less does the sick, peevish, feverish, wasting child need care. By care I do not mean the giving of medicine and the bathing and dressing, and the sunning, and the hundred things which it is the duty of the nurse to look after. I mean a subtle, out-of-sight care, a tact on the part of attendants, an ingenious letting-alone sort of care which is not too common.

A sick child needs most of all to forget itself. Little need in these days of the clinical thermometer, and the "feeling of the pulse," and the understanding of facial expression, to be always quizzing an invalid as to how "it feels," if "the pain has gone," if it "is better now," if "anything hurts it," or "don't you feel able to sit up?"

An intelligent nurse or mother can answer all these questions for herself without a word. To be put in mind of one's pain is as bad as the pain. Any one who has been sick knows there are intervals of unself-consciousness, when the thought is fixed upon some pleasant theme. Suddenly some solicitous friend interrupts the interlude, and of course "the pain is back." I would ask few if any questions in regard to its condition were I attending a sick child. Every word and every act of the sick chamber should be with a view of banishing self-consciousness. I would not even ask if the invalid is hungry. If it is time that he should eat, I would tempt with the sight of food. "Spring the suggestion" on him, and surprise the failing appetite. If questioned, appetite does not always answer.

As to medicine, I dislike to hear the nurse say, "Now, darling, won't you take your medicine?" with a quaver of possible doubt in the voice. "Here is your medicine," is better. Taste is surprised and preference in the matter has no time to assert itself. If medicine is to be taken, there should never be an interrogation in the tone of the nurse.

The World's Sisterhood.

"She knew the power of bonded ill,
But knew that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good,
The world's united womanhood."

— *Whittier's tribute to Frances E. Willard.*

GOETHE once said that "women are ever isolated ; ever work alone." However true that may have been in his day, it is not true now. Myriads of women's organizations are to-day proving that women united to work for one cause make that cause a success.

It seems, however, that now there might be a broader, more out-reaching union of all women working, not for one specific human interest, but for every possible good ; an effort to lift a little of the world's burdens of sin, to open doorways of hope, to set in motion new thought-currents of universal peace and love.

Such a union of women could have a platform broad enough to include old and young, Christian and heathen, knowing no divisions, recognizing only the fact of "one God the Father of all."

Can we imagine what would be the outcome, if the women of the whole world were united in such a sisterhood ?

If all towns and cities knew that good women were looking after sanitary conditions, both physical and moral ; if mother-hearts were being moved to note and control the influences that surround the feet of little children ; if young women, were united to raise the standard of human morality to the very highest ; if the serving woman, the uncultured woman, the heathen woman, the outcast woman, knew that the protection, the courtesy, the love, of all good women were theirs to command at all times ; if around all tempted hearts, all wandering feet, were thrown the safeguard of true woman's helpful care ; would not the world be happier and safer ?

Frances E. Willard says, "Alone we can do little. Separated we are units of weakness, but aggregated we are batteries of power. Scattered forces never win a battle. Scattered faculties are at the same disadvantage." We desire to unite the moral forces of all true women in the study of life as it is, and their power to make it what it should be, that women all over the world may be joined in a purpose true.

"Life answering life across the vast profound."

The World's Chivalry.

“ A knight,
Who revered his conscience as his King ;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong ;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it ;
Who honored his own words as if his God's ;
Who led a sweet life in pure chastity ;
Who loved one only, and who clove to her,
And worshiped her by years of noble deeds.”
— *Tennyson.*

THIS is King Arthur's picture of his noble knights, “ A glorious company, the flower of men, to serve as models for the mighty world.”

The days of chivalry are not gone forever, for while our modern knights do not set forth on horseback clad in coat of mail and with their lady's glove pinned to their casque, there are still many who in humbler ways manifest their knighthood by deeds of truth and love, by lives of honor and “ pure chastity.”

Louisa Alcott says, “ The only chivalry worth having is that which is the readiest to pay deference to the old, protect the feeble, and serve womankind regardless of rank, age, or color.”

Judged by this standard, many a humble man in the garb of a laborer has better right to be called a knight than some who dress fashionably and carry themselves proudly. Chivalry is not outward politeness and ceremony to those of recognized social position. It is the spirit of true knighthood which is characterized by “ disinterested courtesy, bravery, magnanimity, and honor.”

The young men of our day need to have aroused in their hearts this magnanimity which makes them feel that they are entrusted with the defending of all the defenseless, the uplifting of all the fallen, the reclaiming of all the wandering, the helping of all the suffering.

To such a World's Chivalry we invite all who are readers of the NEW CRUSADE. We ask them to take the vow of Tennyson's knights, and join with us in a crusade of light against darkness, of knowledge against ignorance, of virtue against vice.

The aim of this department of our magazine will be to —

“ Teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness, . . .
And love of truth and all that makes a man.”

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

"Child-Training," by Miss Sarah W. Smith, Medina, O. 5c each; 50c per doz.; \$3.50 per 100. Dainty, practical. The wise suggestions of an experienced teacher.

"Tobacco — Parables, Poems, and Pithy Points," by Elder D. E. Scoles, Washburn, Mo. 2c each; \$1.60 per 100. The title very aptly describes the leaflet.

"Sins of the Flesh," by Frank W. Ober.

"Hindrances and Helps to Purity of Life," by S. M. Sayford. 5c each; 50c per 100. Two excellent White Cross Leaflets, published by Mabel L. Conklin, 28 New York Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Is Flesh-Eating Morally Defensible?" by Sidney H. Beard. Price, 1 penny. English, Published by The Order of the Golden Age. The Beacon, Ilfracombe, England. Dedicated to all aspiring souls who seek emancipation from the superstition and barbarism of the past.

"A Simple Guide to a Natural and Human Diet," by Sidney H. Beard, Published as above. Contains practical directions for the preparation of healthful palatable vegetable foods.

"Mental Influences in the Healing of the Body," by T. V. Gifford, M. D., M. S., Kokomo, Ind. Price, 10c. This little pamphlet is a reprint from the *Journal of Hygie-Therapy and Anti-Vaccination*, and teaches the healing power of joy, gladness, song, hope, love, and all benevolent emotions.

"The Elixir of Life, or Robert's Pilgrimage." Published by Ransom H. Randall, Chicago, Ill. Details the pilgrimage of an investigating mind through all the phases of evangelical and unevangelical belief, designated as places; as Arianus, Anglicana, Lutheria, Foxboro, Independence, Savalton, etc., to the City of the King.

"Supplemental Bible Lessons for the Home and Sunday-school." Published under the auspices of the Bible Chairs of the University of Ann Arbor, Mich. Prepared by G. P. Coler and H. D. Williams. 15c each; \$1.00 per dozen. This little book is designed to be a practical help to parents and Sunday-school workers in teaching the Bible to children. It is intended to be used either in connection with the International lessons, or independently. It is the primary number of a series designed to give a complete course of supplemental Bible study. Other of the series are the Intermediate, the Junior, the Senior, and the Normal numbers. A Bible Chair certificate will be given for the completion of each of these five grades of study. The instructors are well known to the editor, who can most highly commend their work.

"Three Christmas Tides," by Niobe Laddee. Published by National Purity Association, Chicago. 5c each; 30c per doz. A beautiful prose-poem descriptive of a pure betrothal, marriage, and parentage.

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MONTHLY.

\$1.00 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.
Foreign subscription, \$1 50.
6s English.

Entered at Ann Arbor, Mich., as Second-class matter

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Assistant Editor.

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PUBLISHED BY
Wood-Allen Publishing Company,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
London, 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus.

Advertising rates on application.

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The applications for exchange with the NEW CRUSADE are so numerous that we are obliged to decline many that we should be glad to consider favorably, could we do so in justice to our business interests. Many of these applications come from journals of acknowledged merit and high position in their respective fields of effort and usefulness, but which are of no service to us in the conduct of the NEW CRUSADE. We must, therefore, draw the line where some benefit may accrue to us from exchange, and can only respond favorably to those applications on condition of the customary monthly notices. Marked copies of all publications containing notices of the NEW CRUSADE should be mailed to this office.

Contributions.

The NEW CRUSADE desires to secure for publication the best thoughts of all who join with it in seeking "the higher life of the family." All contributions received will be promptly read, and if not available will be at once returned, if stamps for that purpose are enclosed.

No consideration can be given to manuscripts illegibly written, those rolled for sending, or requiring radical "editing." Accepted articles are in all cases subject to such editorial revision as may be deemed necessary.

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Those who desire to purchase our books may order them of the Dominion Repository (Mrs. Bascom), 56 Elm St., Toronto, or of our branch house, The Book Room, Richmond St., W., Toronto.

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Books Mothers Need.

THE profession of motherhood calls for study and preparation, just as all other professions do. Mothers have studied in the past, but they have had no guide by which to direct their reading into definite channels. They have not been able to cover the whole ground properly, because there has been no plan for them to follow.

This has all been changed. The well-known writer, Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, has arranged a course of study covering the first sixteen years of a child's life. Every important subject is touched upon in its proper place. Heredity, prenatal life, first care of the infant, physical, mental, and moral training from the early years on up, are duly considered.

Certain books are necessary for this course of study. There are a multitude of books upon the market which touch upon these topics. Some of these are too technical for the mother, some have only a chapter or two of practical value, some are not to be depended upon.

A well-known educator states that he spent \$300 in his endeavor to find books of value to him, only a few of the ones purchased being available. Mothers can not afford such an expense. How can they tell what books are the ones of value to them?

After years of extensive reading, Dr. Wood-Allen has been able to make a selection of suitable books, and mothers will do well to trust to her experienced judgment.

Below is given her selection of books suitable for the first part of the course of study.

Library No. 1.

1. MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D. \$1.00
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To eradicate Vice by Virtue ;

To displace Disease by Health ;

To dispel Darkness by Light.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1899.

NO. 3.

THE VALUE OF MUSIC IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

BY REV. W. A. BARTLETT.

THE other day I sat at my piano, playing softly, when my little girl, two years of age, began to sing. Her natural and untaught song was the struggle to express herself, her growing self, her developing and beautiful little self. That is, in miniature, the illustration of my theme. It demonstrates our proposition ; namely, that music has value in the development of character.

Time was when men listened idly to music, and went away unconscious that they were trifling with a force. Now we know that melody is power.

The superintendents of asylums for the insane have known for years that music has a quieting effect on their patients, and in many retreats music is constantly used for this beneficent purpose.

One of the most remarkable sights I ever saw was in a mission school, where the boys were hardened and intractable. For weeks it had been impossible to repeat the Lord's prayer because of the rowdyism and catcalls. Night after night, after all gentler means had been tried, from ten to fifteen boys were ejected from the room. One evening a male quartet came down, and sang a number of college songs and religious selections. From the moment the songs were heard, the order was perfect ; indeed, the stillness was almost uncanny after what we had been through. We could do anything with those boys until they found there was to be no more singing, when they threw off the spell, and read the riot act to us again. But one thing was sure : we had seen those boys as gentle as lambs. No one could ever assert that there had not been a time

when they could be touched. For we had looked down into souls at that hour, and had discovered that, however dim it was, there was still uneffaced a little of the image of God. Who can say that in that moment there was not a real lifting and development of those low lives?

Wagner calls music an eternal memorial of the living God. He goes farther, and says it is the living God in our bosoms. Whatever our own views, we will at least admit that this beautiful quality of soul, our ability to love music, is God-given, and is in that respect a memorial of himself. I would not say that it is the only one. If love is a rainbow, then music must be one of the colors of it. Love is the memorial of God in our hearts. So when the spirit whispers to us, it may set to vibrating the violet of song. When my little girl began to sing that morning, God through music was talking to her. All unconscious of it, she made answer, "Here am I." The music that she heard set to vibrating the memorial of God in her. She became a hearer and a doer of the Word.

The mother is the most eloquent preacher I know. And true art was cradled in a mother's heart after it came from God. I speak to you as one who believes that all art, science, and high thought are coming home to God, and that when character is truly developed, it is the reshaping of the soul into the likeness of God, the Lord Christ being the embodiment of that likeness restored. To develop character through music, then, would be to make Christ-like through music.

But in order to have her character developed through music, my child must be a conscious doer as well as a hearer of the Word. She answered sweetly up to her Father, "Here am I," but she was as ignorant that it was God calling as Samuel was when he said, "Here am I." But the prophet revealed to him that it was the voice of God. The mother is the high priest who can enter the holy of holies, and gently make these revelations.

The songs sung out of emotion and a full heart have a marvelous power to develop even when there is no revelation. You may sing to a child, and fill it full of melody, but it may remain indifferent and cold. When it begins itself to sing, the enthusiasm and fire comes.

All development of character must depend largely upon the activity of the child. There must be an intelligent forth-putting of strength. It is pleasant to listen to good music, but it is growth to make it. When we are told that it is more blessed to give than to

receive, we may not know that we are dealing with a scientific formula that holds good in every realm. But we are. It is more blessed because it not only helps the recipient, but the giver becomes a better man by the act.

So whether the child sings or plays, it should be taught from the beginning that what it sings and what it plays it gives to its fellows and to God. The child simply takes what has been given to it, and gives the same to some one else. One may become as sordid and miserly with music as with gold. Both are blessings if rightly used, but either may become a curse.

In my opinion, the child should begin to play its first lesson for its father. Not that the worthy sire will derive much enjoyment from the performance, except as it means to him an advance step for his child.

On the other hand, the selfishness of music is hardly more deplorable than the conceit cultivated by the "showing-off" process. Our children may not be infant prodigies, but they may be reduced to a lower level still through imbibing the idea that they are. They must forget themselves; they must be lead into the realm of the beautiful; the intelligence must keep pace with the voice or the fingers.

And where is the best music, in the voice or the fingers? I answer unhesitatingly, In the voice.. You may ask, "The best for whom?" and I answer, For the one developed. In itself music is indefinite. A song is music, and a definite statement. It is an idea floating on melody. He who listens gets more, because she who sings gives more. When the "Swedish Nightingale" first came to this country, she wept when she sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." So did her audience. The melody played or given by the human voice without words would not have had the same effect. It was the tender and yet triumphant utterance of a glorious fact. Instrumental music will only do that when some association of ideas sets words to it in the mind of an occasional hearer. The song always has words. Put a sweet and holy song into the mouth of your child. Never mind if the voice be imperfect; that is a matter of small consideration compared to the good that may come to the child.

And what is song after all? An eminent authority has told us that song is not the correct voicing of correct melodies. Song, true song, is the utterance of self. That may be on a monotone. I have always been troubled with a sensitive ear, yet I can recall voices that would be called harsh that filled me with more delight than some of

the smoothest singing I ever heard, simply because the harsher tone was vibrant with soul. The cracked prism gave a less perfect figure than the one unbroken. But through the perfect glass there came only a candle beam, while through the other shone the sun. Song, then, is the means of exalted communion. Most of Watt's hymns are the rhythmic climaxes of sermons. Song is the soul's flight when walking is too slow. Song is prayer. Here, then, mother, is a gracious means for you to use in this perplexing process of soul-building. Set the soul a-singing. Make it sing to you and then to God.

Every home needs the sunshine of thankfulness. Every child should be a sunbeam in that home. For we are in a dusty world, and we greatly need, as you know, the swift fanning of the little angel's wings. We are in a dark world, and we greatly need, as you know, that "kindly light amid the encircling gloom" to lead us on. We are in a world full of the cries of pain and discordant tones of anger, and we greatly need, as you know, some one who can make out of them all a melody of heaven. There were children who were blessed by divine hands, and there were children who were set in the midst to illustrate the kingdom. Those children were not forgetful. And when One came riding to the temple, in the last agonizing week of his life, no great choirs of Levites greeted him; the only music was the songs the children made. So you, mothers, after laying hands of blessing on the child, after leading him into the midst of the group whose chief is the Master, will find in after years, when you feel that last day for you draws nigh, that the old cradle hymn you sung so lovingly, so tremblingly, will come back to you in the hour when you are dumb, sung by the child you taught to sing. There is a German song which tells how an angel brought a babe from heaven to earth, and as it bore it through space upon its bosom laid, the angel sang a song in the ear of the child,—a song that was never forgotten on earth,—and helped it gain heaven at last.

Methinks some of us can testify that a sweet-faced, heaven-voiced angel sang to us while we were carried on a tender bosom, so long ago, so long ago; and in the moments of weariness or discouragement that old mother-song comes to us. It has kept us from yielding to dark sins, it has guarded, as with a flaming sword, the boy at college and the girl away from home. O mothers, sing the old sweet song to the children, for on that hymn they may be borne one day to God!

gen" series, had to be stopped — affected him too much ; but the softer airs of "Lohengrin" and sundry nursery melodies did well. At two years he began repeating them, and by four months later sang, with some of the words, but all the rhythm, over a dozen songs. Correspondingly his face grew to show many changes of expression, while in full childish unconsciousness still, wonder, merriment, archness, surprise, reverie, as perfect at nine months and a year as ordinarily seen at three years. Yet he was not precocious. He was slow in teething, not at all forward in learning to walk, shy and reserved with outsiders ; only way ahead in social capacity within his own family. Hunger we came to recognize very early, and never mistook for it thirst for water, or need of sleep. He became paler than his wont, and his cry took on a special note. The moment a bit of food was down, he recovered to his maximum of color, and a genial flow of spirits. Also after his daytime naps, his cheeks flushed up well. His spirits became regularly more pronounced toward each evening, the mornings being more placid and reflective. The high-point of laughing, crowing, squealing, and trying to talk came just about bedtime, and only slowly subsided after he was tucked away out of sight, as sleep gradually mastered him. Commonly he would begin early the next morning where he left off the evening before. All this is merely good physiology — a chance for a fair start, in a harmonious and spontaneous beginning of the great work of growing up,—a work, by the way, which can be fostered, but can not be forced. In the next paper, account will be given of the teething period, of the sort of mothering and fathering he got, and of the disciplines of restraint and of performance which he underwent. It will be shown, so far as the one instance goes, that teething may be just an incident of growth, disturbing the health in no way ; that fatherhood may become just as vital a part of a little child's life as motherhood, and that both can be essentially social relationships, on the basis of reciprocity ; and that *camaraderie* may be made the efficient influence for starting the growing activities of a child into desired channels, and for checking most of the mischievous ideas.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.— *Geo. Macdonald.*

LIFE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

No. VII.

FROM our study we have learned one great fact, that all living forms originate in a single cell. "The sponge, butterfly, bird, and whale, start on the level of the simplest animals, or Protozoa."

We saw that the Protozoa multiplied by division, one cell becoming two, each a separate and complete individual. "In most, division occurs without loss; in most, there is no distinction between parent and offspring; in most, there is no body, there is no death." Each protozoan remains, with few exceptions, a single cell in which there is no distinction between the whole body and any peculiar elements which go to produce another cell. With some of the Protozoa, in place of the equal division of the one cell into two exactly identical, one individual will produce a large number of sporules smaller than itself, each of which develops into a separate individual, but no particular part of the parent organism has been especially employed in this reproduction.

Some species produce cells which, instead of drifting apart, remain together as colonies, united to each other by bridges of protoplasm. If well nourished, these may multiply after the same fashion. When not well nourished, however, a new condition is instituted. Some of the cells are seen to be accumulating capital from their neighbors. If there are many competitors struggling to become specially endowed with reproductive power, the result will be the formation of smaller cells with less constructive powers than if there had been little competition; and these ultimately become males. If there is little competition, the cells gain more capital, and become emphatically more constructive, and finally become females.

So we find that in the very beginning of that which we call sex there is this difference that the female is the more constructive, or anabolic, as it is called, while the male is catabolic, or destructive. In some species whole colonies may become anabolic, and distinguished as completely female, while other colonies are completely male.

There are essentially only three modes of reproduction: (1) By fission; that is, the one-celled individual divides, and becomes two perfect and similar individuals with nothing to mark which is parent

and which is offspring ; (2) by budding, or gemmation, as it is sometimes called, in which the parent sends forth little buds, or shoots, which ultimately become separate individuals. This budding may take place from any part of the body, external or internal, there being no particular organs set apart for the work ; (3) by ovulation. In this mode certain organs are especially employed in producing the cells that may become new individuals ; two different kinds of cells are formed, and two cells, one of each kind, must unite to form the new individual. Among those lower forms that multiply by fission there is sometimes a blending of two individuals into one before the division takes place. In this case they simply run together, as it were, becoming thoroughly mingled in all their substance. They seem to gather strength from this union, and then ultimately divide into two identically similar living creatures. Where budding is the form of reproduction, the individual, in some cases, sends off two different kinds of buds, and one of each kind uniting forms the new creature. In both of these instances there is a glimpse of that which is the constant condition in the third form, that of ovulation ; viz., a formation of two kinds of cells which must unite to form the new living being, and each kind of cell is made by a different individual in a special set of organs.

The one kind of cell called the sperm-cell is manufactured by the male, the other, the germ-cell, by the female. The germ-cell is also called the ovum, or egg. Like the cells which form the body of the animal, the reproductive cells are made of protoplasm.

We have seen that frogs, fishes, serpents, birds, bees, and other creatures come from eggs, and these eggs, originating in the body of the female, have by her either been laid where the sperm-cells from the male could unite with them and form the new creature, or the union has taken place before the egg left her body. This is really the history of all life manifestations, and therefore the study of the egg, or ovum, becomes of great importance as well as of interest.

The egg is a cell having essentially the same structure as all other cells of the body, and the fertilized egg-cell is the parent of all other cells.

If we examine a hen's egg, we shall obtain a fair idea of the compound parts. In common parlance we say it is composed of white and yolk, but within the yolk is a spot called the germinative vesicle, and in this is a germinative dot. The germinative vesicle lies on the white spot which we see when an egg is boiled, and which

remains softer than the large yellow yolk. The germinative spot is the important part of the egg. In it lies wrapped that which the resultant creature is to be with its physical peculiarities, its possibilities, its tendencies, but all destined to remain undeveloped unless vivified by union with the sperm-cell of one of its own species.

"The essential part of an egg-cell is always small, though even in this there are great differences. In the large egg of amphibians, reptiles, and birds, the nucleus may be detected by the unaided eye; while in other cases, as sponges, the entire egg is very minute. The egg of the skate is much larger than that of the salmon, and the egg-shell of an extinct giant bird of Madagascar is big enough to hold the contents of one hundred and fifty hen's eggs." The contrast between the egg of the humming-bird and that of the ostrich is certainly great, but the eggs of whales are "not larger than fern seed;" and the same is true of most mammals, for all life is from the cell which we call an egg, though not all eggs have hard shells as do those with which we are best acquainted.

HELPING MAMA KEEP HOUSE.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

"WHAT do you do all the livelong day?" asked Mrs. Mills of little four-year-old Margaret Blake.

"Why," replied the child, "I do eat, and I do sleep, and I do help mama keep house."

With an amused smile, Mrs. Mills glanced at the mother, and said, "She evidently thinks her assistance very valuable."

"As it really is," replied Mrs. Blake, with a fond glance at the little girl, who was apparently waiting to hear her mother's verdict, and, satisfied with it, ran away to her play.

"Of course you like her to think so," said Mrs. Mills, "but every mother knows that a child's help is really a hindrance."

"I think you will change your opinion during your visit," asserted Mrs. Blake. "If you will quietly watch Margaret, without question or comment, you will see that she is really a little housekeeper with no idea of showing off for your benefit."

As the dinner hour drew nigh, Mrs. Blake tapped on the window, and Margaret came running in.

"Is it time to get dinner?" she asked cheerily.

"Yes, dear, and you may bring up the potatoes."

Margaret asked no questions, but took a small basket, and brought from the cellar just the right number.

"I got two more, 'cause we have company," she said.

She then proceeded to scrub the potatoes carefully with a small brush, and then handed them over to her mother for further preparation. She brought apples and more vegetables from the cellar, she carried away the peelings, she brought small wood. With her mother's help she folded the table-spread and laid the cloth, then with deft precision placed knives, forks, spoons, salt dishes, napkins, and other unbreakable articles, and finally the chairs.

After dinner she gathered up the silver in a wooden tray, and carried away such articles as were suited to her size and strength. She assisted still further by wiping all unbreakable articles, and through all the process of dishwashing mother and daughter kept up a cheerful conversation, to which the guest listened in silence, but with much interest.

It was evident that this was an hour of uninterrupted confidential chat; opinions were exchanged, questions asked and answered, and a chapter of what was evidently a continued story related.

During the afternoon Margaret was busy with her play, but was as promptly on hand to help with the supper.

In commenting on the child's efficiency, Mrs. Mills had said: "You couldn't teach boys to be helpful in the same way."

"O, but I did," responded Mrs. Blake; "Jamie used to do just the same things at Margaret's age, and even now he has his duties out of school hours. You will see."

And Mrs. Mills did see with much astonishment that Jamie and Margaret did the greater part of the supper getting. The little ten-year-old boy seemed to understand a good deal about cooking, and evidently did not imagine that any one would criticize, or make fun of a boy that could make tea, or cook rice, or place the food on the table with neatness and order. "Jamie is very fond of cooking," explained Mrs. Blake, "and I have been willing to give him every opportunity of learning. It is quite astonishing how many things he can cook as well as I can. He says that when he goes West to live on a ranch by himself, he will want good things to eat, and so he means to learn how to prepare them while he has a chance."

Jamie seemed very proud that mama would trust him when they

had a guest just as she did when alone, and truly a very creditable meal was prepared by the children with comparatively little help from the mother. After breakfast the next morning Mrs. Mills was amused to see Margaret take off the calico apron she had worn in the kitchen, and put on a white one, drawing also a pair of white sleeves over her dress sleeves. "You see," she explained, "we are going to make the beds, and must put on clean aprons for that. Mama says a good housekeeper never wears her kitchen apron while she is doing her chamber work."

Mrs. Mills wondered how much chamber work little Miss Margaret would do; but true to her agreement she said nothing, and quietly observed. She saw the child go about the room, picking up soiled collars and handkerchiefs, and putting them away in the proper receptacle, stowing shoes and slippers in the shoe bag, and then, standing on the farther side of the bed from her mother, catching hold of the sheets and blankets, straightening and tucking them in with a deftness born of practise, all the while keeping up her merry chatter.

When dusting was in order, she took charge of such parts of the furniture as were within her reach, leaving the more inaccessible parts for her mother. Then with her tiny broom and dustpan she swept the stairs and dusted the banisters.

"It is a marvel to me," said Mrs. Mills. "She really does help you keep house, and never once seems to imagine it drudgery."

"Why should she?" replied Mrs. Blake. "She sees that house-keeping is my business, and like all children she loves to help in the larger work of her elders."

"But when did you begin? And did you not find it hard at first? Children are such lawless little creatures, and usually prefer to make trouble rather than help."

"That is where you are mistaken. All children greatly desire to help; but because it takes a little time to direct and teach them, mothers have not the patience. They say, 'O go away, you bother me, I have not time to fuss with you now.' Then in after years they wonder why their children do not want to help them. As soon as my children could walk alone and carry things in their hands, I let them place the napkins, knives, and forks, and remove them after the meals. They thought they were helping, and I let them think so, for I felt they would soon be able to help in earnest. And so it has proved."

"I do not believe you could do that with all children. Why,

you know that some are so destructive, they would simply throw things on the floor if you tried to have them help."

"That is the fault of those who have trained them. All children are active, and their love of activity will lead them to be destructive and lawless if not rightly trained. In letting my children help in the household duties, I have only organized their activity."

"Don't they ever rebel? Children usually do not like restraint."

"There is no restraint. There is definite expression, that is all. A child is always happier to be really doing something than to be only aimlessly active. My experience makes me feel sure that many a household-mischief and nuisance would be only too glad to become a household-helper."

"I wish all mothers could learn the secret," sighed Mrs. Mills. "I know many whose daughters never seem to think of offering to help. I have always felt like blaming the girls; now I begin to wonder if the fault is not the mother's."

"I believe it is," replied Mrs. Blake. "They wait until the activities have been directed in other channels, and then they try to change their direction. I heard a neighbor complaining the other day that her daughter never helped, and the girl replied, pertly it is true, but doubtless truthfully, 'You never would let me help you when I was little and wanted to. Now I have become interested in other things, and I don't want to help.' It takes a little patience to train unskilled fingers, but they soon become skilful, and the training gives a fine opportunity for companionship. I think mothers lose much who fail to make household-helpers of their boys and girls."

THE memory is best cultivated, not by thinking of it, but by striving to give the mind an inherent grasp of the subject. This follows from the fact that the memory is not a separate faculty; but rather a tendency of the mind to act as it has acted, whether it be in the form of sense-perception, imagination, reason, emotion, or volition. The full action of whatever faculties are necessary to grasp the subject firmly is the only law for remembering anything. The best thing to do is to forget, in teaching a given point, that the child has a memory, and develop an innermost knowledge of the object under consideration. To teach a pupil so that he may remember anything is simply to teach him so that he may know it. Whatever repetition may seem to be required for the sake of memory is a repetition of the various processes of thought for the purpose of a closer knowledge of the subject.— *The Indiana School Journal*.

THE HOUSEHOLD HELPER.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

HERE comes Edith, climbing swiftly
Up the stairway steep,
With her little broom and duster
To help mama sweep.
Broom and duster, feet and fingers,
Active motion keep,
While the tongue joins in the clatter,
"I help mama sweep."

Sitting at the kitchen table
In a guarded nook,
With her patty-pans and roller,
She helps mama cook.
Here she stirs, and rolls, and chatters,
Reads the cookery book;
"Give me raisins, flour, sugar,
I help mama cook."

Brother sits beside the table ;
Edith's active feet
Bear her swiftly to his elbow,—
"I can help you eat."
Perched upon his knee, she reaches
For the morsel sweet ;
"Hard work, brother, eating peaches,
Let me help you eat."

Now beside the study table,
Clad in apron white,
Busy with the ink and paper,
She helps papa write.
All the envelopes she closes,
Marks their surface white,
Puts a stamp upon each corner,—
"I help papa write."

Grandpa can not find his glasses,
And makes known his need.
"Let me find 'em for you, grandpa,
I can help you read."
Her bright eyes soon find the glasses,
Puts them on with speed.
"Now, dear grandpa, where 's the paper?
Let me help you read."

Grandma lays aside her knitting,
Edith, busy chit,
Comes and offers willing service
Helping grandma knit.
Stitches dropped and yarn all broken,
Yet what matters it ?
Edith's eyes are bright with pleasure,—
"I help grandma knit."

So from morning until evening,
Without frown or pout,
Goes our little household helper
All the house about.
You may think such help is hindrance,
But the truth still stands,
Work is brightened, burdens lightened,
By those helping hands.

THE NEW BOY.

BY MRS. M. A. P. NEALL.

THE bell tinkled in Walter's room. Rubbing his eyes and dressing quickly, he was soon in the kitchen.

"Walter," said his mother, "Rachel has come for Anna. She is away. Can you go over and help until I can get there? Sarah is sick."

"I'll try, mother, if you will tell me what to do."

Walter's mother went to the closet where she always kept a few simple remedies. He followed her, and tried to remember all she said. In a little while he was walking home with Rachel, with a package under his arm.

When they reached the house, a fire had been started in the stove, and Walter said the first thing to do was to boil some fresh water, and heat some soap-stones. These he sent to Sarah, all wrapped up, with a cup of hot water to drink.

In the pantry he found bacon and eggs, with potatoes to warm over. There was plenty of milk, so he washed his hands, cleaned his nails, put on the white cap and apron he had brought, and mixed up a johnny-cake, and made some white-flour biscuits. When the coffee was ready, he told Rachel to call her father and uncle.

They praised the breakfast, and could hardly believe he had prepared it all alone. Then they went away, and he and Rachel sat down to eat. Everything tasted so good, the little girl said admiringly, "My, but you can cook as well as Sarah! I never knew a boy could cook before."

"Oh, yes, they can. Why, when I was in Acton I went to a school where the boys were taught to cook and the girls to do carpentering; they could drive nails and make boxes."

"I'd like to do that, better than washing dishes and sweeping," said Rachel.

Before the work was all done, Walter's mother came in, and he went home to see about the dinner there, while she remained to look after Sarah's comfort.

In this way they got along for a few days till Sarah was able to be around again.

"I did not know a boy could be so much help to his mother," she said. "Walter has changed my whole opinion about boys. What a blessing he is!"

"Girls and boys need the same domestic training. I bring them up alike. The girls need the outdoor life and sports to develop health and muscle; the boys need the useful knowledge of how to do the every-day indoor work of the women. Walter can mend a hole in his jacket very well."

"And when Anna is away, how nicely he can step in and perform her duties!"

"Yes; that is the convenient part of it," and Walter's mother smiled. Sarah smiled, too, as she said earnestly, "For me, he is really and truly 'the new boy.'"—*Woman's Journal*.

A MOTHER-MADE MAN.

A WELL-KNOWN gentleman was introduced at a great public meeting as a "self-made man." Instead of appearing gratified by the tribute, it seemed to throw him for a few moments into a "brown study." Afterward they asked him the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

"Well," said the great man, "it set me to thinking that I was not really a self-made man."

"Why," they replied, "did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?"

"Yes," said he, "but it was because my mother thought I ought early to have the educating touch of business."

"But, then," they urged, "you were always such a great reader—devouring books when a boy."

"Yes," he replied, "but it was because my mother led me to do it, and at her knee she had me give an account of the book after I had read it. I don't know about being a self-made man. I think my mother had a great deal to do with it."

"But, then," they urged again, "your integrity was your own."

"Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck, and, after the manner of some storekeepers, I put the specked ones at the bottom, and the best ones at the top. My mother called me, and asked me what I was doing. I told her, and she said, 'Tom, if you do that, you will be a cheat.' And I did not do it. I think my mother had something to do with my integrity. And, on the whole, I doubt whether I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness."

A BRIEF STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

No. V.

THE first work of the intellect, we have seen, is the study of the world in its parts. By means of perception the child learns the various objects in the world, their attributes, and their properties. But he knows these things only as disconnected objects. Before his knowledge of the world will be complete, he must take another step, and learn to know them as related parts of a great whole. He must learn to think, in other words, for thinking or thought is knowledge of things in their relations and by their relations.

Thinking is the highest expression of the activity of the intellect, and has been denominated the distinctive manifestation of mankind.

If the human mind was only capable of gaining information of separate objects, its limit of retaining knowledge would soon be reached, and only the smallest portion of the universe would be within its grasp.

Fortunately for us we have been given the power of classifying, or grasping objects containing common qualities into a single group, and applying a name which shall convey to the mind the idea of this community of objects. This process we call conception, and it forms the first step of thinking. It is in itself a complicated process that can be analyzed into its parts.

Of course, the preliminary requisites to this process are perception and memory. Many objects must be known and remembered before it is possible to classify them.

The first step of the process proper, however, is analysis. The various objects are mentally dissected, so to speak, and divided into the various qualities composing them. Next, these analyzed objects are compared, part for part, and then those qualities which are held in common are withdrawn, abstracted, we say, and recombined in a generalization to which is given the concept name. It is as if one were to take apart two intricate machines, lay the various parts out in plain view, compare the pieces, select those which were exactly alike, and hold them up to view as being the parts possessed in common by the machines under examination. The

simile does not hold good in this respect, however, as these parts are merely mechanical, while in forming concepts the objects must be separated into its essential, organic parts.

For instance, you have formed the acquaintance of the apple, peach, pear, plum, fig, melon, the various berries, etc., and you wish to see if they possess any qualities in common which will enable you to group them all under one head. You analyze each one. You note its color, size, shape, taste, its outer covering, its inner pulp, its seeds, what kind of a growth produces it, etc. You see that the size, color, shape, taste, vary; there can be no bond of union there. But after a time spent in closest scrutiny you notice that these are all products of vegetable growth, and that they are the parts which contain the seed. These two facts are true of every one examined, and hence you abstract these qualities from each of the objects considered, and say: "Here is a class of objects possessing these qualities: they are the products of vegetable growth, and are the parts that contain the seeds. This class of objects I will denominate as fruit." Of course, the name has already been given to the class, but we may look upon this as a crude representation of the growth of a concept. The likelihood is that the first concept will be formed with many additional qualities peculiar to the comparatively few members of the class known to you. But as your knowledge broadens out, you will be forced to modify your definition of the class, dropping off those qualities which are not common to all until you have reached a true conception.

This process of analysis, comparison, abstraction, and generalization is one of the processes most active in childhood, though it continues throughout life to a greater or less extent. The child's world is at first a world of individuals. He has no idea of that which we call "man." He knows "papa," and in time, hearing his father called a man, may come to associate the word with him. Consequently, if his father wears a beard, his idea of "man" will be an individual with whiskers, and no man with a smooth face need expect to be recognized by him as being of the male gender.

Experience, however, teaches him gradually to broaden his conceptions, though many persons, alas! seem to advance but a little way beyond the narrow concepts of their childhood.

For many years the theory was maintained that concepts were

retained in the mind without the aid of a mental image. To be sure, a true mental image of a conception is an impossibility, for no one ever saw an object which possessed only the attributes common to its class without any individual distinctions of its own. But the idea that a concept was retained in the mind as a concept only, has been, by recent investigation, proved false. Recent psychologists show that the mind, at the name of the concept, calls up an image of some member of the class, though with a complete understanding that the individualities of that member do not belong to the class. For instance, if you hear another speak of the concept "horse," your mind calls up some particular horse, big or little, dark or light, according to your experiences and your memory. Yet if some one were to ask you to define a horse, you would not dream of combining in that definition the peculiarities of the horse you have in mind. In fact, if your attention were called to the fact of your having a mental image in your mind, you would replace this one by another, possibly of a pony, in your vain endeavor to center your mind upon the abstraction presented to your thought.

The process of abstracting qualities from objects for the purpose of forming concepts results in furnishing us with a store of abstract ideas. Such words as purity, sweetness, whiteness, industry, courage, denote qualities which we never know in the abstract, but have become acquainted with in the concrete; that is, we know many things possessing this or that attribute or quality, and to the quality considered apart from the object have we given the abstract name. "The difference between an abstract idea and a concept is that a concept may consist of a bundle of abstract ideas. If the class contains more than one common quality, so must the concept; it must contain as many of these abstracted qualities as are common to the class."

The next step in the process of thought is to compare two concepts, and decide whether or not they agree. Judgment is comparison between two things by means of a copula; it may be either positive or negative. When put into words, a judgment becomes a proposition.

We know what it is to form a judgment as to whether a certain action is right or wrong. Practically the same process is gone through with in judging matters not in the moral realm.

For instance, you have the two concepts, horse and animal, to

compare. You consider all the qualities which an animal must possess, and, if you find them present in a horse, you decide that the weight of evidence is in favor of the horse as an animal. Of course, in the scientific world the evidence must be unanimous, but the process is practically the same. The requisites for good judgment are clear, well-defined concepts, ability to analyze objects into their organic parts, to compare and rightly to discern the relations involved. "Judgment is necessary in forming concepts. When we decide that a quality is or is not common to a class, we are really judging. This is another evidence of the complexity and unified action of the mind."

"Judgments are often difficult to form, because in actual life things present themselves to us with their qualities disguised or obscured by other conflicting qualities. Judgment is the power revolutionizing the world. The revolution is slow because nature's forces are so complex, so hard to be reduced to their simplest forms, and so disguised and neutralized by the presence of other forces. The progress of the next hundred years will join many concepts which now seem to have no common qualities. If the vast amount of energy latent in the sunbeams, in the rays of the stars, in the winds, in the rising and falling of the tides, is treasured up and applied to human purposes, it will be a fresh triumph for judgment. This world is rolling around in a universe of energy, of which judgment has as yet harnessed only the smallest appreciable fraction."

TRAINING THE SENSES.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

NO. IV.

"THE sense of hearing ranks second in the order of importance. Without it, all existence would be as still as the chamber of death. Man's knowledge and man's pleasure would be curtailed beyond measure, while his progress in self-development would be exceedingly slow and difficult. The esthetic value of the sense of hearing is too well known to need any elaboration. The art as well as the science of music is dependent entirely upon the ability of the

ear to receive and transmit sounds of infinite variety in pitch and quality and intensity. As the rarest and noblest aspirations of the soul find expression in song, they are also awakened by song as it is received and interpreted by the refined sense of hearing. As music serves to express the emotions of youth and manhood, it rises in dignity and stateliness, finding its highest mission in voicing the longings of the human soul for the Infinite. By virtue of this intimate relationship to the finer sentiments, its ethical value can hardly be overestimated. A man with a cultivated ear has poor excuse for being immoral.

“The clear understanding of language is dependent upon ability to hear well. Often the deepest meaning and the finest shades of thought are lost because an accent, a subvocal, or a little slur of the voice escapes notice.”

Although this sense is so valuable and its value is more appreciated than that of the senses previously considered, even it is more or less neglected, especially during the earlier years of life.

Taylor well says: “There are too many partially deaf people in every community. Every such one is badly handicapped in his business and social relations. How many men lose good positions because of defective hearing! How many sad and fatal accidents are due to the same cause! The new education can do no better service to the oncoming generations than to preserve and perfect this sense in the children.”

The training of this sense can begin while the babe is a mere passive recipient of sensations. The soothing effects of quiet tunes, of restful lullabies, is an aid to the physical development, and at the same time the starting-point of an education in an appreciation of true music. As has been said, “The rhythm of the nurse’s gentle lullaby quiets the child almost the first hour after birth, and the sweet melodies of its early years soothe a thousand sorrows, and transport it from many a turbulent passion to peaceful sleep.”

The education begun thus early in the recognition of harmonious sounds should be continued, and although the child’s delight in all kinds of noises need not be condemned nor repressed, he should have the most beautiful tunes brought constantly to his notice, and emphasized by frequent words of commendation and appreciation. Thus, from the earliest year may a discrimination in music be cultivated,

The sense of hearing gives us the three great characteristics of sound, pitch, intensity, and quality, or timbre, and by association and symbolism, direction and distance.

To learn differences in pitch, let two notes be struck successively upon some instrument, and the children be required to tell which is higher, which lower. In the same way let them distinguish between louder and softer tunes. The game of Magic Music can be used to advantage for this purpose. One child leaves the room, the others hide some small object, and they call him in to find it. He is told that whenever he nears the hidden object, the music will be played loud, whenever he wanders away from it, soft. Then, let the signal be difference in pitch — high, to designate propinquity, low to designate distance. This same game may be used to lead the children to notice differences in the character of the music, gay being used for apparent success, sad for apparent failure.

Differences in quality of tone are most easily noticed on different instruments. Let the children learn to distinguish between a piano and a violin, a violin and a cello, a flute and a clarinet, a trombone and a French horn, etc., etc. Every voice has its own peculiar quality, or timbre, and the ability to recognize voices is nothing more nor less than the ability to notice and remember these differences in quality. Many games may be planned, having the distinction of quality as the basis.

There is also a difference of quality in sounds which can not be classed as tones. The little ones will doubtless be better pleased in endeavoring to recognize familiar objects in the sound they give forth when rapped upon. Almost everything can be used for this: table, chair, floor, grate, poker, bench, glass, jug, book, etc. Differences in intensity may also be noticed in these noises. Let one child strike an object several times, the children judging which blow was the hardest, which softest. Doubtless it will please the children to experiment with the drinking glass. Fill a number of these with different depths of water, and then arrange them according to the pitch of the tones when lightly tapped. If one has learned how to set the glass to vibrating by rubbing the finger around the brim, delightful bell-like tones will result. Some have become so expert as to play tunes in this manner.

The children may also learn to recognize actions by sounds. Let a number be blindfolded, and required to tell what is being

done. Then let another child walk, run, hop, jump, crumple a piece of paper, shake a handkerchief, switch a cane, etc., etc.

As has been said, distances may be told by sounds. So, practise in this should be given the children. Let some sonorous object be struck at different distances from a child, and then let him tell which was nearer, which farther away. In time he can doubtless learn to tell the approximate distance. In the same way, practise in determining direction may be given. It will interest the older ones to help them to discover the fact that we judge of direction by relative intensity of the sound upon the two ears. Hence, if the sound be an equal distance from both, no idea of directions can be obtained.

The training of the sense of hearing need not be confined to the house, however. The world of nature furnishes us with a never-ending variety of sounds waiting to be interpreted. Pitch, intensity, quality, distance, and direction may all be studied on every ramble. After the simpler sounds have been learned, the children may have their attention directed to the songs of the birds, and then they will have entered upon a study which, while calling for the fine discrimination and reliable memory, will repay them in never-failing delight and pleasure.

No. V.

• It will not be amiss for us, before considering the training of sight, to dwell once more upon the importance of sense-development.

Compayre says: "To educate the senses, they must be exercised. While exercising them, we are not only rendering them more apt to perceive with precision, but are enriching the mind with a multitude of ideas which are the elements for the further development of the intelligence. Therefore, the education of the sense which begins at the cradle with the first look the child casts upon the world, should be the object of the attentive solicitude of parents."

Too much emphasis can not be laid upon this fact, that sense-education is mind education as well. All the material that the greatest thinker uses was derived through his senses.

Spencer has this thought in view when he says: "If the education of the senses has been neglected, all later education has about it something sleepy, blurred, insufficient, which it is impossible

ever to make good again. The man, busy in practical life, in art and science, needs his own power of observation, for which reason it should be already developed in the child. Object-lessons should not only be given in a way entirely different from the one generally used, but should also be extended to a much larger circle of objects, and be continued to a much later age. It should include all that fields, roads, quarries, and the seashore offer; it should continue during youth, and lead to the investigations of the naturalist and the scientist."

The education of the sense of sight, as has been suggested, begins with the child in the cradle. Although at birth the infant is blind, in a comparatively short time his eyes become sensitive to the difference between light and dark, and will follow a bright candle. After this, comes a pleasure in brightly colored objects, and the time for beginning the training of his eyes has come. Soft balls of various colors hung above the baby's cradle will amuse him for hours, while at the same time they afford him an opportunity for distinguishing between various colors. As he grows older, and begins to take a more active interest in his surroundings, other objects in the nursery will engage his attention, and will have an influence upon his mind. Hence care should be exercised in the selection of these objects. Because the child, who at first is nothing more nor less than a savage, delights in crude combinations of glaring colors, is no reason why he should be surrounded with loudly colored chromos. The foundation of a true appreciation of art, as well as of music, can be laid in the nursery. The pictures on the walls should be of a nature to interest children, but should be, first of all, works of art. Even the wall-paper should be artistic in coloring and design instead of being chosen for the glaring pictures presumably suited to the child's intelligence.

When the child is old enough to understand what is said to him, he can be amused, and at the same time instructed, by being given colored skeins to match. Thus, even though he may not be able to remember the names of the colors, he can exercise his sense of sight and his power of comparison and discrimination by choosing from the skeins the one that matches the color in his hand.

That the child can not, as yet, fix its name upon each color, is no reason why the parent should not do so when talking to the child. Indeed, there is all the more reason for the parent so to

do, in order that the child may thus be led from ignorance to knowledge. Instead of speaking of the "pretty ball," call it the "red ball," or "pretty red ball," if so desired. Only by hearing the name over and over again in connection with its color will the child learn properly to associate the two. It will doubtless be surprising to see that the little one can learn not only the principal colors, but many delicate shades. Later, harmonious combinations may be taught.

Again, the child may be shown the triangle, rectangle, circle, etc., one at a time, and then set to work to see where he can find such shapes. See if there are any triangles in the wall paper, in the furniture, etc., etc.

When out-of-doors, a child's natural activity will lead him to watch everything to be seen, and this activity of the senses should be encouraged.

Too often the desire to start the child in the pursuit of book-knowledge leads the parent to put him at his books too early in life, before his faculties or his physical organization are ready for the close application. Even before the child is sent to school, he is often given too fine and close work for his eyes, and as a result the eyes are tried beyond their strength, and lifelong weakness results. Better by far is it to allow the child during those early years to develop his senses in a more natural manner, teaching him to observe and learn from nature the manifold lessons that she can teach him. In this manner he will gain a foundation for later study that can be given him in no other way.

Campyre has put into a paragraph the assistance that may be given by a parent or teacher in this gradual growth of the power of sight: "Take the most intelligent child, naturally endowed with good sight ; it remains still to teach him how to see, how to consider an object under all its phases ; it remains to give him the habit of precise, complete, exact perceptions, which are not satisfied with a rapid glance or a superficial consideration of things, but which patiently analyze all the details and all the particulars of the objects perceived. . . . When a child, under the direction of the teacher, shall have several times analyzed a given object, as a plant or a mineral, under all its phases, he will have corrected the natural mobility of his tuition, he will have acquired a disposition to proceed in the same manner ; that is, with order and method, in the course of all his studies."

The foundation for the more advanced work, as has been said, can be laid by the parent. The children can be taught to distinguish many varieties of plants and trees by appearance; the plumage of the various birds may be learned, and many other interesting ways of cultivating the sense of sight discovered.

TRAINING THE MENTAL POWERS.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

No. II.

THE idea that memorizing can be done more readily and surely in childhood than in any other period of life is so commonly accepted that a statement of the truth seems unnecessary. Unfortunately, this common belief in the greater ability of children to learn and remember oftentimes leads to the adoption of such measures as result, in the end, in lessening this power instead of increasing it.

The power to memorize should, up to a certain point, at least, increase with years instead of decreasing. Again, an exceptionally good memory is by many supposed to be inimical to properly developed reasoning powers; and, indeed, such is the method of instruction to-day that the majority of students know, in a way, how to memorize, but not to think. This result also follows the wrong use of the memorizing powers; their proper development should be a help to the reasoning powers, rather than a hindrance.

The mistaken methods of memorizing result from an oversight of the foundation principle of memory. One important step should always precede any attempt to memorize: the object, event, or statement to be remembered must be perceived clearly and distinctly. Accurate perception is the first requisite. For instance, if one wishes to remember a certain kind of flower, he must compare it with similar varieties, noting points of likeness and of dissimilarity, until the individuality of this particular plant stands out plainly before his mind.

This accuracy of perception is gained through continued use of the process of apperception. Every new bit of knowledge

should be thoroughly assimilated to the old, and made a part of the fabric of the mind.

The habit of careful comparison and differentiation may be begun in early childhood. For instance, the children may be called upon to tell in what respects an apple is like an orange, a banana, a pear, a peach, etc., and in what respects it is unlike each of them. Finding likenesses and dissimilarities may often furnish occupation during a long walk, or for a rainy day in the house, and in this way the mind of the child will be trained to compare and take notice of the qualities of all things. This means that his mental fabric will be more closely knit together, be formed into a stronger organic whole, and a foundation for a good memory will be laid.

This same law of distinctness holds good when we come to the question of memorizing from books. I do not think it would be too strong a statement to say that nine tenths of the pupils in the public schools — yes, and in the colleges and universities as well — place all their hope for memorizing upon the efficacy of repetition. While repetition is an important law of memory, it must give precedence to the law of distinctness of perception or representation. Let a child first understand the sentence he is trying to impress upon his mind by continued repeating; then will his repetition bring its due results. But the attempt to remember that which is not understood is not only unnecessarily difficult, but it is useless. Such a store “doth but encumber whom it seems to enrich.”

Before attempting to memorize a statement, it should be read carefully, and every word given its full value. Great assistance is here given by imagination. If the student will make each word bring up a distinct mental image each time the statement is read, but few repetitions will be required to fix it firmly in his mind. For instance, in trying to memorize the line, “Earth’s life is longer time for tears,” the student should make each word bring to mind its own picture — of the earth, of life, of time, and of tears.

A teacher made use of this principle in teaching her class to memorize, with astonishing results. The principal words of each line were chosen and emphasized, and the remaining words associated with these key-words. In this way, with a little practise, the children learned to select the principal thought, and with this to guide them, could soon master the whole composition.

This process of mentally imaging each word, or selecting the leading thought, not only leads one to the clearest possible understanding of the writing, but also calls forth a most important aid to a good memory.

Unless careful attention is given to the work in hand, thorough memorizing is impossible, and, other things being equal, the more concentrated the attention, the more firmly will the composition be fixed in the memory.

To insure attention in little children, it is necessary to keep them engaged at one thing for a short period only, and, if possible, to have before them something which is of itself of interest to them. But even little children should not be required to memorize a great amount of material which is far beyond their comprehension. Every effort should be made to lead them to understand what they are trying to memorize just as soon as they are capable of receiving such instruction.

The next law of importance in memorizing is repetition. By going over a thing again and again, a more or less lasting impression is made upon the brain. This law, of necessity, controls the first memorizing of the children, but the other principles should be brought to its aid just as soon as possible. As soon as the child has reached the age when it can understand what it is trying to learn, it should not be allowed even once to repeat a line thoughtlessly. Each time the mind should be given to the statement to be learned, and its meaning dwelt upon. This method, while possibly slower at first, results in growing ability to learn rapidly and remember well.

It is almost impossible for the children to concentrate their minds properly upon the matter to be learned without some assistance, and it may not be amiss to give here a method pursued by a wise mother in helping her daughter to memorize.

For instance, taking the line just given, the mother would say, after having repeated it over carefully and distinctly, "What life is it that is longer time for tears?" To this question the child would reply with the whole line, "*Earth's* life is longer time for tears," but the emphasis, at least in her mind, would be upon the word "earth." "What is it that is longer time for tears?" Again the line, this time with *life* the principal thought. "Earth's life is longer time for what?" Once more the line with the emphasis on *tears*, and so on, until the attention had been directed

to every important word in the line. This may seem a somewhat childish proceeding, and yet older persons have tried it to their benefit, and in time find themselves able to do away with the questions, because they have learned to give each word careful consideration.

As with every other power of the mind, so with memory ; exercise rightly conducted will strengthen and improve it. Let the children get their exercise in learning useful pieces of information, or memorizing uplifting, beautiful thoughts, that may serve them throughout their lifetime.

No. III.

“ It was once thought that the imagination should be repressed, not cultivated, that it was in the human mind like weeds in a garden. We have already learned enough to know that the reverse is the truth. In this age there is no mental power that stands more in need of cultivation than the imagination. . . .

“ Since the imagination has not the miraculous power necessary to create something out of nothing, the first essential thing is to get the proper perceptive material in sufficient quantity. . . . Some persons wonder why their imaginative power is no greater, when they have only a few accurate ideas. . . . Raw materials of the finest order for the culture of the imagination are found in the lives of almost all. We may instance the autumnal leaves with their glorious coloring, the wild flowers, the waving fields of grain, the play of lights and shadows in the forests, meadows filled with clover and daisies, orchards blossoming against the delicate spring sky, the singing birds, the clouds painted by the setting sun, the fantastic silver tops of the thunder-clouds, the drapery of mist about the mountainside or shifting over the valley, — if he has eyes to see them, the life of the meanest has more material than we have space to mention.”

The first step in cultivating the imagination is the first step of all knowledge, clear perceptions. Only as these are gained, will the imagination have material with which to work. The next step is to recall these perceptions.

Suppose a mother had shown her boy an orange and an apple yesterday, and called the child's attention to the points of likeness and dissimilarity. To-day, she can say to the little one, “ What was it I showed you yesterday? Describe them to me.” Or,

better still, encourage the child to describe the two objects to the father, and see if he can guess what it was they were studying.

The process of describing is in itself a great aid to clear perception and to accurate representation. This may be made into a game for several children, each describing some well-known object to see which one of the others will recognize it the soonest.

Another good method is to have the children shut their eyes, and try to see the scene the parent or teacher describes to them. At first these descriptions may be of well-known places, but later the imagination may be called upon to construct entirely new scenes.

To inculcate the habit of describing what is seen will be of great value in many ways. Let the mother make it a point to describe as vividly as possible the scenes that met her eye on her trip to the market, and encourage the children to do the same with the sights they have seen when taking their walks. Do not be content with mere exclamations as to the beauty of the scene, but by skilful questions draw forth an accurate description of the principal features. Not only will you be cultivating the imagination, but you will be teaching them to share their pleasure with others, and preparing them to be acquisitions to any social circle by giving them the art of entertaining others.

The story is, of course, a product of the imagination, and very early in life this propensity to talk in fiction is apt to appear. The mother will need much tact and wisdom at this time to make a distinction between a lie and a mere harmless product of the imagination. We can all sympathize with the little daughter of Kipling who complained because "her papa got lots of money for telling big, big stories, while she was punished if she told just one little one."

A misstatement, told with the intention of deceiving, should always be discountenanced; but care should be exercised lest overdiscretion may blight the opening bud of a fertile imagination. The problem of what the criterion and treatment should be, will be left for others to consider.

A pleasant pastime for a winter's evening is what is sometimes called a patchwork story. One member of the family starts a thrilling tale, leaving it, just at the point of greatest uncertainty, for his neighbor to take up and continue; and so it goes from one to another, until finally brought to a grand conclusion either by

the ruthless hand of time, or by the force of events as carried out by the story-tellers.

Too much reading of fiction is bad for the imagination, because it comes to lean too much upon the mental images of another, and in time becomes the mere passive recipient of fleeting impression. Somewhat the same thing may be said of day-dreaming. To allow the imagination to wander around more or less listlessly must result in harm. It should be put to active service frequently, given due periods of rest, but not handed over to its own devices.

Another danger is that of allowing words to become mere words instead of being the symbols of ideas which rise at their bidding. This mental inertia is deadly, both to the power of imagination and the power of reasoning. Many students are unable to master the subjects assigned to them because the words they read have no vivid meaning to them, and many useless, long-winded, and sometimes senseless arguments are carried on because the debaters do not stop to consider the exact meaning of the words they use so freely.

The student should be trained to make active use of his imagination in all his studying, and his hardest difficulties will vanish into comparative insignificance.

The training of the imagination is not a subject for the consideration of the poet and the artist alone ; every thinker, every man of affairs, every one who desires to accomplish anything of importance in the world of to-day, must cultivate and direct this important power.

As there exist many opinions as to what is fit for very little children (witness the numerous collections and selections made for them), I may mention some poems which I have always found great favorites : Tennyson's "When Cats Run Home;" Wordsworth's "Lines Written in March;" Browning's "The Year's at the Spring," from "Pippa Passes," Ariel's Song ; Coleridge's "What the Birds Say."

... Of Interest to Fathers ...

"Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise."

— Bayard Taylor.

THE RELIGION OF BOYS.

BY LUTHER GULICK, M. D.

No. II.

PHYSICAL LIFE.— Between twelve and fourteen, a great pulse of physical life comes into the boy. He grows faster both in height and weight than he has for years. The heart suddenly increases its size more rapidly in proportion than the rest of the body or than the arteries, with the result of securing a blood circulation of higher power and efficiency. The senses become more active; the boy touches, hears, tastes, and smells with more acuteness and interest. It is a period of ripening for the whole motor system. The muscles themselves, if one may use the phrase, demand exercise. This lasts in general for about ten years, and then the motor system is complete, so that there is not in the professional schools the same fierce muscularity that is shown in preparatory schools and colleges. The body acquires its final form, the forces of heredity here fight their final battle, and features that up to that time have resembled one side of the family, sometimes change, and become like those of the other. This is said to accompany a similar change in the mental life.

What light does this period of tremendous growth and organization of the physical nature have for us in this subject of religion? The full results of this physical life must be secured. This wave, this pulse, of physical power must be fully utilized in the expansion and development of the physical body, in order that the fulness both of the mental and spiritual life may later come to its fruition. So that for purposes of the religious life, we find of tremendous importance the several games of boyhood,— running, rowing, swimming, football, camping-out, and all of those natural, spontaneous developments of boy life that make toward physical excellence.

SAVAGE BOYHOOD.— The activity of the mind is greater, vague, new ideas take possession of it, great emotional disturbances often

occur. Wild, impossible ideas predominate. It is a time of silliness, dreaminess, enthusiasm, pugnacity, bullying. The boy has thoughts of running away, he wants to fight Indians or discover the North Pole, he wants to live like a savage, to live on what he himself has killed. Few things please him more than to carry a bowie-knife, and to imagine that he is a desperado. Specially interesting is the manifestation of desire for outdoor life, the passion for open fires, the enthusiastic interest in animals. The boy is living through the savage stage of his ancestors' experience, and now, if ever, he must win the savage and heroic virtues — courage, the despising of pain, hardihood, etc. It is a time of enthusiasm, a time of tremendous interest for short periods in many different subjects. These tendencies are to be cultivated and not restricted; for they represent real things, and they secure to the boy real results, even though they may seem to the adult to be mere puppet play. The boy is winning the victories of the race. He is winning for himself those elements of physical and mental manhood that it has cost the race unknown thousands of years to win, and without which he will himself never be the fullest man.

MANLINESS.—Now, if ever, are the qualities that are to differentiate the man, and in which manhood glories, to be secured — bravery, loyalty, enthusiasm, courage; endurance will come later. • And these qualities are associated, not with the abstract, but with the concrete. A boy is not brave in the abstract so much as he is brave toward particular things. He may be brave toward some things, and coward toward others.

CRISES.—It is a time of crisis in the religious and moral nature. I have taken considerable pains to secure and tabulate statistics in regard to the development of the religious and moral life. These figures when arranged in a way showing the number of conversions occurring at each year form quite a regular graduated series. More persons are converted between the years of sixteen and seventeen than at any other period of life. The probabilities of entrance into the Christian life between ten and twenty-five are eleven to one, and between twelve and twenty are three and one half to one; or to put the matter in other words, three and one-half times as many individuals become Christians between the ages of twelve and twenty as at all other periods of life combined. Further details of this subject I have already published.

A careful study of the ages at which individuals take to a criminal life show that the period of chief moral instability is the same,

the special years being between eleven and sixteen. This conclusion is deduced from statistics regarding the total number of male criminals in the United States between the years of ten and fifty-five.

An interesting side-light comes from anthropology, of which Daniels has made a study. In religions where certain rites are observed on coming into the religious organization which bear any relation to age, the period chosen for these ceremonies is with startling uniformity, this same period of life varying from twelve to fourteen, or sometimes delayed till the sixteenth year. In some of these there is an emphatic and often revolting association of the material side of puberty with the religious or civil ceremonies. There are generally periods of probation, or trial, before the individual can come out and be recognized as a grown man or woman, with the religious and civil responsibilities of adult life. Circumcision is largely practised at this period. It typifies the new life, the new birth, the change from boyhood to manhood. The following formula is used among the Malays at this time ; it is typical of many: "The lad is not a child. He is a man breasting the stream, not caught in the crossing, not taken in a net. The lad is a banana tree north of the town. He is a bird upon the rock ; thrown at, not hit. His money fills a large tomb. His slaves crowd his country house."

There are many rites involving knocking out the teeth, cutting the hair, tattooing, fasting, seclusion, change of name, torture,—all related to the recognition of the new life that is dawning upon the individual, the new world into which he is entering. Blood and sacrifices are abundant. In some cases, there is some form of blood covenant. Traces of this are found all through the Old Testament —the new life, new blood. We thus find this period to be world-wide in its significance from the religious standpoint.

A GIRL'S ESSAY ON BOYS.—Boys are men that have not got so big as their papas. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

...In the Nursery...

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."—DELANO.

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

BY ALBERT E. MALTBY.

THERE'S a queer little house, and it stands in the sun ;
When the good mother calls, the children all run ;
While under the roof they are cozy and warm,
Though the cold winds may whistle and bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer little house moves away,
And the children run after it, happy and gay ;
But it comes back at night, and the children are fed,
And tucked up to sleep in a soft feather bed.

This queer little house has no windows nor doors,
The roof has no shingles, the rooms have no floors ;
No fireplace, chimneys, nor stoves can you see,
Yet the children are cozy and warm as can be.

The story of this funny house is all true ;
I have seen it myself, and I think you have, too.
You can see it to-day, if you watch the old hen,
When her downy wings cover her chickens again.

— *In Nature Study.*

FRAMES FOR THE NURSERY PICTURES.

To make attractive nursery picture frames, take two lengths of picture molding each about three feet long, and tack them to the wall a foot apart, the lowest being about three feet from the ground. Before nailing, place three small blocks behind the upper one to obtain sufficient space between it and the wall to slip in glass behind it. If desired, a piece of the molding may be fitted at each end. This makes a permanent frame in which the pictures may be changed as often as is desired. Being low, they are within easy view of the children. Moldings may be obtained at from nine cents per foot upward.—*December Ladies' Home Journal.*

The World's Sisterhood.

"She knew the power of bonded ill,
But knew that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good,
The world's united womanhood."

— *Whittier's tribute to Frances E. Willard.*

A GIRL'S TALK WITH GIRLS.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

I HOPE you are all as well pleased with the new name that has been given our department as I am. It recalls to my mind the first time the thought that all women were related to each other ever entered my head. One cold winter afternoon when I was in my early "teens," I was walking through the streets of the city which was then my home, in company with the dear girl who was later, for one short year, to bear to me the relation of a sister. I remember so well the feeling of astonishment that came over me, as we talked together of the fact that, wherever we might go all over the world, the women would be able to understand the experiences of our lives, even if they could not understand our speech, for they live through the same main events, and have in general the same nature. In all probability a woman of China or Turkey would better understand the apparently inconsistent actions of her American sister than the American man; for, although he has the advantage of race-likeness, she has the greater advantage of sex-likeness.

We ought to be proud of our womanhood, I think, and to feel a special bond of sympathy between ourselves and those whose natures are so much like our own. Who can understand young girls so well as those who were once themselves the same happy, giggling, dreaming creatures!

The other day, as I was riding from one of its suburbs into the great city of New York, I saw near me three girls, about sixteen years of age I should judge, who were evidently going into the city for the *matinée*. They were anticipating a day of pleasure, and were so full of happiness that everything was to them a source of merriment. They chatted and laughed together, not at all boisterously, but as if their good spirits could not be restrained. I could not keep my eyes from them, and smiled at their mirth, and smiled

with them, too, for I felt as if I belonged to the merry group. They were my younger sisters, and their happiness was mine.

This similarity of experience ought to make us more sympathetic with other girls, and yet, so often we see girls show a lack of sympathy and love. Don't you remember how you felt when you failed in that examination several years ago? Then why don't you say a loving word to that sister who is passing through the same hard experience, instead of talking about her "disgraceful failure"? When others begin to make fun of the awkward girl, remember how grateful you felt when one of your friends once turned the tide of critical comment by calling attention to your good qualities, and do as much for this sister.

I hope continual dwelling upon this thought of sisterhood will draw us girls more closely together, and help us to realize that what hurts one girl, hurts all. I shall call your attention to this thought many times, but just now I wish to speak of another quality. I want to call upon the members of this sisterhood to think a little more of the virtue of loyalty.

Did you ever notice how loyal boys are to one another? As a rule, they won't tell a third person anything detrimental to "one of the fellows." Sometimes a boy will say to his sister, "I wish you wouldn't go with So-and-so. He isn't the kind of a boy for you to associate with," but he doesn't say any more. He doesn't consider it his business to expose the faults of another man. Many times this spirit is carried to excess, but it is nevertheless an admirable quality when in the right proportion.

Did it ever occur to you that girls need to cultivate this quality? I have been ashamed many times to see how little some girls feel the obligation of loyalty.

If a girl thinks the secret entrusted to her may possibly advance her in the eyes of some young man, too often she will not hesitate to betray her trust and, perhaps, her best friend. Girls, such an act can not but lower us in the eyes of any one who has any love whatsoever for the quality of loyalty. Let us remember that, and remember, too, that we are parts of the world's womanhood, and whatever injures one girl has its effect upon the whole sisterhood.

Before ending this little talk, I want to remind you that, being a girl like yourselves, nothing will please me so much as to hear from you, either to have you ask me questions, or tell me of subjects you would like to have discussed. I will gladly have printed in this department all letters that seem to me suitable and helpful.

The World's Chivalry.

“ A knight,
Who revered his conscience as his King ;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong ;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it ;
Who honored his own words as if his God's ;
Who led a sweet life in pure chastity ;
Who loved one only, and who clove to her,
And worshiped her by years of noble deeds.”
— *Tennyson.*

WHAT YOUNG MEN MUST BE.

BY JOSEPH ALFRED CONWELL.

“ Young men must be pure in word, thought, and life.”

THERE is a wide-spread impression that a pure and chaste mind is necessarily insipid, morose, and incapable of joy and pleasure. Just the opposite is true. The sweetest and most precious joys are as delicate as the life and fragrance of the lily. God clothes the highest delights and most enrapturing pleasures in spotless garments, and he who besmirches them with filthy tongue or lustful eye robs life's most sacred fountains of their sweetness and beauty.

It is not only possible, but it is imperatively necessary that the lives of men be as pure as those of women. It is shameful and wicked cowardice for men to erect a high standard of virtue for their sisters, and a low standard for themselves. A pure life is the strength of man, as it is the beauty of woman.

The social effects of a pure and consistent manhood are beyond measure. The most powerful disinfectant in the world is a pure young man. When young men become chaste and pure, they will swarm forth, millions of them, and inaugurate a new social era. Refined esthetic tastes will develop, and more wholesome and elevating forms of amusements will be demanded. A new market will be opened for the products of artistic and cultivated handicraft. A new prosperity, busy in supplying improved desires with improved supplies, will mark the steps of progress.

Men will become firmer in muscle, stronger in bone, richer in blood, brighter in eye, sweeter in temper, keener in intellect, more courageous in will, and more manly and spiritual in heart. They will become more magnetic, their personality will be more richly endowed, and gallantry will become a delight, and chivalry a second nature.

LYMAN ABBOTT'S RENDERING OF PAUL'S PSALM TO LOVE.

ARE all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all miracle workers? Are all faith-healers? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But desire earnestly the greater gifts. And yet I show you a way which excels all others.

If I speak with the tongues of men and even of angels, but have not love, I am become mere sounding brass or clanging cymbals. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all the mysteries of God's councils, and have universal knowledge: and if I have fulness of faith so that I can remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And though I dole out in alms all my possessions, and though I deliver up my body that I may receive the martyr's glory, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love bears long with offenders, and is helpful: love is not envious; love does not show itself off; does not bear itself proudly; does not behave unbecomingly; seeketh not her own things; is not irritable; does not store up in memory injuries received; rejoices not in injustice, but rejoices with the truth; silently endures all experiences; trusts in them all, hopes in them all, is patient under them all.

Love never loses its power. Are there prophecies? They shall be done away. Are there tongues? They shall cease. Is there knowledge? It shall be done away. For we know truth only from fragments, and we prophesy only from fragments, but when the perfected life has come to us, the fragments will be put away. When I was a little child, I spake like a little child, I felt like a little child, I reasoned like a little child. But now that I have become a man, I have put away the ways of a little child. For now we see truth through a mirror, in enigmatical reflections, but then face to face: now I know only from fragments, then I shall know thoroughly, even as I am known thoroughly. But even as things are, there abideth faith, hope, love — these three. But the greatest of these is love.

" 'T is not the deed that you do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love which the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with tender care,
In the heart of the deed so fair."

BOOK CHAT.

A good many books written on the care of children start out with the assumption that the mother already knows how to do the little every-day things that are so essential to baby's welfare. Mrs. Frances Sheldon Bolton has written a book called "Baby" (price, 50c), for the benefit of the average mother who enters upon her new duties without any knowledge of what is before her. Every little detail of the baby's care is considered in a simple, practical manner. Published by Mothers' Journal Co., New Haven, Conn.

Of a similar practical nature is "What I Know about Housekeeping," by Amelia C. Clay. (Paper, 50 cents; three copies for \$1.00.) Published by author at Adrian, Mich. Besides many recipes, it contains suggestions on sewing, washing, and ironing, bed-making, the care of lamps, sanitation, protection from moths and carpet bugs, as well as a few hints on the care and training of children.

A well-known woman lawyer of Chicago, Catharine Waugh McCulloch, has written a book that every woman should read and ponder. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago, Ill. It is called "Mr. Lex" (cloth, 35 cents; paper, 15 cents) but its subtitle, "The Legal Status of Mother and Child," conveys more clearly the purpose and contents of the book. In story form, the author shows what a woman may be made to suffer under our present unjust laws if her husband is inclined to exact his rights. It is time for women to understand the condition of affairs, in order that they may know what needs to be done and what they should work for. Surely this little book will open many eyes, and result, we hope, in much benefit to both mothers and children.

A dainty little volume that contains a great deal of thought on present-day problems of social science and ethics is "Pointed Paragraphs for Thoughtful People," by J. G. Burr. (Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents). Published by Chas. H. Kerr and Company, Chicago, Ill. An idea of its character can best be given by a quotation:—

"To ride bravely into death at the call of martial duty is a virtuous act, but to face the deadly hypnotic snares of pleasure and sensuality and valiantly sacrifice them on the altar of heroic aspiration is to conquer a foe whose victims are legion."

"Duty is the pressure placed upon life's measure, extracting its divine quintessence."

"Why I am a Vegetarian," by J. Howard Moore (price, 25 cents), considers the question of vegetarianism from a philosophical rather than a physiological point of view, although the comparative merits of vegetables and meats are duly considered. Published by Frances L. Dusenberry, Mc Vicker's Theater Building, Chicago.

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VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1899.

NO. 4.

COURTESY.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

SUMMER said to the Spring, "What a wonderful thing
It is to bring in so much sweetness and grace;
I am sure that to you my blossoms are due,
And I feel I am taking your place.

"I never can blush, but I think of your flush;
And the eyes of the flowers at evening are wet;
There was something so fair in your innocent air
That your going we can but regret."

"You beautiful Comer," said Spring to the Summer,
"I lived out my life but to brighten your way;
I heard the buds swelling, and could not help telling,
For I knew you would see them some day.

"It was only my duty to bring you the beauty,
And to help one another is lesson for all;
And perhaps you'll be willing, your mission fulfilling,
To leave something to brighten the Fall."

to care for the plants. This will awaken a tenderness and sense of protection in children who seem utterly without these qualities.

If a child seems cruel, do not give him animal pets at first ; their suffering may rather increase this cruel spirit. Try the influence of a garden, and in almost every case you will find that a love for all pets has been developed. Then give pets that require only a little care until this idea of protection has been thoroughly rooted.

Last fall we began the study of the growth and fertilization of seeds with a beautiful little poem I found in a magazine two years ago. I do not know the writer's name, but will quote the first lines :—

“There's a queer little cradle in each little flower
Where the wee seed-babies are sleeping.
Though so small, they are growing hour by hour,
And the nurse-flower watch is keeping.
All around and about are the stamen trees
Where the gold pollen cakes are growing.
And the birds and the butterflies shake these trees
And the seed-babies think that it's snowing.
But the snow in flowerland is yellow snow,
And the wee seed-baby loves it,
And it eats and eats, and this makes it grow,
While the nurse-flower smiles above it.”

With care, this idea may be made to show the origin of life in a most beautiful way.

If you can, watch the father and mother birds care for their little ones. Those who can not observe the real birds can do much through stories, songs, and pictures.

Watch the birds as they patiently search for straw and twigs and hair for the nest which is to hold their feathered darlings. Tell the children how hard the work is for such tiny creatures, and how skilfully it is done. When it is finished, many of the mothers pluck the soft feathers from their own tiny breasts to make it more comfortable. Then listen to the song of joy when the nest holds its first treasure so carefully hidden in the dainty shell.

Now follow the weary days of waiting, when the mother shields the eggs from all harm, and warms them with her own small body. Speak of the hope and love with which she listens for the first sign of life. The father brings her food, and in some instances guards the eggs while she leaves the nest to rest her tired wings. How happy the parent birds are when the delicate shells are broken, and their babies cry for food !

Seeing the love of the birds for their little ones, the child can better realize the love and care of his parents for him. Sing the

following song, written by Miss Smith, with your children, and note the expression of reverence steal over their faces:—

“In a hedge just where 't is best,
Mother bird has built her nest.
Two small eggs she lays, speckled and blue,
Sits there many days, warm and true!
Sits there many days, warm and true!”

We had spent several days talking about different kinds of mothers and their babies, when we had five visitors in our kindergarten one morning—the mother and baby brother of two of the children, and three baby kittens. Nothing could have given the children greater joy than was expressed when one of them exclaimed, “Oh, there is a *mama* and four *babies*!”

After this work has been done in kindergarten, babies are great blessings, and it is never too much trouble to leave any kind of play to care for them.

Show your children the beauty of fatherhood and motherhood as it is shown in nature, and respect and reverence for their own parents will increase. When they become men and women, they will not enter lightly upon their duties as fathers and mothers, but with wisdom and reverence.

With little children the object of nature-study is to lead them to see and to love the beautiful things around them, not to tear flowers into bits, kill bugs and butterflies, and rob the world of its music by making collections of birds' eggs. It is to train their eyes to see beautiful colors, their ear to note the call of the birds, and to make them sensitive to the delicate perfumes that float through the air. With the senses thus awake, life becomes a living fairy tale.

We do not know what great possibilities are sleeping in our children; one may be a poet, another an artist or a musician—only waiting, as the form within the marble waits for the sculptor's hand to set it free.

Dainty bits of poetry, charming songs, and beautiful pictures used in connection with nature work develop a taste for the best literature, music, and art. Fill the mind with choice flowers, and there will be no room for weeds. Teach the child to love the beautiful, and he will avoid evil.

LIFE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

(All rights reserved.)

No. VIII.

DIFFERENCES in size of eggs or ova are not due to disproportion in essential parts so much as to certain conditions in the quantity of yolk and other material which surround the germinative spot. Take the bird's egg, for example ; first, there is the germinative dot which is the real formative protoplasm ; around this are the yellow and white yolk ; around these the albuminous substance, which we call the "white" of the egg ; around this a membrane which lines the shell of the egg ; between its two layers is a layer of air, and outside of all is a hard limy shell.

Long ago, observers learned, without scientific knowledge, that fish eggs produced fish ; bird's eggs, birds, and so on ; but it was not until the invention of the microscope that scientists began to declare that all life is from the egg.

The scientist of a century ago could have had no idea of the real structure of the egg. He believed that the egg contained an immature embryo of the fully developed creature, "as the bud contains the flower. Development was to them merely the unfolding of that which already existed."

An investigator named Bonnet showed that this was an absurd theory, for if the egg contained a complete embryo, this embryo must contain eggs for the next generation, these must contain other eggs, and so on without end.

In 1759 Caspar Frederick Wolff showed that the egg at first did not contain any formed embryo whatever ; that the egg in structure is totally different from the adult creature ; that development in the egg is not merely the unfolding of parts already existing, but the continual formation of new parts which previously did not exist. This knowledge, however, did not give the scientists an understanding of the egg, and it was not until nearly one hundred years later that Schwann (1839) demonstrated that the egg is a cell and holds in its minute compass the whole sum of the peculiarities and capabilities of the species.

The students of microscopical anatomy discovered that each living body is composed of a vast number of minute structural units, out of which every part of the body is built.

The study of the cell becomes then of greatest interest to us, more especially cell-development in the mammalia.

How do cells arise? is the query that presents itself to us. Virchow, in 1855, declared that all cells originate in the division of other cells, just as the lowest animal forms arise, and he puts it in the Latin axiom, "Omnis cellula e cellula." Now, if all the body cells come from pre-existing cells, these must be traced back to the union of the sperm and germ cells, which after union begin to divide, first, into two parts, each of which is a perfect cell; these two divide into four, these into eight, then sixteen, and so on until, step by step, the egg has split up into a multitude of cells, out of which the new creature is to be built up. We can, however, go farther back than this, and see that both the sperm-cells and the germ-cells have arisen from the division of a cell existing in the body of the respective parent, and is therefore derived by direct descent from a cell of the preceding generation, which, in its turn, has come in the same way from the next generation back, and so on.

This will, in a measure, explain to us the likeness of children to their ancestors through what we call heredity. In reality they contain a portion of actual cell-material from all the generations which have gone before.

"Life is a continuous stream. The death of the individual involves no breach of continuity in the series of cell-division by which the life of the race flows on. The individual body dies, it is true, but the germ-cells live on, carrying with them, as it were, the traditions of the race from which they have sprung, and handing them on to their descendants."

TO-DAY.

KEEP out of the Past. It is lonely
 And barren and bleak to the view;
 Its fires have grown cold, and its stories are old;
 Turn, turn to the Present,— the New.
 To-day leads you up to the hilltops
 That are kissed by the radiant sun;
 To-day shows no tomb, life's hopes are in bloom,
 And to day holds a prize to be won.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

animals upon them was presented to baby; and soon she could imitate the noise Neddie made as he showed them to her.

This onomatopoetic exercise was soon followed by attempts to speak the names of objects in the room and then of abstract words. In fact, through imitation she learned to talk.

It is a most interesting experience in each little one's life, and parents as well as fond little brothers and sisters may well take pleasure in it. If only with the pleasure were mixed prudence that the child be allowed to see and hear only what it is well to imitate; and second, that the period of imitation be not extended over the time that should be given to self-development.

Heredity is made responsible for many quirks and kinks of disposition that owe their origin solely to environment.

Baby's parents, brothers, and sisters should be impressed with the fact that everything in his surroundings goes to the making of faults or virtues in him. He will imitate cross, quarrelsome, rude words and ways, or kind, gentle, cheerful ones, whichever he sees and hears constantly.

Most parents recognize this truth on the whole, and act accordingly as far as surrounding their little ones with loving care; but it is "so cute" to hear and see these wee ones ape adults that often they are thoughtlessly encouraged to copy—again and again put on exhibition for the purpose—such objectionable things as smoking, expectorating, staggering, striking, making ugly faces, stamping the foot, shaking the fist, etc. Cute? It is cruel thus to implant what will necessitate punishment to eradicate.

There are so many poor little children born to the sights and sounds of violence and intemperance that their reproduction is a matter for concern and regret, never of merriment; and the stories and the dramas that drag the reeling, hiccoughing drunkard in as a mirth-producing element stamp themselves thereby as coarse, rough, and low.

Then never, for a moment's fancied fun, subject a little child at this most impressionable age to hurtful impressions.

Imitation necessitates close observation and, when directed toward the habits of birds and animals, may be the means of acquiring a fund of most accurate and useful information in this direction.

While the conscientious parent feels it a duty to be a good example, a true pattern for this childish imitation, a note of warning is sometimes sorely needed by the most exemplary. They have

striven so faithfully to stand before their children as models that they fail to realize the possibility and the danger of standing in their light—in the way of their attaining any originality of thought or action.

In their anxiety to do their duty toward their children they overdo it. Just as physical development is interfered with by a fear of their being hurt that deters many parents from giving children occasion to cope with material difficulties and conquer obstacles, so these mistaken ones, by taking upon themselves the decision of important questions, shielding their children from all spiritual warfare, all thinking and being that involves struggle, arrest the development of mental and moral energy; so that children thus hedged off from natural self-making activity either become deceptive, showing the parents only the parrot-like repetition and monkey imitations of themselves which they approve, or they really become these lifeless copies, limber effigies of the parents who must continue to prop and bolster them.

Imitation is interesting in the child and contemptible in the adult, because, as Miss Blow asserts in her "Letters to a Mother" just published, "it is a mark of progressive development in the infant, but of arrested development in the man."

Watch as your baby grows, and you will see
That his whole life, wherever he may be,
Is a perpetual mimicry.

And watching him, perhaps you question why
Each new activity that meets his eye
Excites him his own skill to try.

His is an instinct ignorantly wise;
Only in doing can he realize
The thing that 's done beneath his eyes.

CORRECT speech is largely a matter of imitation. If the person with whom a child constantly associates speaks inelegantly the child will certainly do likewise. No amount of instruction in grammar, the theory of language, will avail to counteract the debasing effect of practical tuition in the wrong direction.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

BREAKING A CHILD'S WILL.

BY MRS. FRANK MALLESON.

WE still unhappily hear of "breaking" a child's will, but I hope the expression is only used by very narrow or very ignorant persons. For it is to the will, the outcome, the energy of the whole nature, that we must look for all that is strong and valuable in the future life of the young creature ; it is criminal to speak lightly of "breaking" such a force. What we have to do with it in early training is to direct it to desire what it ought to desire, to strengthen and to develop it.

Let us consider the way of doing this in very young children. Take a time when the mother and the child wish different things, say the hour for going out, and he is intent in watching the kitten, or is interested with a new toy ; he objects to being dressed for his walk. Do not hastily snatch away the plaything, or disturb his rapt attention ; turn his thoughts to something different, something which interests him in another direction, speak gently in an animated, loving way, remind him of the pleasures he will find in his walk ; and the proof of your management being wise will be in the child's will acting with yours. Again, if a child in the drawing-room discovers an attractive employment in pulling threads off a fringe, or tries to draw toward him some bright china on a shelf or low table, do not hastily take him up, and put him down at the other end of the room, calling him naughty and "tiresome." Do not put physical obstacles of any kind in the way of his returning to his destructive amusement ; but gently shake your head, and say, "No, no !" And immediately give him his own toys to occupy him. Have blocks at hand, or let him play with a paper-knife, or something new to him which he can not hurt ; make, in short, his obedience to your rule pleasant and unconscious, and you will be strengthening a habit which will assert its power when obedience can not be made agreeable.

If you do not succeed in dealing with the child's wilfulness, at any one time, do not be afraid to acknowledge you were less wise than the occasion demanded ; another time you will do better. Training children is so great an art that with every desire and effort to get proficient in it some mistakes are almost unavoidable, and you must not be unduly discouraged by them. I repeat :

girl!" Sounds indicate that vigorous shakings accompany the threat, there is an outburst of angry weeping, presumably offered by the rebuked Rebecca Matilda. It is noticeable how perfectly the cry of a child who is not hurt except in her feelings, has been imitated. Now I am not acquainted with "Rebecca Matilda's" grandmother, and yet in a sense I am. It takes no prophet to infer that the little mother has been brought up in a similar atmosphere, or at least had absorbed enough of it to be skilful in giving it out again.

I am listening again: the scene has changed. We are in a kindergarten, or at least just at the door. A voice extremely familiar to me has yet taken on so harsh a tone that I am loath to recognize it, and the words match the tone.

"Tommy, I shall tell your mother of you, as sure as you are born! then see what you'll get! Go right in this minute, and don't you dare to come out here again!"

I am dismayed; a great sinking of heart comes over me. Can it be possible that a cherished child hears such language from the lips of the teacher who seems sweet-voiced and patient? I lean from the window: "Frances, dear, can it be that you are playing you are Miss Ada, and talking like that to Tommy?"

The reply came quickly with almost a touch of indignation in it.

"Oh, no, indeed, mama! Miss Ada doesn't talk like that. I am only the nurse-girl who brings Tommy to school."

I am relieved, but thoughtful. "I would not be the nurse-girl if I were you, dear," I say. "In your place, suppose you imitate only those whose voices and words you think are sweet and pleasant."

Yet, human nature being what it is, I confess to myself that I expect her to go on imitating those whose words and ways make marked impressions. How important, then, to surround her with copies that it will be good for her to follow! Yet how almost impossible it is to do in this sinful world!

The play under the window continues; and I, with the eyes of my mind wide open and my ears intent, catch glimpses now of one member of the family, now of another, recognizing with heightening color an exaggeration of my own defects, as my turn comes. Why is it that children are so certain to imitate the blemishes instead of the good points?

The morning lesson is certainly a wholesome one for me, and I pass it on for the consideration of other busy mothers.—*Trained Motherhood.*

A BRIEF STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

No. V.

(Concluded.)

It would not be possible, in the limited time to be given to this study, to make a complete study of the broad and complex subject of psychology. Although we know that sensibility and will are as much expressions of mental activity as is cognition, yet we are compelled entirely to neglect those branches of the subject. Even in the matter we have taken up there must be many phases left untouched, many quite important points left unconsidered.

It is almost impossible for us to enter very deeply into the subject of the thinking powers. In this closing article we will consider the remaining stages in the process of thinking in as practical a manner as possible, without entering into a discussion of the many intricacies and subtleties of the subject.

“The reasoning or comparative faculty of man is that power of the intellect by which, from knowledge acquired and conserved, the mind forms general conceptions, and applies them in judgment and reasoning.”

We have considered conception, which is the comparison of objects; and judgment, the comparison of conceptions. We have now to take up the subject of reasoning proper, or the comparison of judgments.

The first act of the child is to gain a store of information conceiving individual objects. He speaks entirely in the singular number. When he begins to use plurals, we know that he has discovered that there may be several objects alike, and he has begun the process of conception.

Following this comes the earliest form of reasoning. He groups objects together with conceptions; he unifies his conceptions by means of judgments; and finally he compares his judgments by means of his reasoning faculty, and discovers a general law.

For instance, the baby accidentally tears a piece of paper, and discovers that it makes a noise. He then proceeds to take possession of every scrap within reach for the purpose of tearing. He is not actuated by the spirit of mischief, but by the spirit of

research. By and by he has made enough experiments to justify a conclusion, and his course of reasoning is concluded. Let us see if we can follow it from beginning to end.

In the first place he learned to know one particular piece of paper. It may have been white and small, and to him it was the only paper in his world. But he learned in various ways that something brown and thick might be paper; something big and almost black was paper, and so on until he gained the concept paper.

When the piece of paper was accidentally torn, he heard a noise. Was it tearing the paper made the noise? He would see. He started a tour of investigation, tearing all he could find, and he arrived at the conclusion, "Tearing paper makes a noise." He had completed a course of inductive reasoning.

In the early years of childhood, inductive reasoning holds one of the most prominent places in the child's mental activity. He is learning many general truths from his daily experiences and experiments, and storing them up for use in later years.

This method, we can readily see, is the method of the investigator. It is the foundation work of all the sciences. It is in this way that general laws have been learned. The other form of reasoning makes use of the general truths arrived at by means of induction. In deduction we start first with a statement of the general law; next we decide whether or not the object in hand belongs to the class of concepts involved in the general statement. If the object does belong to that class, then whatever is true of the class is true of this particular member of the class.

We see that neither induction nor deduction is complete without the other; together they form a complete course of reasoning. By means of the one we arrive at the knowledge of general laws; by means of the other these general laws may be applied to the exigencies of every-day life, and made of practical benefit.

Two things are essential to the use of the reason: First, objects must be related; second, the mind must be able rightly to perceive these relations. The first requisite we know exists; the second is given us in an undeveloped state for us to develop, and this latter task is the end and aim of all education. Right thinking includes right living, and a rightly developed reason implies a rightly developed character.

An investigation of child-psychology, then, is not merely an

sonal disinclination or momentary weariness can excuse her for refusing to accept the duty and live up to it to the best of her ability.

When the child asks, "Mama, what do you mean when you say an apple is fruit?" the mother should endeavor to bring before the child's mind a clear conception of the general term. This can be done best by a series of skilful questioning. To lead the child to discover the reason for himself is better than to tell it to him, for by so doing you encourage him to follow out a course of reasoning instead of accepting the conclusion on some one else's authority. You are thus training his reasoning powers.

The child's continued query, "Why?" shows that he has discovered one of the greatest laws of the universe — that nothing exists without a cause. Many times he can be led to find the answers to his questions by a series of experiments, and while this may consume much of the mother's time, she should feel amply repaid by the thought that she is teaching him to follow out a course of inductive reasoning, and preparing him for similar work that will come to him in later years.

Since the power to reason rests upon the existence of relations and the ability to discover them, the mind should be trained continually to search for some connection between the most remote objects. A pleasant game for the family might be this search for these possible relations. "What Is My Thought Like?" is one old-fashioned game that might be turned to account.

The effort in the public schools to correlate all subjects touched upon, is made for the purpose of encouraging pupils to think. The same idea may be made use of by the parent. When the child has acquired a new bit of knowledge, he should be encouraged to find some connecting link between the new possession and that which has been a part of his mental fabric for a longer period of time.

The classification of leaves, stones, shells, etc., which may naturally follow the studies suggested in the article on training the perception, is also an aid to the reason, for classifications must exist before the general laws arrived at by means of induction can be applied in deduction.

Judgment is the faculty which enables one to weigh evidence, and decide in those matters where there is no certainty; questions involving the element of probability. Data must be fur-

amount of facts connected by no deep thought relations. He likens himself at that time to a man with a good hand of cards, who neither knew their value nor how to play them. Later he learned how to play them with effect. Some persons would have spent all their energy in learning how to play, and then they would have had no cards. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that Scott's knowledge would have been of no use to him, had he not afterward woven it together with thought relations.

MENTAL KODAKS.

BY MRS. MC VEAN-ADAMS

SNAP-SHOT No. XII.

ORGANIZERS and lecturers of the W. C. T. U. sometimes catch lovely glimpses of home-life.

Arriving one afternoon at a small town, a speaker was met by the president of the local union, a soft-voiced woman, with a young face under silvered hair.

As the two ladies were riding along the shady street, pupils from the public school began to throng the sidewalks.

At a crossing, a bright-faced boy about ten years old stood waiting for the ladies to pass, and lifted his cap with a courteous gesture, and a sunny smile.

The hostess leaned from the carriage with a pleasant greeting, and the gray cap covered the brown curls again as they drove on. "One of your Sunday-school class?" ventured the speaker. "No," replied the hostess, "my only son, Harry."

As they approached the home, they nearly overtook a young girl of about fourteen, and a middle-aged man, walking briskly. The man was listening in a deferential way to the girl's merry chatter. At the gate they paused, the man lifted his hat in a parting salutation, as he held the gate for the girl to precede him, then bowing he passed on, as if hurried, not observing the approaching carriage.

"This is our home; that is my husband, going to his office," said the hostess. "And you have another guest, or is the young lady a caller?" asked the speaker.

“That is our Margaret; our oldest child. She and her father are great chums,” replied the hostess.

At the daintily appointed tea-table, the youngest child, a bashful girl of seven or eight years, had the misfortune to drop and break a fragile piece of china. Her face crimsoned with distress, and the violet eyes lifted to her mother's face were large with gathering tears. The speaker winced, dreading discordant notes where all had been harmonious. “I hope they will only send her away in disgrace,—poor little thing!” her thoughts ran. But even as she thought, with perfect courtesy the mother spoke the same conventional words of reassurance which she would have used had the honored guest broken the cup. Seeing the quivering lip of her cherished child,—her guest from God,—she added softly, “Mother knows you are sorry, dearest. Just let it pass, and overcome it;” while the father, with ready tact, engaged the speaker in conversation.

The speaker was charmed. That evening, walking to the meeting with another white-ribboner, she could not resist saying: “Your president seems wonderfully blessed in her children.” “Yes, we hope so; but she has anxieties as well as the rest of us,” was the unexpected reply. “Margaret has grown so winning that even the college boys would walk around by the high-school to walk and talk with her, until her father quietly happened to be returning from the court-house to his office, past their house, every time. Yes, it does take his time; but he is queer. He thinks that is one of the things his time is *for*. He thinks it pays.

“Then Harry. Two years ago he was so shy it made him seem really rude; he just *could* not speak to people. And little Madge is still so timid that harshness would be fatal to her. This is our church.” The speaker had food for thought. Reader, have you?

LOOK at home, father-priest, mother-priest; your church is a hundred-fold heavier responsibility than mine can be. Your priesthood is from God's own hands.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

. . . Of Interest to Fathers . . .

"Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise."

— Bayard Taylor.

THE RELIGION OF BOYS.

BY LUTHER GULICK, M. D.

No. III.

(Concluded.)

Two further facts of deep interest must be mentioned, but can not be elaborated. First, that in those whose religious life begins during childhood, the advent of puberty is in nearly all cases marked by either a great increase or a decrease of interest in religious matters. It is thus a time of crisis. The second fact is that in all the Christian churches which have religious rites related to age, and which recognize the full entrance of the individual into the religious life of the church, we find the period chosen with startling uniformity to be this same period, the period of puberty. In the Jewish Church (Christ was taken to the Temple at 12), the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church, in the Lutheran and other State Churches of Europe, and in the Episcopal Church, the age of confirmation is between twelve and fourteen, showing an unconscious recognition of the facts of which I have been speaking; viz., that early boyhood is the God-ordained time for the great decisions of the religious life.

Under these four heads,—habits, physical growth, mental and emotional growth, and religious and moral growth,—we believe that the chief facts of boyhood group themselves.

In this paper, I do not discuss at all the significance of the most important single fact of boyhood, which is the dawning of all those physiological and psychical characteristics that we call manly, as distinguished from womanly. Upon the right living-out and blossoming of this life, more is dependent from the standpoints of religion and society than upon any other; but it constitutes a subject by itself, and can not be discussed here and now.

Let us now attempt to make a summary of these boyhood characteristics, and apply them in a concrete way. The boy is

gelize the world in this generation, and to which there have been many thousands of the ablest young men and women of this country and Great Britain who have volunteered their lives, and who are completing their education with a view to this purpose. This end for which boys must work must be worthy as an objective result. Self-improvement clubs do not call for the nobler qualities of boys. They fail to bring out the great throbbing power of youth. If this objective end demands a subjective preparation, so much the better. It must demand constant activity and co-operation with others; thus, at first it must have a definite program and result. In other words, the nearest that such a life, such a purpose, such an organization, can approach the missionary ideal of heroic proportions, the more nearly will it approximate the calling out of the highest religious life within the individual.

THE FATHER IS NEAR.

A WEE little child in its dreaming one night,
Was startled by some awful ogre of fright,
And called for its father, who quickly arose,
And hastened to quiet the little one's woes.
"Dear child, what's the matter?" he lovingly said,
And smoothed back the curls from the fair little head;
"Don't cry any more, there is nothing to fear,
Don't cry any more, for your papa is here."

Ah, well, and how often we cry in the dark,
Though God in his love is so near to us! Hark!
How his loving words, solacing, float to the ear,
Saying, "Lo! I am with you; 't is I, do not fear."
God is here in the world as thy Father and mine,
Ever watching and ready with love-words divine.
And, while erring oft, through the darkness I hear
In my soul the sweet message: "Thy Father is near."

A LITTLE girl studying her history lesson, which was about George Washington, declared, "My papa is just as good and great a man as George Washington. To be sure," she added, "he is not quite so well known, and so he is not quite so popular."

THE NEW CRUSADE.

To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health:
To dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. IX.

JULY—AUGUST, 1899.

Nos 5-6.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

BY PAULINE JEKAHIONWAKE.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead,—
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam, as over their breast we slip.

And, oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margins forevermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray,
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree, rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

ing without loss of their own specific characteristics. At any rate, the nucleus of the cell does consist of self-propagating units.

If a cell is deprived of its nucleus it may live for some time, but it has no power to grow and sooner or later will die; so the nucleus seems to be the center of that power which expresses itself in growth, development, and the transmission of characteristics from one generation to another.

The nucleus is usually spherical in shape but may assume irregular forms. When the cell is in the ordinary condition of simple growth the nucleus is said to be in the resting state.

It is very interesting to note how many very big names are given to the various elements that go to form this tiny nucleus. First, there is the nuclear membrane which forms the walls of the nucleus and separates it from the cytoplasm; second, is the reticulum which contains two substances, chromatin, the true nuclear substance, and linin, the basis of the nuclear network; third, the nucleoli, one or more large rounded or irregular bodies suspended in the network, and these are of two kinds, plasmosomes and karyosomes; fourth, the ground substance or karyolymph. It is not to be expected that we will remember all those hard words but it is of interest to note how much may be contained in so small a space as the nucleus of a cell. And I have not yet told you of the finer structure of the nucleus. You would be frightened were I to talk of oxychromatin or basichromatin or cyanophilous granules, and so we will leave all these and turn our thoughts to something not so microscopically small and so orthographically big.

The nucleus is surrounded by the cell substance. That nearest the nucleus is called the endoplasm, and that on the outer part of the cell is the exoplasm, and each has its particular work to do.

A very minute body called the centrosome has attracted great interest from the scientific observers as it seems to be the especial organ of cell-division and that means, therefore, of reproduction. Usually it lies outside of the nucleus (though it may lie within the nucleus in the network) and is surrounded by a granular space called the attraction sphere. As the cell prepares to divide so as to increase its manifestation of life, the centrosome divides and each new cell receives a centrosome, so it would seem that it is as necessary a constituent of the cell as the nucleus is.

HOME OUTINGS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

Village Camp-Life.

MOLLIE ANDERSON felt inclined to grumble at fate. Several of her young friends were going to camp out during vacation and she must stay at home. It was too bad. She never could have fun like other girls. Why couldn't papa be rich—and so on, never thinking of the patient, toiling father and mother to whom vacations were wholly unknown.

Mrs. Anderson knew it was useless to think of a journey and an outing for all, or even for a part of the family, but Mollie's woes so touched her heart that she fell to thinking seriously how she could give the girl pleasure, and her thoughts, inclining to include the boys also, brought forth a plan which materialized into a splendid reality for the whole family. She herself had longed for "cooling streams" and hammocks and books but had seen no possibility of enjoying them until her mother-love had sought to please her child. when lo! she herself and the good, hard-working father who never repined at the toil which procured for his dear ones the necessities of life, were included in the delight.

The Andersons lived on the outskirts of a small town and just back of their house was a vacant field which had once been an orchard. A few apple trees were still standing. On the farther edges of the field was a row of willows and at their feet flowed a small brook. Mrs. Anderson's plan was to get a tent and camp out in this field, leaving home as completely as if they journeyed a hundred miles to find solitude.

Mollie did not approve of the idea at first, and writing about it in a repining way to her cousin who lived in the city, was surprised when Susie replied in terms of decided approval and invited herself to be one of the company. After that Mollie entered heartily into the plan. The boys were enthusiastic from the first. It was not hard to get the father's co-operation. His only stipulation was that his wife should carry out the plan honestly and not try to run the house and the camp too. She most willingly agreed to the imposed conditions.

Mr. Anderson was a machinist and had little leisure, but by the aid of his sons Fred and Elmer, aged ten and twelve years, the tent was put up, a good floor laid, and the moving of needed articles completed. They took from home all things they thought they would need, then locked the house, prom-

out of line in marching in or out, and we will value freedom and rest. Alas, that children of this day should need rest from care!

It is not alone the poverty-stricken little ones who have aged and careworn faces. Little ones who are tenderly cared for in other respects are frequently defrauded of the playfulness of childhood by having the care of some mischievous younger child, or even by having too fine clothing to protect from injury.

Activity is rest for a child, and change of employment is rest for his mother.

But the busy and conscientious mother, spurred on by everything she hears and reads to realize anew the sacred duties and responsibilities of motherhood, tries to gain improvement, culture, training, for her children, from every day of their precious vacation time.

If she does relax enough to enjoy lying in a hammock and reading a summer magazine probably the first article her eyes fall upon exhorts her to improve vacation hours by nature-study with her children. If she is sensible, the busy mother has times of revolt against all such well-meant exhortations.

Like the great man who cared nothing for theology and botany but dearly loved religion and flowers, she resolves to enjoy nature, and let the children enjoy it, without one thought of improving their minds. She knows that the time of the year has come for a little judicious neglect. Nothing is so restful for an over-managed, over-cared-for child, as a good letting alone. The bow must not be always strung.

There are days when it is enough to be alive,—just to lie on the warm bosom of mother-earth and look up into the blue vault of heaven, just to hear the song of birds and bees and warm winds blowing, just to smell the flowers, just to “loaf and invite one’s soul.”

“’Tis as easy, then, for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or for skies to be blue,
’Tis the natural way of living.”

One mother, when asked what she was going to do for her children this vacation, replied, “I am just going to love them.”

“But, you always love them!” said her visitor, with a puzzled look.

“Yes, but am too hurried to tell them so, at home, and if *I* had time, *they* would have to hasten to school, to kindergarten, or to the daily walk, or to be dressed for some occasion. They do not know what having a mother just to love them means. I mean to show them.”

Some people think that furnishing children with safe occupations and

teaching, but expect truthfulness and all high virtues, without a lesson. Have we endowed our children after so divine a fashion that they should be thus gifted without years of training?

Let us be content with them as they are, knowing there must be buds as well as flowers. Only to be with them is blessing enough, only to listen to all they wish to utter, only to cuddle them, silently, while the sunset's glow and glory fade away, and the first star shines amid the blue, only to feel their precious nearness, before the world comes in between. Only to realize, through them, that we are as dear to the heart of God, even when ignorant, even when impatient, even when disobedient, as these little ones are to our hearts, fashioned after the great Father-heart, these are enough for the mother and enough for the child.

What amount of learning, what degree of culture can be better for a little one than sweet idleness in the time when he should be idle, careless happiness at the age when he should have no care, aimless enjoyment at the age when a child's activity has no motive or purpose?

When will the play-time of life come, if not in childhood?

We have forgotten how to play, we cannot be idle without self-reproach. We are capable only of work, worry and suffering.

O, precious season of childhood, when it requires only play to make happiness, and perfect enjoyment comes with freedom and rest!

BABY'S STARS.

BY SARAH F. DAVIS.

The sun may rise, the sun may set
The stars may come and go,
The moon may sink
'Neath ocean's brink,
The sky with clouds o'erflow;

But still within the baby's heaven,
Two stars shine clear above,
Twin orbs that light
By day and night
His little world of love.

Brief tears may bring a fleeting mist
That now the vision mars,
But sorrow flies,
For mother's eyes
Are ever baby's stars.

The pleasure of the vacation month was more than doubled as a result of this preparation. Tow knew very much of the ground almost before seeing it. His father and he had many delightful strolls looking for the examples of the various geographical types of which they had read. Flossie was never tired of Tom's stories telling her how rivers changed from young and rapid streams to old, sluggish ones; how the hills were worn down by the tiny rain-drops to plains, and how many other wonderful changes—more wonderful, even, than the transformation described in her fairy stories—were continually going on around them. Even Bess joined in, and found Tom an interesting guide to the attractive scenes around them, while Mrs. Wayne rejoiced to see her husband again interested in his quondam hobby and her children attaining knowledge in such delightful guise.

TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

BY BESSIE WICKHAM.

The stories she read him were thrilling enough,
Of fairies and goblins wild,
And the small boy opened his big blue eyes
And wondered like any child.
And yet with a scornful toss of his head,
Said, "They're only a-makin' it up."

She told him of cats with a baleful grin,
Of mice and rats that could talk,
Of Mr. Bull Frog and Dr. Fly,
Of tables and chairs that could walk.
But he with a scornful toss of his head,
Said, "You're only a-makin' it up."

So she closed the book of the fairy tales,
And told him where sponges grew;
Of their watery home with the fishes strange,
Way down in the ocean blue.
And he, with a thoughtful look on his face,
Asked, "You aren't a-makin' it up?"

She promised she'd tell him only the truth,
And talked of the land of snow,
Where the people must always wrap in furs,
Where nothing but mosses grow.
And he, with a sober look on his face,
Said, "That's better than makin' it up."

“ ‘We might any one of us have done it and thought it was a fine thing to get in a fellow we liked. I say we’d better have a ballot we can’t fool with, and then we’ll be done with that sort of scrape anyhow.’ ”

“It seemed to strike the boys as the proper kind of summary, and then and there Jack, who had been lingering forlornly at a distance was called on, and the verdict repealed.

“ ‘We ain’t going to be too hard on a thing we might have done ourselves, but we’re not going to have it again. It’s got to be the Australian ballot for every one of us.’ ”

“So it was settled. We adopted that form of ballot, and the whole matter seems to have been the turning point in Jack’s methods. He is at present a good citizen, and he is growing into a better one. In fact, I am looking forward to the day when those boys—some of them at least—will enter public life, and do noble work. They are fitter for it now than many of our present legislators, for every public question comes up, and they have a genuine insight in many of them.”

“What do their mothers think of it all?”

“Their mothers?” My friend’s face fell. “The most interested one is the mother of the poorest boy. They like to have the boys out of mischief one evening in the week, and are pleased that the meeting is at my house. But what the real meaning of it all is—what the boys are thinking about—seems, for the most of them, to mean nothing. The obtuseness of the average mother is the greatest problem to deal with. As to the average boy he has a very hard time, and it is never surprising that they make for some other point as soon as they are old enough. ‘How to keep the boys at home?’ is asked by the very women who give them a life warranted to make them flee from it. But ‘that is another story.’ ”

liberty is found only in law—social, ethical and spiritual—for it is oneness with the will and design which are our being. Liberty, then, is found only in obedience, and he who obeys lovingly, finds true happiness. As another has said: “Nature loves paradoxes and this is her chiefest paradox—he who stoops to wear the yoke of law becomes the child of liberty, while he who will be free from law wears a ball and chain through all his years. Philosophy reached its highest fruition in Christ’s principle, ‘Love is the fulfilment of the law.’ ”

The only true obedience is voluntary; that which is forced is merely the letter without the spirit. Enforced obedience is sometimes necessary, particularly with strong-willed children, but the effort must always be to secure such growth of the will as will put desire on the side of universal law. It may, and probably will, take some bitter lessons before such a child is convinced that nothing short of willing-hearted obedience pays in the end; but it is a lesson which must be learned sometime if he is ever to become an honored and useful citizen, and no other time is so favorable for learning it as in the formative years of parental instruction and care. It costs patient, persistent effort, much wisdom and unfailing love, but the Infinite Source of all these is open to all alike, and what preparation is too great for the most sacred task on earth, the molding of Divine humanity!

SUMMER TWILIGHT LULLABY.

BY EDGARETTA CHACE.

Bye, baby, bye,
The sun in the sky
Is bidding you good night.
Full soon his last rays,
Will be gone from our gaze,
So close your sleepy eyes, my
Sunbeam bright.

Rest, baby, rest.
The birds in their nests
Are cuddling far and near,
A last drowsy peep,
They are all fast asleep,
So close your drooping eyes, my
Birdie dear.

Sleep, baby, sleep.
The flowers all keep
Most early hours, my fair.
With heads bending low,
So close your dreamy eyes,
O blossom rare.

should accrue from your weeks of vacation. Especially do you need sleep. Make it a rule to go to bed early, in spite of all the beauties of the night-time, and if you do sit up occasionally, take a day-time nap to make good the lost time.

You need this word of warning, girls; will you not heed it.? You will be happier in the end, for you will become rested, tranquil, and when fall comes you will be ready to take up your duties again cheerfully, glad of the work because you feel ready for it.

Take at least an hour each day for a quiet rest in the hammock alone. Lie under the trees, and as you try to penetrate the deep blue above you, think of the Father's love that surrounds you. As you feel the breeze caress your cheek, lift your heart to Him in prayer that you may let His Spirit move you as readily as the green leaves allow the wind to wave them back and forth. Join with the birds in their songs of thanksgiving, and come into sympathy with both animate and inanimate nature. Take time to rest and to meditate, and you will never regret it. You will find yourself at the end of the vacation, stronger physically, more tranquil mentally, and far more advanced spiritually.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
 Good from the heart to the lips;
 Pure as the lily is white and pure
 From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.
 The girls that are wanted are home girls—
 Girls that are mother's right hand,
 That fathers and mothers can trust in,
 And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
 And pleasant when nobody sees;
 Kind and sweet to their own folks,
 Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
 That know what to do and to say;
 That drive with a smile and a loving word
 The gloom of the household away.

—Selected.

THE NEW CRUSADE.

To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 1.

LITTLE CHILD.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

There is no wonder half so great
As is a little child;
Of such as he God's kingdom is,
So sweet and undefiled;
He has an angel's ministry,
And none can serve the world as he.

The wonder of a little child!
A thing of charm and grace,
God dwells with him, and he with God,
He sees the Father's face.
To him the secrets are revealed
That are from coarser natures sealed.

The wonder of a little child!
He smiles, and none knows why.
Perhaps he hears the angels speak,
And whispers his reply,
Perhaps his clear, heaven-lifted eyes,
See through the gate of Paradise.

The wonder of a little child!
He stirs the founts of love;
Hard hearts grow kind at sight of him,
He bears men's thoughts above.
There is no trouble in the bliss
That lingers in a baby's kiss.

Christ called to him a little child,
And held him to his breast,
And set him in the midst of men,
To teach them of life's best;
Who are the great? they asked. Christ smiled,
And pointed to the little child.

be together. If the mother will play with the child, practising this bed-making lesson once or twice each day, it will very soon be learned, and an advance step may be taken by allowing the child to make her own bed. This will be a longer study, and may require months of trial before it is perfectly done. It may be necessary that mama help for a time, taking hold of one side of the sheet while the child holds the other, as together they lay it smoothly over the bed. It will not be long, however, before the child can alone complete the task, and will feel the utmost pride in having her little bed as smooth and well made as the beds for the "grown-up folks." To keep the child's interest at its height, there are bed-making songs which may be taught and sung while the bed is being made; there may be talks about beds in other lands, beds of history, beds of birds and animals, and a variety of other connected topics.

As age and strength increase, the larger beds of the household and the care of one or more bedrooms naturally follow. The child will have learned so much already that a simple order or work, of which the accompanying may be suggested, printed on cardboard and hung on the wall, will be a sufficient reminder of what needs to be done.

With this reminder to follow, the child can be left on her own responsibility to do the work. It may seem that the order of work here given might be more concisely stated, but it must be borne in mind that with most children it is much easier to remember one thing at a time. That nothing may be overlooked, it is wisest to note each step separately.

ORDER OF BEDROOM WORK.

1. Pick up and put away all things out of place.
2. Empty the slops.
3. Clean the bowls and other toilet dishes.
4. Refill the pitchers.
5. Put clean towels in place.
6. Make the bed.
7. Shake the small rugs out of doors.
8. Sweep the large rug with a carpet-sweeper.
9. Wipe the waxed floor with a covered broom or hand cloth.
10. Dust thoroughly.
11. Polish the floor if needed.
12. Re-arrange the furniture, curtains, and rugs.

When the child has completed the task, ask her to look carefully over the order of work to see if everything required has been done. This will help to teach her that thoughtful thoroughness is essential to all good work. It will

"I can tell you a much more exciting story if I tell you about what some one else did," said Uncle Tom, smiling. "See here," he continued, drawing a paper toward him, "we'll let this mark represent ——" and he began his explanation over again in the hope that paper and pencil might aid their imaginations. Success seemed as far from him as ever when suddenly Tom shouted, just as his uncle was explaining how the land lay, "I tell you, Uncle Tom! Let's go up stairs to the play room and you can use my sand-map to show us all about the country. Hooray!" and Tom was off before his uncle had time to protest if he had desired so to do. The rest followed perforce, and soon were busy watching Uncle Tom mold the damp sand into the desired shape.

Then Tom had another idea. "Let's get some card-board and stick matches into it and they can represent a regiment."

Uncle Tom approved, saying, "Good idea, Tom. If we only had something to use to represent the officers we'd be fixed."

"Oh, Uncle Tom," cried Flossie, drawing in her breath with a gasp of joy, "I've got some little toy clothespins that would stick into the sand and stand right up straight. Shall I get them?"

"To be sure, baby. That will be just the thing."

So the paraphernalia grew. The children found it difficult to remember who the different clothespins represented, so after a time they were adorned with differently colored tissue paper. Thus identified the children soon learned to know their names.

If Uncle Tom had been popular before he was doubly so now, and he was the more willing to accede to the frequent requests for war stories because it was so evident that the children were really learning something and remembering what they heard.

Upon their return home Mrs. Wayne had been asked to take charge of the primary department of their Sunday school. Reluctantly she consented, for she feared her inexperience would more than offset her deep interest in the work.

The task of holding the attention of the restless little ones seemed more and more difficult to her as time went on, until one Sunday she remarked at the dinner table, "I fear I shall have to give up the primary work. The little ones didn't seem to be at all interested in the story I tried to tell them today."

"If you told your stories the way Uncle Tom does, I b'lieve they'd be interested," said Flossie, timidly, feeling it incumbent upon her to defend her little friends and yet afraid of displeasing her mother.

"Yes, dear, that's just it. If I had his talent for story-telling I probably

UNRECOGNIZED MISSIONARIES.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

THIS was the topic assigned for discussion at a missionary meeting, and the thoughts of the speaker seemed naturally to turn toward the people in the church who are always ready for every good work, who, without being on the Lookout Committee or the Visiting Committee and have never received any official appointment, yet are always busy calling on strangers, carrying delicacies to the sick, entertaining the revivalist or the minister who is exchanging with the pastor, always at the prayer-meeting, the missionary meeting, not merely as an absorbent, but with a hand ever outstretched to help with some one's burden. These are they who in the church might be called Unrecognized Missionaries.

From these my thoughts wandered to the maiden aunts who are unrecognized in many homes. Ever ready to supplement the efforts of the weary mother, to supply all deficiencies, they brew and bake and mend and make, they hunt for missing caps and books, untie troublesome knots, tie up cut fingers, tell fairy stories to never-tiring little ears, take the children out walking, stay with them while the mother takes an outing, and looks after the meals of the pater familias; in fact, are never-failing sources of comfort, sympathy, and thoughtfulness. Sometimes, with a gentle sarcasm, these women are called U. B.'s (unclaimed blessings). They should be styled U. M.'s (unrecognized missionaries).

It is not a far step from these to the recognition of the world's greatest though most unrecognized missionary, the child. The household is transformed. Every one moves softly, speaks gently, thinks lovingly. The sight of his tiny face brings to the heart a warmth of tenderness unrecognized before, and that love overflows and embraces the world. The man who for the first time has looked into the face of his child goes to his business with a new meaning in life. He speaks with a new accent, a new intonation; he has had a lesson from the world's truest missionary. The child is the world's great teacher and regenerator; "he is God's pledge of Infinite potentiality," the promise that his power is unending and renewed over and over again. God sends the child as this pledge that the race shall have continued opportunity, so the child is a missionary — one sent.

Every child begins his mission work with his first breath.

"He laid them on the ground."

"He laid them on the ground! And you picked them up! What did he say?"

"He said, 'There, Harry.' "

"Well, you must take them back. I'm afraid S. wants them."

A storm followed. More questions, and answers more confused. The sensitive child shrank from taking back the marbles as much from embarrassment as from desire to keep them. Then it was that some one sprang to the rescue, and said that the donor should be interviewed, to see if he understood the transaction in the same way that Harry did. This was done, and to Harry's complete vindication, for the little playmate said that he had intended Harry to have the marbles.

This incident has made the writer consider how easy it is to confuse and distress the little ones by our manner, and often to hinder our getting at the exact truth. It is certainly right for us to inquire into our children's doings, to prevent their taking advantage of others, but there is a delicate way of finding out which does not make every question an accusation, and does not imply that the child has done wrong before it is proven.

Of two children that I know, one could stand any amount of cross-examination and still adhere to the main facts. Of a self-reliant nature, open, honest, accurate, that child early developed a clear and discriminating mind, and had a confidence in its own ability to state facts as they were. The other little one, younger, timid, and thinking that the older ones must be right, could be confused and made to doubt his own original statements by the suggestion of other probabilities. He would think it must be so, and assent in pitiful helplessness and bewildered submission.

If you want to find out the exact truth in any occurrence with the little folks, the better way is to patiently listen to what they have to say themselves. Ten to one you will gather the truth. Next to children's giving wrong impressions through confusion come the out-and-out falsehoods induced by fear, without time for reflection, without time to gather moral strength and to determine to tell the truth and meet the consequences.

Of course, children ought to have their "moral strength" on hand always, but we must take them as we find them, and not put temptation in their way. We pray ourselves, "Lead us not into temptation." Do not descend like an avalanche upon the trembling child, with an awful "*Who did that!*" "*Did you do that, John Peter Smith!*" If you already know that he did it, you had better assume the fact and punish him, rather than give him an opportunity to add to his sins by an untruth.—*Babyhood*.

. . . Of Interest to Fathers . . .

"Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise."
--*Bayard Taylor.*

THE NEW WAY.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

CLARA was having a very enjoyable time. She had tried her mother's best bonnet on Fido's head, and he was making the most comical efforts to remove it. While Clara was laughing immoderately at his annoyance, her mother came in, and the aspect of the scene suddenly changed. Mrs. Ford did not seem to be amused. On the contrary, she looked vexed as she took the bonnet from the dog's head, and said, reproachfully: "O, Clara! how could you be so naughty?"

"But, mama, he looked so funny I couldn't help it."

"I am sure you would not have laughed if it had been your bonnet. You wouldn't want your little girl to be so unkind to you, would you?"

Quickly flashed the question from Clara's lips, "What kind of little girl were you, mama?"

The thrust went home, and Mrs. Ford drew a long breath as she said, with candid sadness, "Very much such a little girl as you are, I fear."

"Well, did your being naughty make me naughty?"

"It certainly made it easier for you to be naughty."

"Then I'm not to blame, am I? You ought not to scold or punish me, I think, if you are the one who made me naughty."

The child's logic was apparently irrefutable. How could the mother make the little girl understand the irresponsibility of receiving an inheritance, and the responsibility of transmitting it? After a moment's hesitation, she drew the little daughter to her knee, and said, gently: "When I was a child, no one told me that what I did would in any way affect my children, and so I never thought that I ought to be good for their sakes; but if I had known, I might have made it much easier for you to be good, by doing always just what I would have known I would like you to do."

"Yes, mama, but you did not know that I would ever be, and I don't know that I'll ever have any little girl."

"That is true. Still, if I had thought of a possible daughter, and had behaved always as I would have wanted her to behave, and she had never existed, I should have been a better girl and a better woman; and now that she does exist, she would be better and happier because I had been good for her sake."

"I see, mama, and you think it would be a good thing for me always to think how I'd want my little girl to do, don't you? I guess I wouldn't do lots of things that vex you if I thought that way. I believe I'll try it."

No more was said, and Mrs. Ford imagined Clara had forgotten the conversation. But not so; she was pondering the thought in her little brain, and it was to bear much fruit in her own life. And not only that, she sowed the seed in other fertile soil. A little friend came to play with her, and in the course of the afternoon did that which offended Clara's sense of justice, and she rebuked him, saying: "You would not want your little boy to do that way, and my mama says we make it easy for our children to be naughty if we are naughty."

"Oh, I don't believe that," said Harold.

"But it's true; for my mama always tells the truth, and she's sorry she didn't know it when she was little, so she could have helped me to be good. And I'm going to try it, and always do just as I'd want my little girl to do."

"Well, I'll try it, too, and do as I'd want my little boy to do. I guess I can tell about that." And so the play was resumed on this new basis of conduct.

A few nights later, as Harold's mother put him to bed, he requested that the door of his room might be left open, so that he could hear when his father came home, as he had something to say to him. As the sound of his father's foot was heard in the hall, a clear voice piped out, "Come here, papa. I want to tell you something."

Mr. Grey and his boy were great friends, and he hastened gladly to have a word with the child, who too often was asleep when he returned from business.

"Well, my boy," he said, as he stooped to kiss the little face lifted to meet his own, "how has the world gone today? Have you been a good boy?"

"Papa," said Harold, with serious earnestness, "I've found out the way to be good, and I want to tell you: it's always to do as you'd want your little boy to do. I've been trying it. Maybe you have noticed that I have been more than usually careful to shut the door without slamming lately." Harold liked to talk maturely when holding confidential converse with his father.

"Perhaps I have not noticed that; but I remember that I have not had to correct you so often."

ing through his mind the thought: "I wouldn't want my boy to do this, not even to secure the greatest material advantage the world could offer." He dropped the pen, the temptation vanished, and, the cold sweat heading his forehead at the narrowness of his escape from crime, he thanked God for Harold's new way.

Again that night the little eager ears were listening, and the sweet voice called, "Papa," as soon as he opened the door.

"Did you try it today?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," whispered the father, kissing his child with thankful lips.

"It's a nice way, isn't it?"

"It's a beautiful way, dear boy."—*Union Signal*.

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet?

Such a lot of treasures in it;

Listen, now, while I bedin it;

Such a lot or sings it holds.

And all there is you shall be told;

Every sing dat's in my pottet,

And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet,

A beauty snell—I picked it up;

And here's the handle of a tup

That somebody has broke at tea,

The shell's a hole in it, you see;

Nobody knows that I have dot it—

I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,

And here's my pennies—one, two free,

That Aunt Mary gave to me;

Tomorrow day, I'll buy a spade,

When I'm out walking with the maid;

I can't put that here in my pottet,

But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sings in my pottet!

Here's my lead and here's my string,

And once I had an iron ring;

But through a hole it lost one day,

And that is what I always say—

A hole's the worst sing in a pottet;

Have it mended when you've dot it.

Mrs. Lawson and Charlie looked, and what do you suppose they saw? The poor mother squirrel had become so anxious over the fate of her little one, that she had climbed up the outside door of the room and was peering in through the glass to see what they were doing with her baby.

The mother's anxiety seemed to touch Mr. William, for he went to his room, got some medicine, and gave it to the baby squirrel just as though it had been a baby boy or girl whose mother was anxious over it.

Then Charlie picked up the little squirrel tenderly, carried it into the grass, the mother-squirrel took it in her mouth again and whisked up the tree with it just as fast as ever she could. She was so glad to get her baby back again that she couldn't even wait to say "thank you."

The next day she brought her baby down to them again, and again Mr. William gave it some medicine. The third time she brought it down, Charlie begged so hard to be allowed to take it to school to show to his teacher and the other boys and girls, that his mother fixed a nice soft nest for it in a basket and Charlie carried it to school with him.

But the mamma-squirrel couldn't bear to be separated from her baby for so long a time. She kept running around looking for her little one, and finally she ran up to Mrs. Lawson and begged so beseechingly that Charlie's mother couldn't resist her pleading, but put on her bonnet and walked over to the school and brought the baby-squirrel back to its mamma. Up the tree the squirrel whisked with its burden, and it didn't come down again for two days. Charlie was the only one that saw it the last time it came down and he told his mamma about it that night at the tea-table.

"I was out there by the porch, mamma, and I saw our squirrel coming down with the little one in her mouth. I thought at first that she was bringing it to us to give it medicine again, but when she got to the ground with it, I saw that it was dead. She didn't pay any attention to me, but ran out of the yard with it still in her mouth, so I followed her to see what she was going to do. She went over to the campus with it, and over there she met a man, and what do you suppose she did, mamma? She dropped the little dead squirrel on the walk and sat up on her hind legs, folding her front paws and looking up at him so pitifully, just as though she wanted him to sympathize with her. After he'd gone by she picked up her baby and went on until she met a woman, and then she did the same thing. I saw her do that three or four times, and then, I came home, it made me feel so bad"—and a great big tear splashed into Charlie's glass of milk.

Charlie's mother wondered what the squirrel did with her baby finally,

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* * * CONVENTION

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YOU WILL SEE
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HELENA,
BUTTE,
MISSOULA,
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
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VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 2.

IN OCTOBER.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

There are lingering south winds softly blowing
That to billowy waving the ripe grain bear;
There are dark winged butterflies languidly going
Floating through golden air;
There are mists like vapor of incense burning,
That are rolling away under skies that are fair;
There are brown-faced sun-flowers dreamily turning,
Shaking their yellow hair.

There are noisy bees that are tired of winging
That are holding a court in some wild rose's heart;
There are sudden thrills of the late sweet singing
Of birds that are loth to depart;
There are sunsets watching their own hot blushes
On the breast of the ocean burning away;
There are wind-swept pines in the infinite hushes
Whispering as they sway.

There are changed ferns in the shadows lying
Where the undried dew in the noontides stay;
There are gorgeous-hued leaves where, rustling and sighing,
Quivering sunbeams play;
There are tangled vines in the hollows trailing;
There are short sweet days that will not delay;
There are nights that come with a moonlight veiling
And Autumn going away.

SUGGESTION.

BY M. V. O'SHEA.

In one of the rural communities of Wisconsin there dwells a farmer among whose lands is a hillside, on the brow of which have reposed for a number of years several large logs. During the winter seasons the farmer's sons with their companions have been permitted to indulge unmolested in various sports thereupon. Recently a fence was built midway across the hillside; and one morning in January last, as the farmer was leaving his home for a few days, it occurred to him that in order to make sure of the safety of his fence he should counsel the lads against disturbing the secure repose of the logs. This he did. Upon his return he found two of them lying at the foot of the hill, having swept away a good portion of the fence in their descent. He had by his warning thrust into the thoughts of his boys a notion which otherwise might never have gained admission, but which when entertained soon gained ascendancy over inhibiting ideas and finally wrought itself out into corresponding conduct.

This incident is the type of much, very much, that may be witnessed by any one in the events of daily life. It is an illustration of the workings of one of the most subtle principles of human nature,—the tendency, one might even say the certainty, of thoughts and feelings to find suitable expression sooner or later in bodily activities. People have from the earliest times observed the truthfulness of this in a way; but the fact has been much emphasized by recent experiments in psychological laboratories. To mention a single instance, it is possible to show that if one thinks of a poem, for example, he will usually, if not always, give vocal expression thereto; although he may be entirely unconscious of his action, and can with difficulty be convinced of what really occurs. But one's thoughts have so often found embodiment in characteristic modes of speech that, even in the early years of childhood, they run easily over old courses without let or hindrance for the most part from consciousness. The principle of the motor expression of mental states is illustrated in a pastime where one of a company, being requested to leave the room while the others hide some object, is upon his return blindfolded and commanded to find it. Two of those who have been in the room place their hands upon his shoulders; and knowing where the object is they unwittingly give a hint to the searcher, who frequently can apprehend such delicate touch sensations as to be guided to the place where the thing is hidden.

Every one must know that some of our metropolitan newspapers sow evil broadcast over the country, for though apparently condemning crime, they yet hold it before the vision of people, and in such a form that many of them are insensibly but yet inevitably led to try it for themselves. Such things acquire the force almost of hypnotic suggestion, although we have not been accustomed to think of hypnosis occurring outside of the laboratory or hospital. While perhaps in a certain sense it does not, yet in reality it is a matter of degree rather than of kind; suggestion in waking life and in hypnotic sleep are very closely related, possibly identical in their essential characteristics.

Reading about evil in the newspapers, or having it presented to the eye in public places, in the presence of either young or old, but especially in the former instance, and whether to praise or to censure results usually in its dissemination. There is grave danger that with most children at any rate the exposition of the dark side of things will contribute a fatal idea to their mental store. Of course we must meet evil, and must deal with it; but the mistake is made in dragging it up to view when there is no occasion for it other than the desire to gratify a sort of abnormal taste for what is unwholesome and censurable. If we aim to discipline people against it we can do so most effectively as a rule by dealing with it heartily and vigorously and briefly when the immediate necessity arises. In this way and in this only may we most successfully relate penalty and forbidden act so that the one will become an effectual check upon the other, the sole purpose of punishment in an enlightened community.

Much like the advertising of evil, both in its universality and in its unhappy effects, is the equally common practice of delineating in detail the diseases and mishaps of people in the community. We all well know how some otherwise gentle people make it their mission to retail all the news of this sort of which they become possessed; they go about to their friends and remark upon their sickly appearance, counseling them to beware of impending afflictions. And with what outcome? Physicians say their patients commonly show a relapse Monday morning, due in large measure to the practice of friends calling on the Sabbath and lamenting over the unfortunate condition of the sick. Stealthily but yet surely these noxious things steal into one's life and poison the springs thereof.

We are coming to see more clearly in these days that this thing we call life differs in one important particular from inanimate nature in that it possesses the power to adjust itself in harmonious relations to its environment; which means in this connection that a human being is continually reproduc-

larly perhaps of architecture, have in some mysterious manner left an impress upon the people who have come under their sway. The explanation at least in part seems clear, for this same law of adaptation to environment compels one to be continually adjusting himself in some slight measure at any rate to the forms which he looks upon as presented in the inert as well as animate objects about him. As Vernon Lee has so interestingly pointed out recently, certain forms and colors in one's environment heighten the vitalities of life while others depress them. Thus some phases of art not only awaken the higher moral impulses, but they really have a beneficial physical effect in stimulating more healthful and perfect processes of inspiration, circulation, and equilibrium, and so in raising the tide of life. The day may not be far distant when it will be generally recognized that the best qualities of art and architecture in our homes, in our schools, and in our public buildings, and the most inspiring aspects of nature in all her forms, have not only a mental and moral but a physiological value in elevating the general level of individual and so of social existence.

THE CHILD-POWER.

BY EDWARD A. PENNOCK.

"The child is the most powerful thing in the world. It has about it the constructive and creative forces. It is strength itself."

These were the startling words with which a highly spiritual teacher of the philosophy of life prefaced her first lesson. They were startling because they gave one an entirely new thought about the child. Most of us have been accustomed to look upon children as weak and helpless innocents. But here is a new conception, full of meaning, if it is true. Let us examine it and see if it accords with intuition and reason.

In the New Testament we find it recorded that Jesus said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Again, he called a little child "and set him in the midst of them, and said, Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven." These words of the Master show emphatically and unmistakeably that he regarded the child, that is, the child-like nature, as the greatest thing in the kingdom of heaven. As we work, then, and pray for this kingdom to come

ful. Careful for nothing, full of love for every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty.

Modesty, faith, love, cheerfulness,—these are the characteristics of true childhood, according to Ruskin. To these, I would add *confidence*. Knowing only love, the true child has no fear. It not only trusts its father, but somehow, it trusts itself. It is spontaneous.

This is another quality, *spontaneity*. The essence of childhood is expression, free and unrepressed. This is possible because of the self-unconsciousness which characterizes true childhood.

Self-unconsciousness is the soul of innocence. Here is another quality, *innocence*, which is not ignorance, but purity. The highest wisdom has been concealed from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes.

To all these things, then, we are to turn, before we get into the current of fresh, rich life, which is our rightful place as children of The Kingdom. We are to be ever receptive to the truth. Trusting its revelations, we shall be obedient to them and manifest them. Conscious of Infinite Love we shall express it cheerfully. With confidence in the Infinite Power working in us, we shall use it spontaneously. Knowing not self-will, but Divine will, we shall be innocent and pure. We shall go back to our child-center, which no amount of error can annihilate, because it is the Divine center.

The child-like is the Divine, and draws to it the Divine forces, the forces that construct and renew. If we recognize this as true, we will gladly turn and seek the Divine childhood within us. We will *let* its qualities take possession of us. It will be a help toward this, if we will seek the child-consciousness in our periods of meditation. To ally one's self ideally with the creative processes which go on in childhood unconsciously, is to find healing for the disturbances which come in the period of self-consciousness. To find within us our own ideal, childish self, which was ever true to the law of its being, will restore us to the reign of this law in our hearts and in our bodies. It will bring us into the realm of the child-power, the creative power, which seeks always expression through the abundant life.

TRUTH AND HONOR WITH CHILDREN.

BY B. Q. R.

"I hate lies!" said my sister one day.

"Perfectly proper, Nell," said I. "'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord,' too."

"Well, I really can see no excuse for a lie."

"Can't you? I can. Unwarranted curiosity about one's private affairs. For instance, you must surely recall the time that prying Miss Staples asked you if you were engaged, before a soul knew of your engagement outside of our family. Can you remember what you said?"

My sister blushed. "Yes,—I—lied."

"You did, Nell: and it was a justifiable act, too!"

"I'm not sure of that. I think, if such an instance should occur now, I could escape with neither confession nor lies."

"Possibly"—

"I always did try to speak the truth," continued Nell. "But I believe I dislike lies much more since I have children. I do so hate to have them untruthful."

I laughed, recalling some of little Frank's latest prevarications. "Did you have such a siege of it with Doris?" I asked.

"Doris has had her time, but the motive in her case was a different one. Frank is ingenious, and originates a lie to gain some end, principally for the pleasure of his stomach. Doris is tempted by fear, or, rather, shame, because of some naughty thing she wishes to hide."

"Do you mean that she still does it?" I asked in surprise, not having noticed anything of the kind in the five-year-old.

"Yes, occasionally; but I can generally get her to be perfectly truthful by not making too much of the offence she is trying to conceal. She understands now that I can endure the knowledge of any sin if she is straightforward in confessing it. It surprises me, however, that it should take so long to teach my children to be truthful."

"Perhaps you are reaping the harvest of your lie to Miss Staples!"

"Don't!" said Nell, shivering. "But, really, I have tried so constantly *never* to be severe with Doris when she tells me of wrong-doing that I cannot understand why I must still handle her so carefully. Often I must *coax* the truth from her, but I never consciously let her go without getting her to tell me it all."

"Both the children have good imaginations," I said.

"Yes; but they rarely are untruthful from the impulse of that alone. A few times they have told me of events that I knew had not occurred; and I have said at the end, 'That's a make-believe story, isn't it?' And they admitted it frankly enough."

"Then, too, don't you think children sometimes dream things that seem to them true?"

"Undoubtedly, we must make allowance for that."

"Well," I said, "Doris and Frank trust you implicitly, Nell; and that will certainly make your task easier."

"Yes," said my sister, looking pleased. "I think they do trust me, and they ought to. I have never consciously told either child the whitest kind of a lie. How could I expect them to be truthful, if they ever heard me say what was not true? As it is, I believe when they are older, they will grow to love truth as much as I do. We often talk about fairies and brownies, and they understand these are creatures of fancy. And, perhaps as something more of a reality, we have looked upon Santa Claus. For I want my children to have all the fun that others do, and I half believe in the jolly old man myself. But last Christmas Eve Doris said, as I undressed her, 'Is Santa Claus really or believing, mamma?' And what could I do? Was I to tell my child a first lie merely to give her a little more fun?"

"I know well enough what you did," I replied.

"'Of course,' I said, 'it's only believing, Doris, like the brownies.' 'Who gives us the presents, mamma?' Doris asked. 'Oh, papa and mamma and friends,' I answered. 'But I want you to get just as much fun out of it as if it were true. So, when you wake up tomorrow and find your stockings full, I hope you'll say, just as if it were true: "Goody, goody! Santa Claus has been here, and filled our stockings!" 'I will, I will,' said Doris, laughing gleefully. And so she did."

That night, as the children were eating their supper in the nursery, their mother and I sitting in an adjoining room, Frank called out,—

"Mamma, Doris jus' took anuvver spoonful of jam."

"I didn't," said Doris.

"There it is!" said Nell, getting up. Presently I heard her in the nursery, asking cheerfully:—

"'Most through supper, children?"

Then the voices rippled on, evidently discussing indifferent subjects. With some curiosity, I arose, and looked in through the door. Nell stood beside the little table, one hand gently stroking Doris' head.

young voices singing the songs you did not sing, see deft young fingers creating the pictures you did not paint, and your life going on in manifold and multiplied channels because you gave your youth to your children.—Ed.

* * * *

Extract from Letter.

"I have given up the ambition of my youth—of all youth in fact—to do great things. If in 'my little corner' I can do the little that comes to me, 'as unto the Lord,' I can keep up courage all the way along in the midst of the multitudinous daily duties of a busy mother, much better than if thought is spent in pining for larger fields of labor. So, if the little word written out of heart-living and mind-striving for the best, touches some other heart in need—as mine has often been helped by just such encouragement—I will be satisfied.

"You who are living continually the intellectual life know little of the discouragement that comes to one who was once in it, as a teacher for ten years, and now finds, under present circumstances, while raising a family of little ones,—six, three and one year of age—no time for more than a very little reading, and no extended study.

"One who has never had the experience does not realize the difference to one who has been used to the mind-life finding the necessity for hand-work in all one's waking moments. (These in which I am writing this do not belong rightfully to waking moments, as it is one o'clock in the night.) The baby is hushed to sleep again and I am taking advantage of being awake. 'The soul's best fruition' is no play of words, but means to me perfect patience and cheerfulness, (to which I have not yet attained), under all circumstances, whether the older children are having a difference; or the baby is hurt, or screaming when not hurt, as they will do; or something is burning on the stove while one has gone upstairs—or—or—or, perhaps you know something about it by hearsay at least; but if you do not, there are thousands of mothers of young children who do, and the 'cry' part is not unknown even to a grown-up mother. To one whose whole desire is to be a perfect example to her children, when the impatient word is spoken to one of these dear little ones—of whom it is said, 'their angels do always behold the face of their Father who is in heaven'—it is natural to get discouraged and 'cry' as some who are not as brave as others sometimes do. Why, I saw an ex-teacher, a month or two after she had resigned her school and married a good man, (a successful teacher, one who could bravely without tears take a class of unruly boys and bring them to orderly discipline), with tears in her eyes because the fire went out and she couldn't make it burn, for I happened in just as those tears were being wiped away and caught sight of the redness of the eyes. Human nature is alike the world over."

MY AWAKENING.

BY NANNA C. CROZIER.

One morning ere the busy day had laid
Its heavy round of duties at my feet,
Within my quiet room I knelt in prayer,
And pleaded there before the mercy seat.

"O Christ, thou Master dear," I humbly prayed,
"If I but once could see thee face to face,
Could I but feel how real thy blessed life!"—
A knock disturbed the quiet of the place.

A servant entered, bearing in her hand,
A broken cup which nothing could restore.
I coldly said she should have had more care,
And bade her go and not disturb me more.

She went away, heart-sick and unforgiven,
And left me once again in silence there;
And once again I turned my thoughts to heaven,
And lifted up my soul to Christ in prayer.

"O Christ, thou Master dear," again I prayed,
"Could I but hear to-day thy blessed tones
Once speak to me!"— A voice without my door
A broken doll bewailed with sobs and moans.

I bade the weeping baby go away
And not disturb my quiet hour again.
A third time to my Master then I prayed,
And thought my prayers would surely not be vain.

"O blessed Master, if thou wouldst but grant
Some token of thy gracious love to me!"
No voice nor vision came to bless me then,
No light nor hope my waiting heart could see,

I rose and went about my daily tasks;
My servant sighed, nor sang her cheery lay
As was her wont, nor smiled and greeted me
With happy voice, as once had been her way.

And in a corner, fast asleep, I found
My baby girl, her doll still closely clasped
With loving arms. Her tear-stained cheeks were pale;
And e'en in sleep her sobs still shook her breast

And all alone she'd met her first great grief.
Then somewhere in my heart a voice spoke clear,
So deep and strong its message came to me,
I could not if I would, but choose to hear.

"Forever and forever, I the Christ,
Am he that asks for love and sympathy.
These asked for both from thee. Thou gavest not.
Refusing them, thou hast refused me.

"Thou shouldst have looked to find the Christ in them;
Nor, hadst thou looked, wouldst thou have sought in vain.
And they, too, looking in thy face hadst seen
My Spirit shedding light and hope again.

"Thou canst not find me till to needy ones
Thou givst thyself in love and pity sweet.
If thou wouldst know me, thou must learn to live
My life on earth—thy will in mine complete."

WHAT IS NATURE-STUDY?

BY L. H. BAILEY.

It is seeing the things which one looks at, and the drawing of proper conclusions from what one sees. Nature-study is not the study of a science, as of botany, entomology, geology, and the like. That is, it takes the things at hand and endeavors to understand them, without reference to the systematic order or relationships of the objects. It is wholly informal and unsystematic, the same as the objects are which one sees. It is entirely divorced from definitions, or from explanations in books. It is therefore supremely natural. It simply trains the eye and the mind to see and to comprehend the common things of life; and the result is not directly the acquirement of science but the establishing of a living sympathy with everything that is.

The proper objects of nature-study are the things which one oftenest meets. Today it is a stone; tomorrow it is a twig, a bird, an insect, a leaf, a flower. The child, or even the high school pupil, is first interested in things which do not need to be analyzed or changed into unusual forms or problems. Therefore, problems of chemistry and of physics are for the most part unsuited to early lessons in nature-study. Moving things, as birds, insects and mammals, interest children most and therefore seem to be the proper subjects for nature-study; but it is often difficult to secure specimens when wanted, especially in liberal quantity, and still more difficult to see the objects in perfectly natural conditions. Plants are more easily had, and are therefore more practicable for the purpose, although animals and minerals should by no means be excluded.

Editorial.

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D., Editor.

ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN, Assistant Editor.

Readers of this magazine have ere this doubtless discovered that the editors are deeply interested in the subject of nature-study and in favor of its being pursued both in the school and in the home. We know that there are many mothers, and many teachers too, who long to lead the children through the enchanting mazes of nature-study but are not themselves well enough acquainted with it to feel that they will make trustworthy guides.

Many teachers in the larger cities can get instruction and so become thoroughly equipped for this new study. But the mother in the home, or the teacher in the small town or village often finds it difficult to obtain adequate teaching. To bring help to such as these is always the aim of the NEW CRUSADE, and as the editors saw this special need they began to wonder how assistance might be given. At last the way opened. Through the courtesy of the Bureau of Nature-study of Cornell University we will now be able to publish articles written by those who can speak with authority and whose teachings can be implicitly accepted.

With this trustworthy material we will conduct a Nature-Study Department which we hope will prove of value and interest not only to parents and teachers, but also to the children, and which will add to the usefulness of our magazine.

The articles published will be sometimes for the guidance of mothers or teachers, telling them how to direct the study of the children; at other times they will be for the pleasure and profit of the children themselves, being presented in a way that will interest and induce them to read. Whatever the form of the articles, we hope they will be equally helpful. We know that our readers will be especially glad to learn how they can pursue nature-study in the winter time, which, to many, is so devoid of the materials needed.

our Latin, and liken to join in the preparing the Virgil lessons. He read and recited ballads to us, and I remember his marching up and down the dining-room with me on his back, saying:

The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Hieland host to see—

his hands taking the place of the stirrups and I of Glenallan's earl.

"Boisterous laughing, any cheapness or vulgarity of speech or irreverence were firmly checked. We loved and stood in awe of him, but scolding was a weapon unknown in his armory, and trust was his greatest one. He never punished, seldom commanded or forbade, but he showed us how the case stood and let us choose. He wished us to be brave and "to do what we were afraid to do," if it came in the line of duty. Fear was usually only ignorance, he said, of what to do in a given case, and one would soon learn. He wrote from England in 1847 to my mother:

" 'Bid Ellen and Edie thank God that they were born in New England, and bid them speak the truth and to do the right forever and ever.'

"His written and spoken words reached young people, whom he loved because they were gay and brave, in far distant regions, helped them and often brought them to him for counsel, and it was this: 'Be yourself; no base imitator of another. Listen to the inward voice and bravely obey that. Do the things at which you are great, not what you were never made for. Remember that we are

'Pipes through which the breath of God doth blow
A momentary music.'
Hear what the morning says and believe it.' "

HOW HE LEARNED.

A mother I know had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said, "Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?" He looked up and said, "What made you ask me that, mamma?" And she answered, "Because, dear, it would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F. (the minister), and surely I would be ruder to my own dear boy."

The boy thought a moment and then said, "Mamma, what ought I to say back?" His mamma replied, "What do you think would be nice?" He studied over it awhile, for he was such a wee laddie, and then said, "Would

it be nice to say, 'Sure you can?' " This was mamma's time to say, "That would be nice, but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F. would, 'Certainly'? It means the same thing, you know."

That little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said of him the other day, "It's second nature to W. to be polite," and the mother smiled as she thanked God in her heart for the grace that had helped her to be unfailingly courteous to her boy.

Is it any wonder that not long ago he wrote to a friend of his mother, "Her life preaches too eloquently to me to need any wordy effort on my part"?

Mother, how are you training God's boy?—*Christian Work.*

TO SOME OTHER MOTHER.

BY ABBIE PURDY CLARK.

My wee baby daughter is going to sleep;
I croon, as I rock to and fro,
And my lips say the words of a soft lullaby,
But my heart cries, Let me know
What the years will bring to my dearest babe,
What measure of joy or woe.

Mine is the task to guide toward good
My precious white-souled one,
To set her feet in the paths of light
And her face toward the rising sun,
To give her strength for the cares of life,
That her work may be well done.

And somewhere, some other mother, to-night,
Rocks the fair boy who shall win
In his manhood, the heart of my darling girl:
May my asking not be vain
When I plead that she teach him nobleness,
And guard him from paths of sin.

May his heart be pure as the heart of my maid,
And his life like the open day,
And when from this sheltering arm she goes,
The thought will my pain allay.
O, granted be wisdom and strength alike
To that mother and me, I pray!

. . . In the Nursery . . .

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."—DELANO.

FIRST EDUCATION.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

Many parents seem to think that the education of children does not begin until they are old enough to understand what is said to them. You will the more easily comprehend what I am intending by this expression when you recall the primary meaning of the word education, viz., leading out. To educate means, then, to develop, or lead out, the natural capacities of the child. With this idea in mind, we see the first breath of the baby is the beginning of its education. Its first unrecognized look, its first appreciation of an audible sound, its first aimless flutter of little hands, is its first education in getting hold of the body, the instrument of all activity. All the environments of the babe are educating. The tone it hears, the quality of air it breathes, the kind of food given to it, the moral as well as the physical atmosphere of the house in which it dwells, are all educatory influences, and tend to lead out the capabilities of the child, either in one direction or the other. Of course we accept the fact that the child has inherent qualities by dower of heredity; but we also accept as equally true that education is the power that leads out some qualities, while others may perish because left untouched by surrounding influences.

We recognize heredity as a force, preserving characteristics both good and bad; but education modifies the general character by leading out certain qualities.

In addition to the indirect teaching of environment the education of infants is carried on directly by the habits of their lives. Time will only permit us to indicate some of the methods of instruction, but these will be suggestive of others.

Habits of temperance or intemperance may be inculcated in the baby, by the plan pursued in its feeding. The food, if given irregularly, is of necessity given intemperately, and the child is thus taught to eat for the gratification of the sense of taste, which is of itself the foundation of intemperance. If the child is fed every time it cries or to still pain, the lesson taught

is to try to forget present discomfort by putting something into its mouth. It will not be surprising if a child thus taught follows out the teaching in maturity, and attempts to quiet sorrow, to drown care, to deaden pain, by putting something into its mouth, learning after a time that alcohol has a charm that temporarily annihilates all grief. We thus come to see that the regular habit of feeding infants has in it a moral quality and is worth our serious consideration.

In addition to irregularity as a cause of intemperance in eating and leading indirectly to other forms of intemperance, we may enumerate the giving of soothing syrups to babies. I have myself distilled from one twenty-five cent bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup sufficient alcohol to make a blaze two inches high, which would burn some minutes. These nostrums contain a quantity of opium, and this adds to the evil education of the children quieted by their use.

The little nervous night-hawks who never sleep, nor let any one else sleep, have had a bad education, perhaps beginning before their independent existence, and no doubt continued afterward. Babies may be taught to sleep without rocking and in quiet darkness, or they may receive a directly contrary education. And this education also begins in the very first hours of life. Infants may be taught to require constant attention, to be held, amused, rocked, and walked with, or they may be educated to lie quiet until the inborn vital forces incite them to activity, and they will quietly follow their own investigations very happily if so permitted.

The majority of children need what the old lady called "a little wholesome neglect;" that is, a watchful, general oversight, while at the same time there is opportunity to develop according to individual needs through refraining from interference with the right of the child to self-independence.

The importance of educating the infant to an acceptance of conditions cannot be overestimated. One of the fundamental laws of the family is that each one shall learn not to monopolize the attention of one or several. He can just as well learn to amuse himself as not. He can also be taught that he does not get what he cries for. The education of the majority of children is that they will get what they wish if they cry long and loud enough.—From *Baby's Firsts*.

. . . The World's Sisterhood . . .

**"She knew the power of bonded ill,
But knew that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good,
The world's united womanhood."
—Whittier's tribute to Frances E. Willard.**

WHY I OBJECT TO MY FRIENDS SMOKING.

BY L. MABEL FREESE.

In the first place I object to smoking among the gentlemen of my acquaintance because I believe in one standard of right and wrong for men and women, and I would not associate with a girl who smokes.

Secondly, I object because it is wrong. The Bible says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Since the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost certainly putting into it that which is a rank and deadly poison, is a defilement. It hinders clear thinking, deadens the sense of right and wrong, violates the laws of health and purity, and hence is a sin.

You say, If tobacco is poison why do people not die oftener from its use? If you should steep a cigar in a cup of boiling water, you would have poison enough in the decoction to kill two men instantly. Its poisonous effects are not so evident under ordinary circumstances because when smoked part of it passes off into the air. The results are slower, but none the less sure and fatal in the end.

Many argue that some of the greatest men of all times have used this weed, yet lived successful lives of average length. True, but who knows how much more they would have accomplished or how many years would have been added had they not indulged? And what do these same tobacco users advise? If young men took their advice they never would become slaves to tobacco.

The use of tobacco seriously interferes with the orderly development of both body and mind. Go through our colleges and schools and you will always find those who indulge are inferior in scholarship to those who abstain. Many cases of impaired eyesight may be traced to tobacco. What conclusion

for them to do it. And "men are only boys grown tall." Because you think it is right doesn't make it so. The question is, do you *know* it is right? Canon Farrar says, "You could not, you would not do it if you were sure that there was a danger. But you can not be sure that there is *not* danger. Is the gain worth the risk?"

One certainly thinks he has a good excuse if the doctor prescribes tobacco. Has a doctor prescribed it in your case? Do you know any cases where the doctor prescribed it for one who had not already formed a liking? It always seems strange that even when it doesn't effect a cure the patient keeps on using it. What other medicine would be persevere with in this way?

Coming to our list of "Why Nots" we have:—

(1) You should not smoke because it creates an artificial appetite. "A natural appetite has no tendency to excess from appropriate indulgence."

But we all know that narcotics produce a morbid craving, an unnatural exhilaration which weakens the memory and enfeebles the moral powers.

(2) You should not smoke because you wish to have complete mastery over yourself and there is a probability that tobacco will make you its slave.

(3) You should not smoke because you wish to be successful and happy, and only through "Self reverence, self knowledge, self control," lie the paths to true success and happiness. Think for a moment: Will this transient and animal indulgence bring you nearer to the perfect life of a child of God or will it keep you farther away?

(4) You should not smoke because it is a selfish waste of time and money.

(5) You should not smoke because of your influence. Each one is personally responsible to God for the influence he exerts over those around him. Paul says, "All things are lawful for me; but I will not be brought under the power of any." And then again he says, "For through thy knowledge he that is weak perisheth, the brother for whose sake Christ died. And thus, sinning against the brethren, and wounding their conscience where it is weak, ye sin against Christ."

Can you kneel and ask God's blessing on your smoking when harm may come to others from your example? Influence turns on such little things, that we cannot afford to be careless. Each one of us has a share in making public sentiment. Will you not put your influence on the right side? Will you not make these words, of John Stuart Mills, your own: "My liberty ends when it begins to involve the possibility of ruin to my neighbor."

throughout our history there always has come members who, through love or duty, have will been true of duty.

The battle and the inevitable war, the firing line fades away. Those who, as is expected, will soon be among us again, clothed in civilian garb and re-enrolled into the ranks of the producers. We have had a national proving and perhaps too many of us have thought only of glory as gained by the sacrifice of machinery and the myth of death that reaps in the swing of the machine gun. It is all well, if it has strengthened in our diverse elements the feeling that we are one nation, and one nation that can lead the world in progress, if necessary. But all of glory is not thus gained; there is a higher form of leadership than the leadership of strength. And because of its privileges and its untrammelled youth our country can lead—and we believe it will

in the education, in the political purity, in the sense of class-oneness and in the average intelligence of its citizens. These make nations strong and these cause good governments to endure. Into the strife against retrogression step forward unrecognized heroes whose name is "The Unknown Legion." In that noble army stands the employer who can see deeper than the skin of the human machine that works for him, and who discovers and cherishes a heart and a soul, aspirations and impulses, in his money-making worker, that are very near akin to his own. There also in that army stand the laborers who know full well that he who manages and plans and thinks ahead is greater than he who simply carries out the orders given him, and yet that both are necessary to the result. Into that army are gathered the intelligence and the moral responsibility of twice one hundred thousand teachers, whose contributions at every little cross-roads form part of the sweeping back of ignorance and of the bringing to life of a more intelligent patriotism. All these are heroes, and with them are joined all of all classes who regard life as a serious thing, and any life a failure which, no matter how successful individually, does not spend itself in some way or another on behalf of the age that surrounds it with blessings.

ture without giving opportunity for actual moral work. It is, I believe, a psychological principle that every time the emotional nature is called into play and the activity ends there the result is injurious. This is one of the injuries of novel-reading, that we weep over fictitious woes that give us no opportunity for their redress, therefore we grow selfish while at the same time we imagine ourselves exceedingly sensitive of the sufferings of others.

Through my superficial knowledge of the case, I would suppose that it might be wise to let the musical nature be silent as far as possible and to endeavor to enlist the boy's interests in things that require actual outgoing of his ability toward something that is to be accomplished. If you were a person of independent means I would suggest that you secure for him a private tutor and companion, a young man with a knowledge of psychology, an understanding of human nature, of strong religious and moral inclinations and one fond of all innocent pleasures, who is deeply versed in natural sciences, who knows all the plants of the field, all the birds of the air and the trees of the forest, whose eye sees everything and who is capable of making every natural object of interest. Then I would send these two for the next three or four months into the woods and allow them to have a wild, untrammelled life wherein the influences that lead astray should be absent and all the potencies that work towards righteousness, physical, mental, and moral, should be present. I have no doubt that under such guidance such a life would be most beneficial. I have also no doubt that he would be very much better away from you, at least for a time. Mothers carry the burdens of their children's defects and wrong-doings with such heavy hearts that you doubtless create about him, by your thought, an atmosphere that is detrimental. You are so exceedingly anxious that he should do right that very possibly you irritate him by your excessive watchfulness.

But as in all probability he must be with you, my counsel to you would be to rid your mind, as far as possible, of depressing thoughts concerning him. Instead of making him know that you are watching him every minute, try to make him feel that you trust him while quietly and unobservedly you still keep watch.

If you could interest him in nature-study, in the cultivation of his senses, in the doing of things with his hands that interest him and could keep him pleasantly employed, you could build up new brain cells that in time would take control of his life.

It is a difficult thing to indicate in the few words of a letter this line of procedure. I can only suggest. If you can get hold of these ideas and put them to practice I believe you will accomplish much, but so long as you rely simply on supervision and carry with you continually a burdened, anxious

THE * * *

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THE NEW CRUSADE

Abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
Eradicate Vice by Virtue;
Displace Disease by Health;
Dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 3.

LIFE'S. LESSON.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN.

Through summer woods we walk in shadows cool,
And looking up see close above our heads
The low-spanned arch of foliage deeply green,
But catch no glimpse of heaven's o'er-arching blue.
In winter woods the verdant arch is gone,
But looking up through pencillings of dark boughs
We see the heaven's blue dome o'erspanning all,
And learn life's lesson.

Youth's sweet world is small,
O'erhung with boughs that give protection, shade,
And glorious promises of fruitage sweet;
A little world that centres all in self.
But when in year's maturer we look up
And see no dome of verdure o'er our heads,
When boughs are bare, and promises have failed,
Behold, the world has widened to our view,
The earth spreads far, is full of teeming life,
And heaven's vast arch bends lovingly o'er all.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE CHILDREN TO MAKE.

BY MARTHA CROMBIE WOOD.

"Oh, clap, clap, the hands and sing out with glee
For Christmas is coming and happy are we.
Now swift o'er the snow the tiny reindeer trotting
And bringing good Santa Claus near."

So sang the children in a cheery kindergarten just three weeks before Christmas.

Every face was radiant as visions of well filled stockings, drums balls, carts, dolls, carriages, ships and hosts of other coveted toys flashed through their active brains.

Even the kindergartener was thinking of a winter afternoon fifteen years before that time when a little girl skipped home from the toy shop singing a similar song, only stopping to look anxiously at a few grey clouds and exclaim, "I do wish it would snow so he could come in his sleigh tonight! He always has to come in a wagon because it is so warm and I have never heard his bells."

Remembering so distinctly the feelings of this little girl she could better appreciate those of the children around her, and realize how necessary were songs of this kind to express their feelings at such a time.

This song finished the children were soon singing,

"Will he bring us soldiers fine,
Marching in a splendid line,
Gun and cannon, sword and drum?
I can't wait until he comes!"

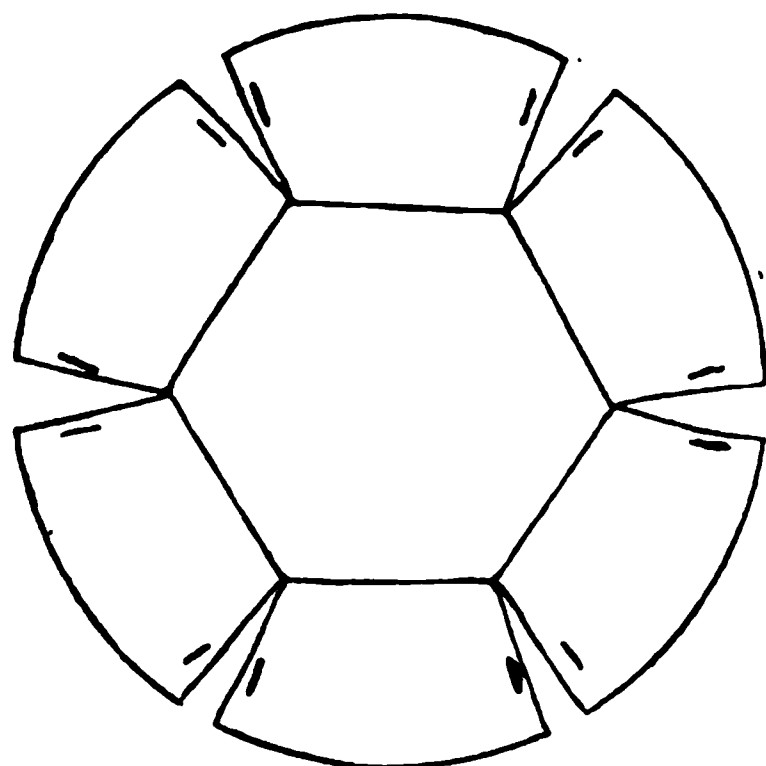
"Why!" you say, "they are taught to think of Christmas only as a time to receive gifts! Doesn't that make them selfish?"

This is the starting point not the end. When a man is drowning you do not throw the rope on the bank and expect him to come up there to get it, even though that may be the best place for him. You throw it in the water, as near to him as possible, and when he has grasped it you draw him ashore.

Just so in training little children we must begin where they *are* and lead them to the place they *should* be, first dealing with the things which are attractive to them, and which they understand, gradually leading them to appreciate higher things.

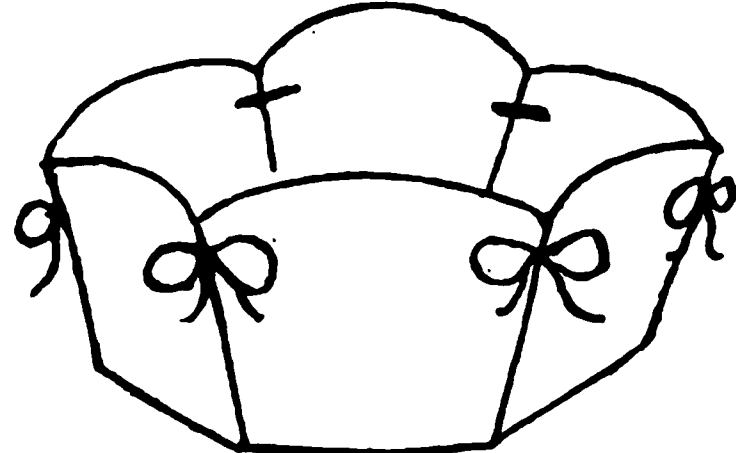
At first they can only think of Christmas as a time when they

PATTERN FOR PIN BASKET.



Cut out of cardboard.

PIN BASKET FINISHED.

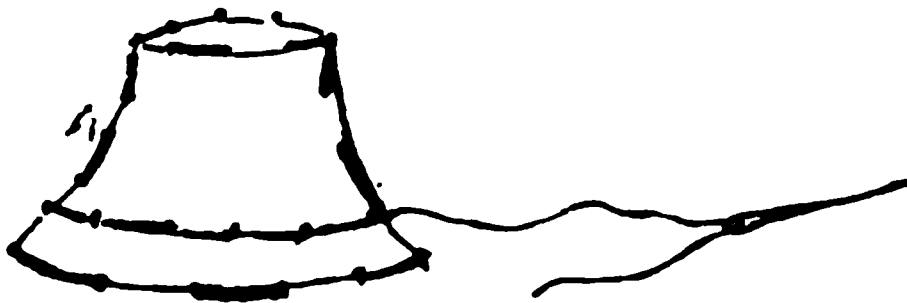


Tie with ribbons.

CALENDAR.

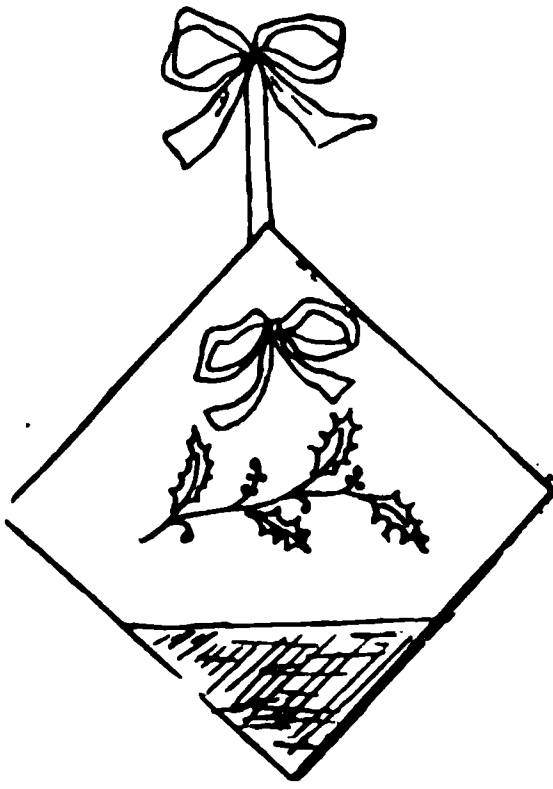


Ribbons may be painted with water color and bells perforated and sewed in silk.

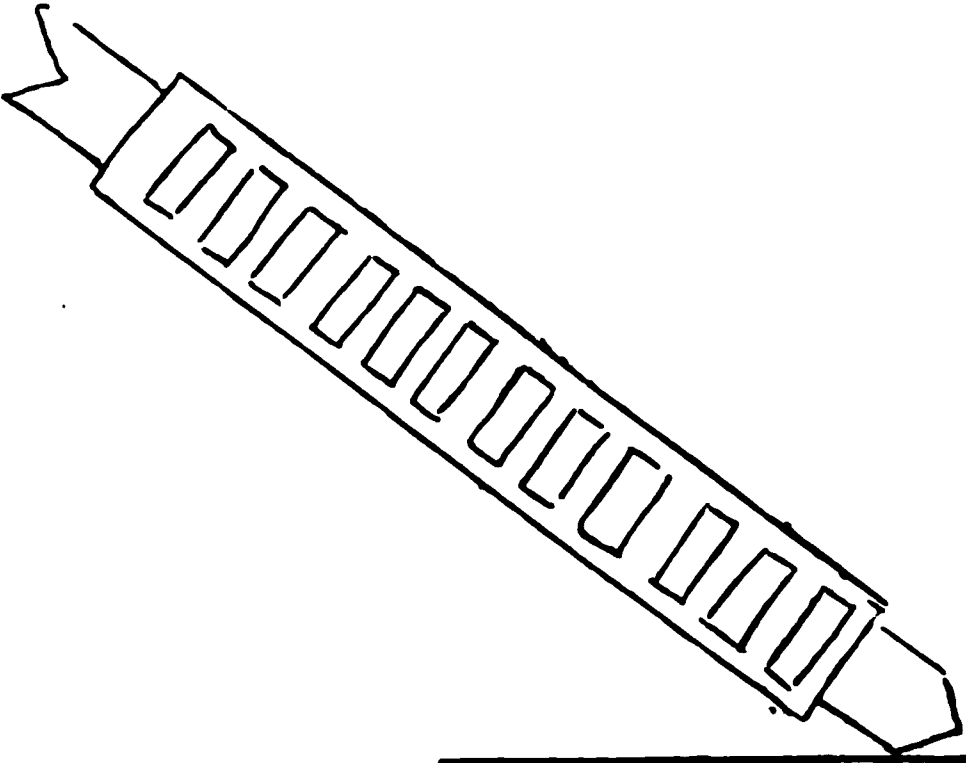


Sew bell entirely around putting a needle in each hole. Then close the open space

MATCH SCRATCHER.



Design sewed in silk. Lower corner covered with sand-paper.



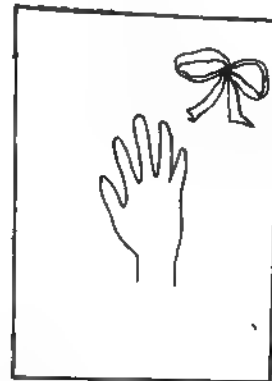
Book-marks made of cardboard woven with ribbon.

his fingers fresh and clean so as not to spoil his work; the impatient child took out mistakes and cheerfully did his work over and over so it would be just right. Even the most selfish child began to help others with their work.

While this was done in a kindergarten there is much that can be done in any home. One mother I know began the Christmas work during the summer so the children might have something to take the place of their kindergarten during vacation. So many really pretty and useful gifts may be made with tinted cardboard, (which may be purchased from almost any printer for a few pennies) a little knitting silk and short lengths of ribbon from the remnant counter.

A group of Christmas bells or spray of holly sewed on circular piece of cardboard with a tiny "penny calender" pasted on will help mother remember the date, and a few pages of waxed paper fastened in a cardboard cover will keep Grandpa's stamps from sticking together. Grandma would appreciate a needle-book made with white flannel with covers of dainty cardboard which had been decorated by the wee fingers of baby, and even Uncle would take comfort in having a pretty book mark.

NEEDLEBOOK.



BLOTTER.

Place baby's hand on a piece of cardboard four by seven inches, trace all around it with a lead pencil, making a picture of it. Now taking a hat-pin pierce holes one-quarter of an inch apart all around the outline. This done, thread a large needle with knitting silk or split zepher and let one of the older children sew the design you have made. Place the needle in each hole and turn the card over each time so the thread does not become tangled. When the thread has been drawn through every hole there will still be "open gates"

as the kindergarten children call them, go entirely around the card once more to close these, being careful to make the underside as neat as the outside or there may be a danger of the child thinking that the parts which are not seen may be slighted.

Remember these lines from Longfellow:

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part
For the gods see everywhere."

As the children worked on the gifts during kindergarten hours they listened to stories or sang Christmas songs. When they had become filled with the Christmas spirit, they were told the story of the birth of Christ. Without any suggestion from the kindergartener the little hands were quietly folded and the only sound in the room was her voice.

Then a picture of the Sistine Madonna was hung on the wall and in the sweetest voices the children softly sang:

"Once a little baby lay
Cradled in the fragrant hay,
Long ago on Christmas.
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,
Wondering cattle stood around—
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas."

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! November is here,
The beautiful crown of the wonderful year!
Like doves to the windows from east and from west,
The children come back to the cosy old nest.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! the old folks at home
Are so glad by the fireside to see them all come;
Though the forties and fifties are silvering their hair,
They are boys yet and girls to the good people there.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! sit down by the fire,
Talk over old times with the happy old sire;
Tell the mother, whose hair is like the new fallen snow,
That you love her no less than in days long ago.

Oh, the home—the old home! The new may be sweet,
But not like the old to the world-weary feet;
Be it long ere the hearth-light shall fade from its walls,
And the cheerful old love-light go out in its halls.

—*Union Signal.*

With the methods generally practiced in the family and school, I fail to see how we can expect any more delicate sense of right and wrong, any clearer realization of duty, any greater enlightenment of conscience, any higher conception of truth, than we now find in the world. I care not what view you take of humanity, whether you have Calvinistic tendencies and believe in the total depravity of infants, or whether you are a disciple of Wordsworth and apostrophize the child as a

"Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;"

if you are a fair-minded man or woman, and have had much experience with young children, you will be compelled to confess that they generally have a tolerably clear sense of right and wrong, needing only gentle guidance to choose the right when it is put before them. I say most, not all, children; for some are poor, blurred human scrawls, blotted all over with the mistakes of other people. And how do we treat this natural sense of what is true and good, this willingness to choose good rather than evil, if it is made even the least bit comprehensible and attractive? In various ways, all equally dull, blind, and vicious. If we look at the downright ethical significance of the methods of training and discipline in many families and schools, we see that they are positively degrading. We appoint more and more "monitors" instead of training the "inward monitor" in each child, make truth-telling difficult instead of easy, punish trivial and grave offenses about the same way, practice open bribery by promising children a few cents a day to behave themselves, and weaken their sense of right by giving them picture cards for telling the truth and credits for doing the most obvious duty. This has been carried on until we are on the point of needing another Deluge and a new start.

Is it strange that we find the moral sense blunted, the conscience unenlightened? The moral climate with which we surround the child is so hazy that the spiritual vision grows dimmer and dimmer,—and small wonder! Upon this solid mass of ignorance and stupidity it is difficult to make any impression; yet I suppose there is greater joy in heaven over a cordial "thwack" at it than over most blows at existing evils.

The kindergarten attempts a rational, respectful treatment of children, leading them to do right as much as possible for right's sake, abjuring all rewards save the pleasure of working for others and the delight that follows a good action, and all punishments save those that follow as natural penalties

to serve as a sort of staff, by which the child can steady himself until he can walk alone. It is always the creative instinct that is to be reached and vivified; everything else is secondary. By reproduction from memory of a dictated form, by taking from or adding to it, by changing its centre, corners, or sides,—by a dozen ingenious preliminary steps,—the child's inventive faculty is developed; and he soon reaches a point in drawing, building, modeling, or what not, where his greatest delight is to put his individual ideas into visible shape.

Unless we have a care, manual training, when we have succeeded in getting it into the school, may become as mechanical and unprofitable as much of our mind training has been, and its moral value thus largely missed. The only way to prevent it is to borrow a suggestion from Froebel. Then, and only then, shall we have insight with the power of action, knowledge with practice, practice with the stamp of individuality. Then doing will blossom into being; and "being is the mother of all the little doings as well as of the grown-up deeds and heroic sacrifices."

The social phase of the kindergarten is most interesting to the student of social economics. Co-operative work is strongly emphasized; and the child is inspired both to live his own full life, and yet to feel that his life touches other lives at every point,—"for we are members of one another." It is not the unity of the "little birds," in the couplet, who "agree" in their "little nests," because "they'd fall out if they didn't," but a realization, in embryo, of the divine principle that no man liveth to himself.

As to specifically religious culture, everything fosters the spirit out of which true religion grows.

If the child love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." There is a vast deal of practical religion to be breathed into these little children of the street before the abstractions of beliefs can be comprehended. They cannot live on words and prayers and texts, the thought and feeling must come before the expression. As Mrs. Whitney says, "The world is determined to vaccinate children with religion for fear they should take it in the natural way."

Last, but by no means least, the admirable physical culture that goes on in the kindergarten is all in the right direction. Physiologists know as much about morality as ministers of the gospel. The vices which drag men and women into crime spring as often from unhealthy bodies as from weak wills and callous consciences. Vile fancies and sensual appetites grow stronger and more terrible when a feeble physique and low vitality offer no opposing

force. Deadly vices are nourished in the weak, diseased bodies that are penned, day after day, in filthy, crowded tenements of great cities. If we could withdraw every three-year old child from these physically enfeebling and morally brutalizing influences, and give them three or four hours a day of sunshine, fresh air, and healthy physical exercise, we should be doing humanity an inestimable service even if we attempted nothing more.

Ruskin says, "Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal, by taking away the will to commit sin!" But, you object, that is sheer impossibility. It does seem so, I confess, and yet, unless you are willing to think that the whole plan of an Omnipotent Being is to be utterly overthrown, set aside, thwarted, then you must believe this ideal possible, somehow, sometime.

I know of no better way to grow towards it than by living up to the kindergarten idea, that just as we gain intellectual power by doing intellectual work, and the finest æsthetic feeling by creative beauty, so shall we win for ourselves the power of feeling nobly and willing nobly by "doing noble things."—From *Children's Rights*.

TWO PICTURES.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M.D.

Scene I.

A GROUP of people sitting under some apple trees. The ground covered with apples. A little boy begins to pick them up and eat them. The father, noticing this, cries out: "Stop eating those green apples, Ralph."

The child pays no attention to the command.

"Stop eating those green apples, I say. They will make you sick. They are green and not fit to eat."

"But, papa, they are good."

"No, they are not, and you must not eat them. Now, you mind me or I will have to punish you."

After a time, observing that the child still continues to eat the apples, the father calls out: "If you will persist in eating those apples, Ralph, pick out those that are the ripest. Here, bring those to me and let me see them."

The child not obeying, the father rises and goes to him, takes an apple out of his hand and throws it away; picks up another and hands to the child, saying, "This is a better one."

Then, taking out his knife, he peels several apples and gives them to the boy, who accepts and eats them without a word of comment from either.

A few minutes later the father observes the boy trying to climb a tree, and calls out:

"Stop climbing that tree, you'll tear your clothes. You are always in some mischief."

The child persists in trying to swarm up the trunk of the tree which is too large for him to compass. After watching his futile efforts for a time and telling him to desist the father at last says:

"Well, if you are going to climb that tree anyway, why don't you take that box to stand on. Here, you bring the box and I'll give you a boost. There, now, you are up in the tree. See if you can't sit still on those lower branches."

The father returns to his conversation. The boy, instead of sitting still, climbs everywhere at the risk of limbs and clothes, and in spite of warnings and scoldings continues to climb until he wants to get down when the father comes to his aid and sets him on the ground rather roughly, saying to his friends as he does so: "I never saw such a persistent little rascal. He always manages in some way to get what he wants." The child overhears the remark and smiles. It is not hard to foresee the result of such training, a persistently disobedient son made so by the father's unwisdom and finally, perhaps, bringing disgrace to himself and sorrow to the father.

Scene II.

As before, an orchard and the ground strewn with apples. A child who begins to pick up the apples and bite them.

Noting this, the father says:

"Please bring me some of those apples. I want to see if they are ripe enough to eat."

The child obeys. The father examines the fruit saying, "These are all too green to eat. I will see if I can find you a good one. Here, this is fairly good. I will peel it for you."

After peeling a couple of apples for the child the father says, "That will do now. You must eat no more today. Tomorrow we will see if we can find some more good ones."

The child, seeing that the father is not exercising an arbitrary power of dictation, but is seeking the child's best interests, yields readily to the command and seeks other pleasures. He soon begins to climb a big apple tree.

The father, who is ever watchful, observes this and says, "Look at your coat, John; see how you have soiled it. It will never do to make extra labor for mamma in this way."

"But, papa, I want to get up in the tree. I won't tear my clothes."

"If I will help you up in the tree will you sit quietly on those lower branches? I can't let you climb to-day. Another day when you have on your old clothes you shall climb, for I want you to learn to be a good climber. Are you willing just to sit up there?"

"Yes, papa."

The father helps him to his seat and returns to his friends.

Presently the boy calls out:

"Can't I climb up just to those branches there? I won't tear my clothes."

The father looks up pleasantly, saying, "A bargain's a bargain, isn't it? I kept my part of the agreement. If you can't keep yours I will come and help you to get down. Business men always keep a contract."

The boy laughs and sits still awhile. Then he calls out, "I'm ready to come down, papa."

The father gives his assistance and the boy thanks him, saying as he runs away, "I'll make a good business man, won't I?"

"He's such a dear little chap," says the father as he rejoins his friends. "Full of mischief and life, but he knows I am his friend and that I forbid him nothing except I think it for his good. We have many jolly larks together; he and I, and he says we'll be partners in business some day, and I think we will."

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisements which appear from month to month in our pages. They are worth your consideration. If you find something advertised which appeals to you, write for it, and mention the fact that you saw it in the NEW CRUSADE. This will help us and benefit you.

INDIVIDUALITY AND SELF-EXPRESSION.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,
Inspector of Schools, Toronto.

THE individuality of the child is the divinity in it, the element whose development should do most for the child and the world. The highest duty of the school is to develop the conscious personality of the child. Real personality must be an element of strength. It should be the center of a man's character. It should be his contribution to the general character of the race. Millions fail in life because they are never clearly conscious of their own personal power. Every individual failure retards the race. This is the true basis for the value of individuality. The revelation of the strength of selfhood as an element in the general strength of humanity leads to true self, reverence and self-faith. A man who has self-reverence and self-faith rarely fails. He uses the intellectual power he possesses. A man with moderate intellectual powers and well-developed self-faith usually accomplishes more for himself and humanity than the man who has great intellectual power but little self-faith. It is not possible to give all children great intellectual power, but it is possible for the school to make each child as it grows to maturity conscious of its own highest power, and to give it faith in itself because of its consciousness of that power.

True self-reverence and self-faith are the opposites to vanity and conceit. Self-reverence and self-faith are strengthening and ennobling. They are the elements of character that lead men to do and dare and struggle hopefully. He who is sure he cannot succeed has already failed. He who has a reverent consciousness of power in his own personality, and has gained the faith that springs from this consciousness, succeeds always. He does not wait for opportunities, he creates them; he is not forced to act by circumstances, but moulds circumstances and conditions.

So long as a child or man lacks respect for the product of his own best effort, his power does not increase rapidly even by use. Self-depreciation may neutralize the beneficent influence of activity or exercise of function. Faith in one's own power strong enough to lead to its use, and respect for the product of effort honestly made, give every conscious effort a widening and strengthening influence on character. Therefore the development of individuality should be one of the main purposes of every teacher.

The schools have definitely aimed to make the children as much alike as possible. They should really be made as unlike as possible, so far as the free-

theory of evolution. The race-including individual forms a perfect combining element in the all-comprehending unity of the race. Gaining strength as an individual from the cumulative development of the race, he in turn adds strength to the race. As the coral insect raises its rock by its death, the truly developed individual raises humanity by his life.

Froebel recognised in the universal desire of childhood to help in the work going on around it a race tendency to work in co-operation with its fellows; and he repeatedly warned parents and teachers against discouraging, rebuffing, or checking this very important instinct. Creativeness alone is a much higher ideal. The true ideal in human education is creativeness fostered and developed by self-activity in as varied departments as possible, and with the general aim of aiding in universal upward progress. With such an education in home and school, it could never be said now: "When this child was small and could not help, it busied itself about everything; now that it knows something and is strong enough, it does not want to do anything." It is a serious charge against our systems of child-training that although children are born with a desire to help, they have lost this desire by the time they have acquired the power to be helpful.

Mother and father are no doubt essential aids to the child in its happy and progressive growth. They are needed by the child to assist in the solution of the more difficult of its self-discovered problems, and in carrying to a successful issue some of its many plans and experiments. The child's power of insight is at first greater than its power of attainment. It sees problems that it cannot solve, and it makes plans which it is not able to carry out alone. It takes its unsolved questions to mother, whom it loves, and in whose wisdom it has faith, and she has many opportunities to unfold to it the mysteries of life and growth and relationship that have been dimly outlined in its opening mind. Children have been named "Question Boxes" and "Interrogation Points" because they ask for explanation of so many questions. They do not, however, submit all their problems to their friends for solution. They solve most of their own problems, and only bring to their friends those for which they cannot find satisfactory answers themselves. They should be encouraged to bring their unsolved problems to their friends, and great care should be taken in giving simple, clear, and complete answers themselves, when it is possible for them to do so.

They should receive similar encouragement and as prompt and sympathetic co-operation when they come with plans which they cannot work out or experiments which baffle them. Fathers have no better opportunity to establish the true relationship between their children and themselves, and

developed unless it is placed in conditions of interest appropriate to its age and experience, and allowed to manifest choice in the expression of its interest. The child's self-active interest receives little increase in power or activity by acting in response to the instruction of the teacher. The teacher is responsible for providing the conditions of interest, and for aiding in the revelation of the attractiveness of these conditions in life, or action, or growth, or constructive possibilities, or beauty of form, color, or sound, or by combinations of these elements of interest. He can not devote too much attention to the conditions of interest, but he should not try to dominate the interest of the child.

Individuality may be weakened by exercising the child's conscious reasoning power too soon, and by failure to sympathize with its imaginative nature. We should never laugh at its odd fancies nor fail to show sympathetic appreciation for the earliest literary or artistic efforts.

The true influence of education on the individual to be educated is the revelation of his individuality to himself, and the development of his own power of self-determination. To make a boy conscious of his own power, and of his self-determining power to control it, lays the foundation for his highest happiness and most perfect success in life.

Froebel's ideal of individual evolution from within is the surest hope of the evolution of humanity to purity and strength. The inner must be the centre from which the life power springs.

"The Christ himself had been no lawgiver,
Unless he had given the life too with the law."

The growth of individual inner life by originative and directive self-activity is a vital law in education. Whatever there is of duty, of purity, of help aspiration in the child's soul should be helped to grow. Soul growth must be from within. Emerson was right in saying, "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

The child is full of holy aspirations. Lead these aspirations out, and everywhere in the wondrous world they will find corresponding beauty, whose enjoyment will prepare them for the appreciation of supernal glories that throughout the universe await the recognition of a higher spiritual insight. Each young heart has a thousand strings that should pour forth enrapturing harmony forever. Break none of the strings. Dare not to play on the wonderful instrument. No other hand can reveal its melody but the hand of the child itself.—From *Educational Laws*.

This unanimous burst of irrationality, this determination to perpetuate the uncomfortable, arises at a time when out-of-door sports are becoming part of the national life, when the bicycle is revolutionizing the out-door dress of women, and when the wisest educators seek to have thorough physical training as much a part of our system as it was that of the Greek.

A cast of the Venus of Milo is often the ornament of our women's clubs, and is placed in most most schoolrooms where art has found recognition. Yet the women who bought it, ten to one made the purchase in shoes at which the goddess would have looked aghast; shoes so pointed that no faintest hint of the human foot is discoverable. The children's feet also are being tortured into the twisted, bent-under toes, the cause for rejection of many a recruit under the surgeon's hands for examination as to general soundness. We are emulating the Chinese foot-binding, even while asserting our love for art and proclaiming the dignity and glory of the human form. "If eyes were made for seeing," what has sealed them to the beauty that is "its own excuse for being?" Why this tidal wave of pointedness?

The sociologist whose mission is to pry into the reason and unreason of all things, has already discovered the economic aspect of what may be called free-footedness. The mobility or immobility of labor has long been,—is now, an economic problem. The increasing complexity of Western civilization is numbing the natural power to live without the help of machinery or large capital. Our common worker or day laborer is incomparably less free than the common worker of Japan, and this is the statement of one of the wisest, most careful and sympathetic interpreters of Japanese life under all its aspects—Lafcadio Hearn.

"Nature," he says, "has given the Japanese perfect feet that can spring him over fifty miles a day without pain. and a constitution that scorn heat, cold and damp alike, because still unimpaired by unhealthy clothing, by superfluous comforts, by the habit of seeking warmth from grates and stoves, and by the habit of wearing leather shoes."

The deduction from this is precisely that made by Edward Carpenter in his protest against modern foot gear, those "black coffins," as he calls them, in which "we entomb our feet."

The modern tramp, another product of what we call civilization, his feet bound in rags, making their way through the holes of such remnants of boot or shoe as he has begged, or picked from ash barrels, is another comment on the differences between Occident and Greek. The fastidious Japanese, highly civilized when our ancestors were roaming in skins, would shrink in horror from the methods of our tramp. For the Japanese tramp traveling gaily in search of work but no less to see his world and gain ex-

perience, "carries a little bundle in which are to be found combs, toothpicks, razors, toothbrushes. He takes his hot bath daily, for no smallest hamlet is without this possibility, paying a fraction of a cent for the luxury, or, if this be lacking, a cold bath. To become unpleasant, for lack of this, would seem to him a breach not only of manners but of morals. Comment on this phase of life is not, however, strictly a part of the shoe question.

"It seems to me," Hearn continues, "that the character of our foot gear signifies more than is commonly supposed. The footgear represents in itself a check upon individual freedom. It signifies this even in costliness; but in form it signifies infinitely more. It has distorted the Western foot out of the original shape, and rendered it incapable of the work for which it was evolved. The physical results are not limited to the feet. Whatever acts directly or indirectly upon the organs of locomotion must extend its effects upon the whole physical constitution. Does the evil stop even there? Perhaps we submit to conventions the most absurd of any existing in any civilization, because we have too long submitted to the tyranny of shoemakers. There may be defects in our politics, in our social ethics, in our religious system, more or less related to the habit of wearing leather shoes. Submission to the cramping of the body must certainly aid in developing submission to the cramping of the mind."

No extremity of reform is likely to make us drop shoes altogether nor is it likely to be urged, though more and more hygienists insist on the advantages of summer barefootedness for children, both for the sake of the feet and the immunity this practice gives from colds and affections of the throat. Father Kneipe had and has a considerable following and his patients walked barefoot in wet grass, or, in default of this, in two or three inches of cold water in the bath tub, with no protest on his part whatever against shoes in general. Shoes are here, but a rational one is one thing, and the abortion to which we are present devoted, quite another. It is an infatuation, and by it we are preparing a generation of semi-cripples and a fortune for the army of chiropodists that must arise to help in the hobble onward, unless, indeed, we accept the thought of another Oriental people who, it seems, have very distinct views as to the need of return to their methods.

It is one of the Chinese embassy in Washington, a highly educated and thoughtful observer of all that makes up modern civilization, who rises to testify.

"I have a theory about your American nervousness," he said, in a discussion as to the effects of climate on national characteristics. "Certainly if your own papers and the insane asylums tell the truth you are the most nervous people on the face of the earth. The people of China are not nervous

nor has there been any nervousness recorded in a thousand years. You might say easily that we have none of the activity that distinguishes Americans, yet we are not so slow as you sometimes think. Our best medical writers assert that nervousness has been kept out of China by the use of soft-soled shoes. It is not the shape of the shoes, for they are of all shapes, but the yielding, pliable character of the sole. The rest that you get from changing to an easy slipper at night we have all the time. We believe that soft-soled shoes drive nervousness out of China, and I add that it could do the same for America. A hard-soled shoe, like a high-heeled one, puts a person under a tension. This tension is wearing and the nerves seem to wear out first. It is the relaxation that is needed to cure nervousness; no bracing up or tension. Try it if you can and see if my contention be not proved."

LIFE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

No. XII.

It will be impossible to give a minute account of the changes that take place in the egg after fertilization, but a mere superficial view arouses our interest and admiration. A brief description of what takes place in the sea-urchin will give a general illustration. In this animal the tail of the spermatozoon is left outside and only the head and middle piece enter the egg. Within a few minutes after its entrance and while it is still very near the outside of the egg, the lance-shaped head with the middle-piece attached rotates so nearly around that the pointed end is turned outward and the middle piece is turned inward. During this rotation a minute star-like figure, called an aster, is developed with the middle-piece as a centre and at the central point a very minute, intensely-staining centrosome may be seen. We will not forget that the centrosome is the active centre of cell-division and the dynamic centre of the cell. It is under its influence that the aster arises. As the nucleus of the spermatozoon advances the aster leads the way growing very rapidly, its rays extending far out into the ovum until they finally reach out through its entire hemisphere.

When the central mass of the aster comes into contact with the nucleus of the egg the aster divides into two which are called daughter-asters, one of these goes to one pole of the egg-nucleus and one to the other, while the sperm-nucleus flattens and assumes the form of a bi-convex lens.

When the egg-nucleus and the sperm-nucleus unite a spindle is formed between the two asters and a group of chromosomes or deeply stained bodies

. . . Of Interest to Fathers . . .

“Thou giv’st me, child, a father’s name,
God’s earliest name in Paradise.”

—*Bayard Taylor.*

HOODLUMISM IN VILLAGES.

THE October number of the *Philistine* contains an article, presumably by Elbert Hubbard, on the above topic, a timely subject and a valuable essay. He says:

“There is an idea in the minds of many to the effect that the country is an idyllic place to bring up children. Far away from the busy haunts of men, out of the mad rush and tumult, clear of the dust and din of factories, and beyond the reach of vice and depravity—there will we let the little souls fresh from God develop and expand. The singing birds and nodding wild-flowers shall be their companions and into their hearts shall be absorbed the sunshine, and the sounds that make melody through the branches. Oho!”

This poetical idea is beautiful, and were there nothing but nature in the country it would be warranted. But man is there, and amid the nodding wild-flowers and within sound of the singing birds may often be seen the poisonous weeds of vice and heard the coarse sound of vile conversation; sights and sounds more insistent upon the child’s eye and ear than tint of wild blossoms or the wordless songs of birds.

We often think that the city is the only hot-bed of evil, but the lanes and streets of villages are even worse schools of vice than the great city. Here the boys, and the girls too, are allowed more freedom and in the closer companionship of their smaller numbers the contagion of vice spreads with great rapidity and virulence.

The *Philistine* asserts that in his own village there are a dozen boys hanging around the railroad station who could “give pointers in depravity to any set of city youngsters you can produce.” He claims that his village is not a peculiar place, that it is just a plain, representative small town and that villages in other states are just as truly schools of Hoodlumism.

Any one who travels by rail knows that in every village the railroad station is the gathering place both of boys and girls where, as the *Philistine* says, “Art and letters and intense vocabularies are cultivated assiduously.”

What are the causes of Hoodlumism? Naturally following this query we ask, Where is the cure? The *Philistine* has considered both problems.

"Blessed is the man who has found his work."

Thrice blessed is the boy whose parents find work for him..

A few years ago in a small village in Pennsylvania I found a manual training department of the public schools instituted and supported by men of the village, most of whom had no sons to be benefited by it. I asked, "Why do you do this? Why do you put your money into that which does not benefit you personally."

"O," said they, "you are mistaken. It does benefit us. Aside from the fact that it is a paying business to invest in manliness, we find that this manual-training school is of material benefit to us. It increases the value of property. We get better rents. We can sell land at higher price. Men have learned that this is a good place for their boys. They have become interested in doing something. The boys have workshops at home. They are making things. In the winter, perhaps, they are building boats for summer use; in the summer they are making sleds for winter. There is now very little loafing in the streets, the boys are too busy. Many of them are earning money out of school hours by helping the carpenters, and the boy who wants to be idle finds little companionship."

This is a practical illustration of the Philistine's assertion: "Manual labor is the cure of Hoodlumism."

FATHER'S CHILD.

My little girl to-night with childish glee,
 Although her months had numbered not twoscore,
 Escaped her nurse, and at my study door,
 With tiny fingers rapping, spoke to me:—
 Though faint her words, I heard them tremblingly
 Fall from her lips as if the darkness bore
 Its weight upon her: "Father's child!" No more
 I waited for, but straightway willingly
 I brought the sweet intruder into light
 With happy laughter.—Even so some night,
 When, from the nursing earth escaped and free,
 My soul shall try in her first infant flight
 To seek God's chamber, these two words shall be
 Those that will make Him ope His door to me.

cerned in the preservation of the individual, is the enfeeblement of the human mind, the loss of the powers of intelligence and moral energy; in a word, of the vigor of the intellect, one of the elements of which is memory. We are much deceived if the statistics of actual mental vigor would not prove the low level of the intellect throughout Europe, since the introduction of tobacco. The Spaniards have first experienced the penalty of its abuse, the example of which they have so industriously propagated, and the elements of which originated in their conquests and their ancient energy.'

So also Lizars: 'Excessive smoking has had no small share in the degeneration of Spain.'

"This is a national question of no small moment. No man who smokes daily can be said to be at any time in perfect health. While the habit may produce directly no organic disease, it always causes functional disorders, and these are truly diseases. A nation of smokers must degenerate, because continued functional disorders prevent the full development of the man. This degeneracy is not observed among us, because the non-smokers and the women, the greater part of whom, be it said to their honor, do not use tobacco, act as a sort of a saving element to preserve the vigor of the race. If the American people desire the highest perfection to which a race can be brought, it must renounce tobacco forever.

(To be Continued.)

It seems hard that when a man does wrong his children should be put under an almost irresistible inclination to do wrong; it seems hard that when a man drinks spirituous liquors his children's children should find themselves urged by a burning thirst, which they can scarcely stand, toward indulging in intoxicating drinks; it seems hard that diseases should be transmitted, and that because a man has violated the laws of health his children should be sickly and short-lived. These things seem hard so long as we look at them only on one side; but what power of restraint this economy has when every man feels, "I stand not for myself alone, but for the whole life in my posterity to the third and fourth generation."

All interested in this subject should read Mrs. Augstman's book, "The Power of the Tobacco-Habit." The subject is here presented in a strong light. The book costs only twenty cents. See advertisements.

earth, and given over their cities to the people of a wild but fresh and hardy stock? So far in the history of the world, the wild men, the fighters, have had a part to play in reinvigorating the race. Up to our time the hardy and strenuous, the intense and energetic, have inherited the earth. Will it ever be well for the world if these forceful qualities fade out? Are they not bound to fade out under the peaceful conditions of a gentle and really Christian civilization?

Before I go on to show how groundless such fears of the effects of civilization are, I wish to express a complete sympathy with the ideal of the virile and forceful man, whom the advocates of the old leaven of barbarism wish to perpetuate. I desire to see no tame and cowardly world which has ceased to have a use for the heroes. I desire not less, but even more, of the tonic iron in the life of man. Our problem, indeed, is like that of the fruit-grower who has discovered some rich and luscious variety of apples or pears. It may be that the tree that bears the new is too delicate to withstand the climate. What, then, if taking a graft of the new tree, we insert it in the hardy and native stock? What if we can turn the force of the wild growth, no longer to bear small and bitter apples, but the good rich fruit? So we propose to combine gentleness with hardihood; we have in mind, not only men of kindly spirit, but men possessed with the energy and vigor of the best native stock. If we foresaw that courage and virility were to cease or to grow less, if we supposed that in the new regime there would be little occasion or demand for these manly forces, we should wish that our children might have lived and died in the stormy days of Magna Charta or Bunker Hill, instead of praying, as we do pray now, that they may live to see the golden days of the incoming civilization.

On the very threshold of our argument we meet a striking and significant fact to establish a presupposition in our favor. Hitherto, throughout human history, there have always been wild and untried races, hovering over the borders of civilization. For centuries no man could predict what strange new race might not descend like an inundation from the mysterious North, or from undiscovered continents over the sea. For the first time in history there are now no longer new races to reckon with. Everywhere the savage peoples are dying out, or giving room for civilized colonists. Is it not clear that Nature has got through with her earlier methods of reinvigorating old and effeminate races from the infusion of a hardier barbarous stock? On the contrary, the world is becoming unified on the lines of civilization. The majestic push from behind is now in one direction, the way of a common commerce, a common body of knowledge and science, similar institutions and

laws, by and by also (who shall say not?), a common language and religion. However desirable or picturesque some of the methods of barbarism may seem to the lovers of the antique, barbarism is as certainly doomed as were the bear and the wolf when the Mayflower landed at Plymouth. We have to look, not to barbarism, but to the broader and more intelligent development of civilization to find the needful means for making brave and noble men.

What, then, is this fine and beautiful thing, courage or virility, which we all agree that our coming people must have as truly as our sea-roving forefathers possessed it? Is it mere pugnacity, or the disposition to quarrel, as some might hastily suppose? On the contrary, I assert that virility is the natural characteristic of sound and robust health. Pugnacity is often, indeed, the symptom of weakness or nervous instability. The fretful child is quarrelsome. The vigorous child is good-natured. It is true that energy must find something to do. It is capable of being drawn off into the channels of mischief and cruelty. But mischief and cruelty do not belong to its nature. Find for the lively boy's energy positive constructive things toward which to run, and it will grow no less virile and courageous. The point which I emphasize is, that if we want brave men, we must have sound and healthy men. Give us plenty of men, well-born, well-fed, well-trained, men of clean lives and orderly habits, temperate and self-controlled men, precisely such men as the type of the Christian gentleman requires, and we will show you more men of virile, physical courage than any army that Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon ever saw.

Our Civil War established this fact. There was no need of discipline to make an army, but there was no lack of physical courage. Boys who had never been in a fight in their lives, men who came from behind desks and counters, and had hardly smelt gunpowder, were brave enough, and very soon well enough disciplined, to storm deadly batteries. This latent virility is always abounding in a healthy and well-nourished people. To believe in a good God and to love one's neighbor work no harm to such virility. It is all the more vigorous in a people who believe that, as sons of God, they hold the future in their hands.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that virility needs the exercise of fighting, as if there were no other exhaustive occasions for its use! It is true that fighting has frequently furnished the occasion for the display of courage and hardihood. Quite brutal customs once held in every school yard, where boys were trained to fisticuffs and cruelty. But the generations of boys who fought and bullied each other did not necessarily make heroes;

they never failed also to produce a due proportion of cowards and sneaks. We do better for our American boys than to urge them to fight one another. There are feats of daring and adventure, there are hardy athletic sports, there are horses to be managed and boats to be sailed, there are a thousand channels where energy runs, where a quick eye, a skillful hand, and a brave and ready mind to meet an emergency, have daily practice without ever the need of ill-will or a hostile thought. Is civilization so unintelligent that it cannot educate its sons to manly courage, ay, its daughters also to healthy, womanly heroism?

Moreover, the arts and the occupations of industry, the pursuits of science, a world-embracing commerce, help to develop the virility of a people on a vast scale. Ships still sail venturesome voyages; discoverers and engineers still strike out paths through the wilderness and over the mountains; on the colossal network of the world's railway and steamship system an army of kindly and brave men daily run the risks of death to keep other lives safe. As in the past, so now, a great silent host of women, wives and mothers, face pain and death for love's sake. Barbarism indeed, with unconscious prevision of the great humane laws, taught its heroes to suffer and die, the few for the many. But civilization, facing the solemn facts of life and death with cheerful intelligence, keeps good the ranks of its heroes, bidding the many to live, and if the need comes, also to die, for the sake of the common humanity.

I have said that courage is the characteristic of a healthy and well-ordered body. But this is the bare parable and outward illustration of a deeper spiritual fact. There is abundance of physical courage to undertake deeds of daring. There is as yet but little moral courage to match and direct the lower and merely animal kind of virility. The lower order comes first to meet the earlier rude necessities. We have come now to the stage when new and higher needs confront us, and demand a finer form of satisfaction.

It is no longer enough for the modern state that its leaders shall be men so brave as not to run away from an enemy. It is not enough for the captain of industry to be stronger than any of his workmen. We want another and more costly quality. We have yet to require in our political leaders that they shall be brave enough to stand alone, and to say the eternal *No* to the projects of avarice or selfish ambition. We want capitalists of moral fibre to decry and veto the use of bribery and corruption in legislature, and none the less firmly when subtley debasing methods promise for the moment to foster their own selfish interests.

If we are to have rich men at all in the future, we are going to demand

Book Company, New York City), while at first thought seeming most suitable for teachers, is nevertheless a book that every parent should study.

The duties of parents in connection with the schooling of their children is too often overlooked, many parents seeming to feel that now that their children are in school, nothing more is demanded of them. Mr. King presents the other side of the question, showing how much the parents owe to their children, to the teacher, and to the community. A teacher cannot build up the best school without the co-operation of the parents, and the latter should be aroused to this fact. Parents, too, should be more thoroughly informed concerning school architecture, hygiene, etc., and they can get much of this desirable information from this volume.

"Freshman and Senior," by Elvirton Wright (Pilgrim Press, Boston, Mass.,) is the story of a boy's college career who upon entering had with him a little brother of five years of age to look after. The adventures of the two boys are brightly written, and the whole story throughout is delightfully natural. While boys and girls will be interested in the entertaining story, parents will find much in the book truly helpful and suggestive. Many ideas of child-training are indirectly set forth, and all are admirable. A better teacher of right conduct for old or young in story form it would be hard to find. Sunday Schools would do well to put this book upon their shelves.

"Some Marked Passages," by Jeanne G. Pennington (\$1.00, Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York City), is a collection of short stories based upon the influence exerted by marked passages upon the lives of those whose eyes were drawn to the passages by the markings. The graphic power of the sketches; the sunny, wholesome air of hope throughout; the intuitive perception, sharpened by careful study, of physical conditions as affected by mental and spiritual activities; and the quiet sense of humor which lends a lightness to the touch, make these stories very acceptable. The volume contains several other stories of more miscellaneous interest, although all are more or less infused with the same healthful, hopeful spirit.

"What a Young Husband Ought to Know" by Sylvanus Stall, D. D., (\$1.00). This is the third book of the Self and Sex Series, the first being for the young boy, the second for the young man. This volume discusses in a plain and practical way "what the young husband should know" concerning himself, his wife, and his children. The information is scientific but not technical, the spirit in which it is given is the most elevating. Every young wife, whose husband reads this book and practices its precepts, will have good reason to bless the author. (Price \$1.00. Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia.)

THE NEW CRUSADE.

Abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
Eradicate Vice by Virtue;
Displace Disease by Health;
Dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 4.

STAR AND SONG.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN.

Lowly the roof, and bare the stable walls;
Rude the low manger where the babe must lie
Near patient cattle, munching in their stalls,
And heeding not the world's Redeemer's cry.
The woman's eye saw all the poverty—
But did it see the star that shone above?
The mother's ear heard the babe's wailing cry—
But did it hear the angel's song of love?
Obscure, unnoted, from the world shut out,
Her sorrow brought a glorious boon to earth;
And through her bitter travail, Christ, the Lord,
The great Messiah, had his royal birth.

Sad heart, thou feelest all thy woe and pain,
But seest not the star that shines above;
Nor knowest not that thy sighing, sad refrain
Re-echoes in an angel's song of love.
Obscure, unnoted, from the world shut out,
Thy sorrow, even, may bring joy to earth;
And through the bitter travail of thy soul,
Some truth divine may have its royal birth.
This then our Christmas lesson. Now we know
Our tears and anguish. We shall know ere long,
That night and darkness, sighs and blinding tears
Made possible for us, both star and song.

THE SANTA CLAUS MYTH.

BY MARTHA CROMBIE WOOD.

The approach of Christmas brings this question to many mothers, "Is it right to allow a child to believe in the existence of Santa Claus or does it teach him a falsehood?"

This is a question not to be lightly decided for it requires much time and careful study to weigh it judiciously and necessitates a thorough understanding of the child's needs as well as a knowledge of the meaning and right use of the myth.

Some persons may be prejudiced in favor of this custom by recollections of days in their own childhood made happy by this belief. They may still remember the mystery and wonder, which filled their small beings as they sent letters up wide-throated chimneys and felt them drawn out of their hands by some unseen power, or listened for the impatient pawing of the reindeer on the roof. The desire to share these joys with the children around them might make them unwise in their reasoning.

Others might recall these same pleasures and yet remember a feeling of disappointment and a sense of having been deceived when the fancy was shattered.

Still others, having had no such experiences, might not see the finer side, and might declare it a falsehood.

Seeing that our own experiences may keep us from deciding the matter justly, let us forget the beliefs of our younger days and study the needs of children in general, the real nature of this myth, and then try to determine the best thing to do with it.

In all healthy normal children we see a strong tendency "to make believe." In fancy they give their dolls real ears which hear all the endearing words of a loving mother or are sensitive to any slighting remark made by a careless outsider. Clouds are snowy lambkins roaming through meadows of blue forget-me-nots; stars are pin-holes through which the glory of heaven may be seen; a pool of water on a rainy day becomes the ocean over which chip boats carry a miniature Columbus bent on a voyage of discovery and brave sailors going to lands of spice and gold; a stick becomes a spirited charger bearing a brave knight, and so on through countless changes, making childhood a most beautiful dream in which the real becomes dim and far away, while the unreal seems most natural and near.

To some sombre-minded adults these flights of fancy seem to be evidence of the natural depravity of the human race, and they would reach out their

The Santa Claus myth comes under the same head with the fairy story because both are symbols which teach truths to the little ones in the way best suited to their understanding.

Christ gave the most beautiful truths he taught in parables so that the simplest mind could grasp the deepest meaning.

Turn to your Mythology and compare the belief of the race in its childhood with that of your child and you will observe how similar are the lines along which both develop. We first grasp truth in its symbolic form and as it becomes clearer the symbol falls aside and truth remains.

One time I told Miss Harrison's story of an enchanted mirror to two children, one of whom was much older than the other. When I had finished the younger one said, "I should not like to have a mirror which showed a picture of a pig if I ate too much." The other said, "That was his conscience telling him that he had been greedy, wasn't it?"

The younger child had the correct impression of the story but could not separate the truth from the symbol at once, while the older one pushed aside the symbol and retained the truth.

The story made a deeper impression upon the younger child, however, who made a more personal application of it; for this reason we give children symbolic stories before they can separate the truth embodied from the symbol.

We regale ourselves with marvelous stories of people who have existed only in the brain of some writer and enjoy the wildest flights of fancy and yet how often do we hear people say it is harmful to allow children to read fairy stories because they are not *true*. There is a difference between truth and fact.

Santa Claus represents the spirit of giving. Few children can appreciate the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," yet all enjoy playing that they are little Santa Clauses giving gifts to others to make them happy and with this comes the understanding of the truth embodied.

It has been said, "Santa Claus is the foreshadowing of the All-Giver, All-Lover, the One who gives because He loves."

Trace all religions to their source and see how much use is made of myth and symbol. Avoid the burlesque side of the Santa Claus so often shown and emphasize the kind, fatherly old man who loves little children and tries to make them happy. Lead the children to wish to be like him and make Christmas a time for showing our love to all humanity by our deeds. Let the gifts be those of love, not given to repay past kindnesses or expected presents.

Teach the child to feel the spirit of this beautiful myth and there will be no disappointment when the symbol falls aside and reveals the real truth.

THE HYGIENE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY GENEVIEVE TUCKER, M. D.,
Author of "Mother, Baby, and Nursery."

The age at which a child may enter our public schools varies in the different states from the early age of four years in Wisconsin, Oregon and Connecticut to seven years in Alabama and eight years in Texas. The pupil may remain until eighteen and twenty-one years of age according to the state in which he resides. It is generally supposed that the child enters at six years and completes at eighteen years of age; in practice, the average is about a year greater. The limit of time passed in the public school varies from six to seventeen years, seventeen years being the longest time permitted under free attendance. The average number of days in which school is taught, is 139 for the whole nation; city schools keep open doors for 200 days in the year, and it is in city schools that three-fourths of our children are being educated. From 139 to 200 days every year for thirteen years may be counted the average length of public school life. These years embrace childhood and puberty, aside from infancy, the two most important periods of one's physical life. Not the least important work of these school years is that the body may be made to grow strong, robust, healthy, natural, at ease, "the temple of the living God."

The entrance to our public schools should be governed by the physical state of the child as well as its age. If a child is frail and not well developed physically, he ought not to enter as early as one that is of normal growth. The cutting of the six-year-old molar ushers in second dentition and announces the completion of infancy. At this time is also laid the dental germs of those teeth which replace the milk teeth. When the twelve-year-old molars are cut then is placed the germs for the wisdom teeth. These two periods of great dental activity in the child's life often depress and lower the vital tone of the system. The building up of the dental germs into teeth, when proper nutrients are supplied, does not tax the system as in their primary formation. It has been demonstrated by Drs. J. L. Williams, D. M. Parker and others, who have given the subject great attention, that any mental strain or overwork at these times of dental formation will greatly deteriorate the dental growth. No child should enter upon school life until the six-year-old molars are well developed. Many robust children have these teeth in their fifth year, a few even earlier. The examination of the teeth should be a part of the physical examination that decides a child's entrance at school.

When once a child is entered a pupil of the public schools the hygiene of his school life embraces the hours spent out of school and in the home as well as those spent in the school-room. The youth may go forth from school-life in ten or twelve years physically deteriorated from the unhygienic life of the out-of-school hours as well as from the in-school hours. The one can not supplement the other, they are compliments, and the hygiene of the out-of-school hours must go hand in hand with those of the in-school hours if we would serve the best interests of the children.

"From Nature's chain whatever link you strike.
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike."

The health of children is affected by school houses and school grounds. The environment of the school is quite different from that of the home. In the school-room the child must sit still, keep still; instead of moving his muscles freely, the strain is focused upon a few. It is this constraint that often makes a child lose in weight when first entering school. As to site of school-buildings, it should be unnecessary to say that dryness of soil, sunny exposure, remoteness from malaria or nuisances ought to be sought. A school-building placed on the summit of a hill may give good natural drainage of the soil and plenty of light, but the task of climbing the hill and the greater exposure to winds and storms may compromise the children's health. The selected site should include space for playground, and some part of the yard ought to be shaded by trees, seats should be provided that a child may rest when heated and perspiring from his active sports without sitting on the ground. In France it is common to see in the school yard sheds with glass roofs for play in rainy days; in Germany permanent pieces of gymnastic apparatus are found; in other countries of Europe are school gardens containing in addition the plants of an ordinary garden medicinal and poisonous herbs, flower beds and perhaps a small hothouse. All hail to the day when a school garden will be found in connection with all school grounds.

Clean, healthful, pleasant school houses and grounds are silent factors in education. Not only is the health of the pupils thereby preserved but also the aesthetic and moral sense is aroused and cultivated. In the construction of school-houses attention should be given to protection against fire by the proper placing of doors, exits, stairways and escapes. The general arrangement of the buildings should be convenient for the transaction of school business, and to conserve the physical strength of the children rather than economy of space, in putting room above room only reached by much stair climbing.

in insufficient, in direct, or in strongly reflected light, at too small or great distances, it is certain that the seeds of weakness and diseases are being planted. The quantity and direction of light admitted into school-rooms ought to be controlled by the best known principles of optical hygiene. Let walls, furniture, slates, etc., be tinted in colors that harmonize and rest the eye. Good type should be used in dictionaries, atlases and maps as well as in school books.

School desks and seats are most important to the child. The bones and muscles are in a formative stage. For a child to occupy for hours a day, seats without suitable rests for feet and back, and desks which compel awkward and unnatural positions of the spine and limbs are a constant tax on the vital forces of the body, which should all contribute to the healthful development of form and force. The position in writing concerns the spine and eye. Uprightness of the body with "paper straight, writing straight, body straight," is considered the correct position.

The sanitation of a building as to pure water supply, and the placing of lavatories, toilets and closets, sufficient in numbers and guarded as to privacy, all have an influence on the health of school children. Any architect cannot build a hygienic school house. School architecture ought and will become a specialty among builders. Sixteen states provide for the inspection of school-house plans by some higher authority than the local board, either by the board of health, the county superintendent, or school commissioners. We do not believe that many of the faults and errors of our present school buildings will be overcome until school architecture becomes a specialty among architects, and every state has a special board of qualified members in school hygiene, to inspect and act upon the plans of all school buildings.

The hygiene of the child in school hours embrace the nature and methods of instruction. The capacity of the child, the number and nature of the studies, the length of recitations and study periods influence the physical as well as the mental welfare of the child. Mental weariness is often taken for inattention and disobedience. Study does not hurt a child. It is only when study is done under wrong conditions that we get mental over-pressure; done in impure air, for too long a period, under nervous irritation and at too high a rate of pressure that we get ill results. It has been aptly said, "You cannot expect a child with the capacity of a half-pint to keep apace with one of a pint without mental exhaustion."

Fatigue hurts no one if it is followed by rest, sufficient rest. If the fatigue of mind or body is not followed by an equal degree of rest of mind or body, exhaustion sooner or later follows. This is the law of the universe and

together need not interfere with our present graded system of instruction. It means that a teacher will carry his class through four grades of work instead of one. The floor of a school building will be occupied by four rooms, more or less, each doing the same grade of work. Many times an incorrigible child under one teacher will prove dutiful if transferred to another teacher. A pupil can be given at times a choice. Children show social affinities in the selection of mates as well as adults; why may this not be recognized as far as possible in the public schools. Many a parent can testify that a child often practically loses a year's work, or it is done under great irritation because of the lack of sympathy between teacher and pupil. Not because the one is not good and competent or the other dutiful, but simply because the two are not made to work together in harmony. This frequent change of teachers in our public schools creates a nerve irritation and loss of time that is as unnecessary as harmful.

The short time classes, in Brooklyn, by Dr. Maxwell for the primary grades, to relieve the pressure of the overcrowded school, show that these children made as good progress in the one session of four hours as in the two of five hours. Fewer pupils to a teacher and shorter sessions will accomplish as much as the longer periods in overcrowded rooms. The school teachers of England declare that if they were left to their own lines, they would save two years of school to a child, two years less of examinations, and of the confinement, strain and distraction of the schoolroom. Can not school sessions and programs be shortened and remain just as effectual?

American parents are apt to generalize too hastily, and because John or Mary show physical debility it is at once asserted that they are "studying too hard" and the fault is laid at the door of the public school. John and Mary may be studying too hard, but the chances are it is not the studying at all but the unhygienic condition under which they study or are living out of school hours.

Parents should remember our public schools are not asylums for feebleness nor are they reformatories. The home does not stand for the public school and the public school cannot stand for the home. The one is environment for the other. Every pound of energy expended in work either of mind or body must be made by food, rest or sleep. It rests with parents to see that children are sent to school in a condition for mental work. That sufficient sleep in well-ventilated rooms has been had.

Children need more sleep than adults. If the adult should have eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for play, a child should not have over four or six hours of work, nine to ten for sleep and the rest for

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MRS. MC VEAN-ADAMS.

"But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me!"

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

—St. Mark, XV: 7.

Mrs. Rodman had been sorely bereaved. Her only child, her lovely daughter only sixteen years old had died. As Christmas approached her sense of loss and sorrow became more and more acute, and her gloom deeper.

One day she had thrown herself upon a couch, in an uncontrollable burst of tears, when light, girlish steps ascended to the door, and a fresh, young voice called, "May I come in, Mrs. Rodman?" The visitor was one of the intimate girl-friends of her lost daughter, and, for a time their tears mingled, while no word was spoken. Composing herself with an effort, Mrs. Rodman said, "Christmas is almost here, Grace, and you don't know how I dread it. How I am going to live through the holidays I am sure I don't know. You remember how my pleasure at Christmas always used to be in seeing Alice so happy. From the time she was only a baby, clapping her little hands at the first Christmas tree I trimmed for her, all those years I have spent weeks beforehand, preparing her gifts, and I have been so happy to see how she enjoyed Christmas. And now here I sit, alone, childless and with idle hands, while she is beyond the reach of all I can do. Sometimes I think I *must do* something for her once more, or I cannot bear it."

"I know," said the young visitor, with sympathetic tears, "it must be hard to bear. But, isn't it a comfort to you to think how happy you made her and how often you gave Christmas treats for all of us girls, and made us presents just like hers, and it used to please Alice so much!"

"But those happy days are all over," sighed the disconsolate mother, "and I cannot take interest in anything. I don't even go to the meetings of the Union any more," looking down on the little bow of white ribbon on her mourning dress. "I had almost forgotten that they sent me word that they were going to have a lecture this week. You are so good, to remember me and come, Gracie, just as you used to when Alice was here."

The next day Grace came again. "Oh, Mrs. Rodman, mamma wanted me to come around this way from school, and ask if you could, please, entertain the rescue lecturer. Mrs. White was going to take her, but she is sick and cannot, and we find that there is a girl coming with her—a girl that she is

Forgetting, for a moment, the weeping girl before her, Mrs. Rodman's thoughts reverted to her recent habitual questioning concerning the joys of heaven,—joys which her own darling was now sharing. "So, that is what makes the bliss of heaven," she thought. "I can still make my Alice happy by bringing a sinner to repentance. I can even give a Christmas present to Alice in heaven, and to her companions there, just as I used to do here,—joy in heaven,—but what a selfish thought, why am I not thinking of this poor one, this soul for whom Christ died, who may win heaven yet!"

With a glow of hope in her heart, Mrs. Rodman read the dear, familiar passage of the pardoning love of God, whose quality always is to have mercy. Kneeling, she prayed as she had never prayed before. She felt that she *must* have an assurance of the redemption of the soul at her side.

Time passed unheeded, until the young guest exclaimed, "O, if *you* can love me this way, and cry and pray like this for a girl you never saw before, a poor, bad girl like me, I know that God must love me, and forgive me too, for He is good."

A few moments afterward when the wearied evangelist returned to her difficult charge, she was met by a new creature, a girl whose radiant face proclaimed the pardoning love of God; a girl who clasped her convulsively, and said, "O, I have been forgiven, I am saved, I can bear *anything* now. I can face the world, and work for my poor baby, and live honest. My heart is so full of joy and thankfulness."

Several days afterward a letter came to Mrs. Rodman from the stranger mother who had welcomed her repentant prodigal, as only mothers can.

Her friend Grace was surprised and pleased to find Mrs. Rodman eagerly working and planning for the Christmas tree which the Salvation army were giving to the poor, and liberally aiding the over-worked city missionary. Eager to be about her Master's business, Mrs. Rodman worked for souls, feeling that each sinner who repented added to the joys of heaven,—heaven where her Alice was safe and happy.

"And to think," she said to Grace, "just to think that, while *I* do not know how to bring lost souls to Christ, even my money, just a little money in the hands of those skillful rescue workers will do it *for* me, and even with money I can still give a Christmas present to my Alice and to her companions, since there is joy among the angels of God, when souls are saved."

LIFE-MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

No. XIII.

We shall not attempt to follow the minute microscopical changes in the egg after fertilization. They are wonderful and exceedingly interesting, but our purpose now is to get a general view of the process of the development of the fertilized egg into the new creature.

The first step as we know is the union of the germ-cell and sperm-cell and the fusion of their two nuclei into one single nucleus. Then the germ-cell, or egg as we now call it, divides into two daughter-cells each containing an equal amount of the nuclei of the two parent cells. These two then quickly divide into 4, these into 8, 16, 32, 64, etc., until there is a large mass which is called the mulberry-sphere because the surface is not smooth but uneven like a mulberry.

In a preceding chapter I alluded to the idea that at one time prevailed, that the embryo, in very minute but perfect form, existed in the egg and the changes that took place were simply the enlargement of this miniature form. The microscope changed that idea but there are still many things left unknown that perhaps we shall never be entirely able to decide. We cannot yet tell by the examination of a germ-cell alone what sort of a form may develop from it.

Some very interesting experiments have been made with the eggs of the Lancelet (a fish). It has been found possible to separate from one another the first two cells formed by the division of the egg. These two cells, which if left together would have gone on dividing and have formed one complete creature, will, when separated, continue to develop and form two complete creatures only half as large as the normal one, and which dies young. In the same way when the egg has divided into four cells it is still possible to separate one of these from the others, and this one will develop and produce a complete larva one-quarter the normal size.

One scientist has been able to produce a number of embryos from the cell of the sea-urchin that had not yet divided at all. This he did by causing the just-fertilized egg to swell, so that the enclosing membrane ruptured and a portion of the cell contents was pressed out in the form of one or more buds or little drops. In due time not only did that part of the cell substance re-

maining within the membrane develop into a perfect embryo, but each little bud that had been pressed out developed into embryos also.

Not only is the ovum capable of producing one complete animal but in many cases can reproduce lost parts. By repeated removal of the limbs Spallanzi obtained from a single newt in the course of three months 687 new bones. The cell has in itself something, we know not what, which decides the size of the creature into which it shall develop, what shall be its average length of life and its rate of growth and what the age at which growth ceases and destructive influences begin to be more powerful than those of repair.

STRANGE TRAITS IN CHILDREN.

BY CHRISTINE BEALS.

IN their early childhood children sometimes develop strange traits or habits that it is hard to account for. I once knew a child, a beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired boy, who from his earliest childhood would appropriate to his own use any article or plaything that came in his way, without the slightest regard for the rightful owner.

At a very early age his careful young mother noticed this inclination and tried to check it. At one time when this baby was a little over two years old, the mother took him with her to spend the afternoon with a friend, and when she was ready to return home she found that her child had made a collection of all the movable playthings in the play-room, and loudly insisted that they should be taken away with him. The mother was somewhat dismayed when she saw that no effort could induce the baby to peaceably relinquish the coveted articles. The lady to whom the visit was made assured the mother that the baby was too young to understand the problem of ownership "Let him take one or two of the articles with him to quiet him," she said. "It would make no difference; he was only a baby."

But the mother, to whom the destiny of her child was a sacred trust, refused to compromise with him, and he was carried kicking and screaming home. Then the baby triumphantly produced from the pocket of his little coat, where he had carefully concealed them, a tiny whistling bird, a rubber ring and a toy monkey.

Now the mother's heart sank within her and her eyes filled with tears. But she quietly took the treasures from the child, refusing to let him have the benefit of the forbidden objects. "Can it be," thought the mother, who as we have said was young, though very earnest and conscientious, "can it be, that

he was carefully holding up, a dozen red, rosy apples. He sat down opposite her, carefully guarding his kilt to keep the apples from escaping, and choosing an especially tempting one, he took it in his chubby hands and began quietly crunching it. But there was the blue glitter in his eyes that told the mother that a struggle was at hand.

Do I hear some mother say that such habits in children are not to be taken seriously? that they will outgrow them in time or forget them? *How do we know they will?* And can we take any risks in such things?

It seemed afterwards to this mother that it was a sort of inspiration that led her to look calmly into the face of her offending child and say "Mother is going to tell you a story this morning."

"A Bible story?" asked the child, for of these he was particularly fond.

"Yes, dear, a Bible story. A great many years ago, God desired that all of His people should know exactly what He wished them to do, and also the things that He did not wish them to do. So He called to Him a good and wise man, and told him to write on great pieces of stone that all the people might learn the things that would please God and the things that would displease Him. So this good and wise man took ten great smooth pieces of stone and on each one he wrote something that would please God or something that they must not do if they wished to please Him." The mother paused. The child had ceased munching his apple and sat with eager eyes and parted lips.

"And what did the man write, mamma?" he asked.

"I will tell my little boy this morning just one thing that he wrote and some time I will tell him the others. On one of those pieces of stone this good and wise man wrote that God did not wish any of His people *to take that which belonged to another.*"

There was perfect silence in the room. The mother's heart smote her. Had she drove the lesson home too hard?

The blue eyes of the child were downcast and from beneath the curly lashes the tears slowly dropped, while the rosy lips twitched and quivered. Then a subdued little voice asked, "Did God mean me, mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear. He meant all His people, and is grieved when anyone disobeys Him."

Slowly the little figure arose to its feet. Looking ruefully at the half-eaten apple in his hand he asked, "What shall I do about what I have eaten, mamma? I am going to take the others back where I got them."

"I think, dear, that God will forgive you for what you have eaten if you ask him. And tomorrow you can tell the cook you are sorry for what you have done." She watched her child carefully mount again the box, slide the

window and creep into the car and out again. Then he came and crept into her arms and told her that if God cared when he took other people's things he was never going to take anything that did not belong to him again.

And many times afterward the mother, ever watchful, heard her child say stearnly to himself, as the little hand was withdrawn from some coveted object, "God cares." And so the habit was finally broken.

Who can say what the consequences might have been had the deplorable habit been allowed to grow with the growth of the child? Can we, as mothers, be too persistent in carefully and tactfully dealing with any undesirable habit we see fixing itself on our children in their tender years?

NEEDLESS SUPPRESSION.

BY MRS. P. W. HUMPHREYS.

As Christmas approaches, more than at any other time of the year will the busy mothers and care-takers be tempted to mislead the little ones with foolish answers to their incessant questioning. Not only concerning the Santa Claus myth, but in every direction will eager little minds be puzzled with teasing and untruthful statements. The mothers do not stop to think that while they are teaching the children "not to ask so many questions" they are at the same time sowing seeds of distrust and suspicion in the small minds that should have the utmost faith and trust in mother. And it is not always at this season of the year, (when there must be a certain amount of avoiding the incessant questions in order to complete the Christmas surprises), that the mothers mislead their children. Numerous instances might be mentioned. Here is a sample:

"What's in that package, mamma?" asked a little girl as her mother came in from shopping.

"Never mind, never mind," said the mother, "go and play."

"But mamma, I want to know what is in the package," and the little one began tugging at the string.

"Turn-overs for meddlers," said the mother sharply, as she spatted the child's hands. "Can't you let things alone?"

The little tot ran away, her eyes full of tears, and the mother went about her work. Shortly after, the child came back again.

"Mamma, please tell me what you brought in that package?"

"Something to make little girls ask questions," said the mother in a teasing way.

Her good humor was restored, and she laughed at the child's puzzled and anxious expression. It was rarely indeed that this woman gave a direct and correct answer to her children's questions. She seemed to delight in teasing them and giving vague, unsatisfactory and misleading responses to their inquiries.

Visitors to the house frequently remarked this, and it was a subject of some comment, how exceedingly stupid and uninformed the youngsters were on current topics. And no wonder, for from their earliest childhood, they had been simply shut off every time they asked a question; sometimes it was with anger, sometimes with ridicule, more frequently with an absent-minded indifference that gave evidence of a woeful lack of comprehension of the grave responsibility of mother and teacher.

A woman who is unable or unwilling to satisfy the natural curiosity of her children, or finds it too much trouble to give intelligent answers to their thousand and one questions, should never assume such a charge. She would do better to waste her life in some frivolity suited to her capacity rather than dwarf and distort the intellect of such an insatiate knowledge-craving creature as the average child.

Some mothers may give as an excuse for misleading and teasing a child, as in this instance quoted, that she is simply "trying to teach the child to mind her own business, and not try to pry into other's affairs." But a little explanation on the part of the mother would soon show the little one the difference between asking questions and teasing over and over again concerning some subject which the mother does not think it wise to explain. At least a satisfactory answer can be given as to why it is not best to give the desired information on this particular subject, or the contents of that particular package: but it is the continual teasing suppression that discourages a child and breaks its faith in the mother. Even the mystery surrounding the Christmas packages may do more harm than good if it leads to the teasing and aggravating replies to the innocent questionings of the little ones. Simply explain that the package contains a Christmas surprise, and they will know all about it on Christmas morning, and you may rest assured that there will be no crying and whining after forbidden knowledge.

ing atmosphere that no one can come near without being uplifted, encouraged inspired.

The best gift for family or for friends, then, is the gift of loving thoughts, and these need not be restricted to the Christmas day, but may be begun with the first day of the Christmas month and continued to—but there will be no end, for what will be more essential to the life of happiness beyond than loving thoughts? “God is love” and all who dwell in Him must and will be filled with love.

A great work is being carried on among the colored people of the south by a little woman who is known as Sister Joanna P. Moore. Among other things she has started Fireside Schools among the colored people. As neither parents nor children know how to read she gathers them around the cabin fire and together the old and young learn their letters, and then through her little monthly magazine she directs their reading.

Our readers do not need this mental training, but is there not a need of fireside schools in spiritual matters? Fathers and mothers, as well as the younger members of the family, can together learn the lessons of love, of kindness, of true generosity and unselfishness. Then there is the lesson of believing the best of others. This is so often needed in the family. It is easy for us to think well of the friend who, because of certain traits which we admire, has roused our love. But with brother and sister it is different. They are given to us, not chosen by us. We see their faults distinctly because we are with them so constantly. We dwell much in thought upon their failings, and often let one little fault overshadow and almost completely obscure an otherwise beautiful character. Parents, too, need to learn the lesson of believing the best of their children. Youthful spirits and thoughtlessness lead the youngsters into much mischief and sometimes wrong doing, and the parents lose sight of the desire to do right which really exists in a child's breast, however deeply obscured at times. We all need to learn to look for the best in those we love, believe in it, rely upon it, and by so doing we assist its development and outward expression. Let us all take a new start this Christmas time and give to our friends the gift of love and faith, hope and good cheer. A loving word or look, an inspiring letter at this holiday season will be worth much more than the costliest of gifts. We can all make such presents. Let us give the best gifts to our friends.

Your best plan is to address the articles as "little angel." The noun "angel," being of common gender, suits the case admirably, and the epithet is sure of being favorably received. "Pet" or "beauty" are useful for variety's sake, but "angel" is a term that brings you the greatest credit for sense and good feeling. The word should be preceded by a short giggle and accompanied by as much smile as possible. And, whatever you do, don't forget to say that the child has got its father's nose. This "fetches" the parents (if I may be allowed a vulgarism) more than anything. They will pretend to laugh at first, and will say, "Oh, nonsense!" You must then get excited, and insist that it is a fact. You need have no conscientious scruples on the subject, because the thing's nose really does resemble its father's—at all events, quite as much as it does anything else in nature—being, as it is, a mere smudge.

Do not despise these hints, my friends. There may come a time when, with mamma on one side and grandmamma on the other, a group of admiring young ladies (not admiring you, though) behind, and a bald-headed dab of humanity in front, you will be extremely thankful for some idea of what to say. A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of "seeing baby." A cold shudder runs down his back at the brave proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he shall be, ought surely to move even a mother's heart, unless, as I am inclined to believe, the whole proceeding is a mere device, adopted by wives to discourage the visits of bachelor friends.

It is a cruel trick, though, whatever its excuse may be. The bell is rung, and somebody sent to tell nurse to bring baby down. This is the signal for all the females present to commence talking "Baby," during which time, you are left to your own sad thoughts, and to speculations upon the practicability of suddenly recollecting an important engagement, and the likelihood of your being believed if you do. Just when you have concocted an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end. Instinct, however, tells you that this is the baby, and you rise with a miserable attempt of appearing eager. When the first gush of feminine enthusiasm with which the object in question is received has died out, and the number of ladies talking at once has been reduced to the ordinary four or five, the circle of fluttering petticoats divides, and room is made for you to step forward. This you do with much the same air that you would walk into the dock at Bow Street, and then, feeling unutterably miserable, you stand solemnly staring at the child. There is dead silence, and you know that every one is waiting for you to speak. You try to

... In the Nursery ...

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."—DELANO.

MANNERS IN THE NURSERY.

BY MARGARET E. LANGSTER.

The nursery is the child's microcosm. Here he begins to practice those gifts and graces which will stand him in stead at a later day. Let the little children be taught to avoid the use of slang. It is as well that they shall have no especial pet phrase, and that their speech shall be refined. They may play as merrily as they choose, but it is well that they shall not be too rough or boisterous. In going about a house children are not the gainers if allowed to tear from top to bottom of the stairs like little savages, or suffered to shout at the tops of their voices or to interrupt conversation. A well-bred child will bring its toys and be neither a trouble nor a torment in the drawing-room, where his mother and her friends are talking.

About children's questions. As a rule, they should be answered as fully and clearly as possible, but children should not be encouraged in the mere asking of a long string of questions simply for the sake of putting themselves in evidence. One needs to exercise discretion in answering the question that is asked because the child really wishes to know, and to decide what answer to give when the child is simply determined to be in the foreground. It is sometimes best to say very plainly and candidly to a child, "I cannot explain this to you now; I shall do so when you are older."

English children are kept in the nursery to an extent almost unknown among us. The nurse takes the children to walk, attends to their meals, manages all their little affairs. The plan has something to be said in its favor, for certainly a mild mannered and equable nurse is better for a child than a wearied and half-hysterical mother; and, alas! our nervous American women are too often, through the pressure of many duties, and partly through over-conscienciousness, not fit to have the entire charge of their children; but if the mother can bring herself to renounce some of the engagements and occupations which allure her, and can give herself fully to her children, engaging service in other departments rather than in the nursery, the children will be ultimately the gainers.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

... The World's Sisterhood ...

"She knew the power of bonded ill,
But knew that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good,
The world's united womanhood."
—Whittier's tribute to Frances E. Willard.

WHY GIRLS SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN THE TOBACCO QUESTION.

(Continued.)

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

"Dr. Richardson, in his book on The Diseases of Modern Life, gives the following conclusions:

'Smoking produces disturbances: (a) In the blood, causing undue fluidity and change in the red corpuscles; (b) In the stomach, giving rise to debility, nausea, and, in extreme cases, vomiting; (c) In the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing enlargement and soreness of the tonsils—smokers' sore throat—redness, dryness, and occasional peeling off of the membrane, and either firmness and contraction or sponginess of the gums; (d) In the heart, producing debility of that organ and irregular action; (e) In the bronchial surface of the lungs, when that is already irritable, sustaining irritation, and increasing cough; (f) In the organs of sense, causing, in the extreme degree, dilatation of the pupils of the eye, confusion of vision, bright lines, luminous or cob-web specks, and long retention of images on the retina; with other and analogous symptoms effecting the ear, viz.: inability to define sounds clearly, and the occurrence of a sharp ringing sound like a whistle or bell; (g) in the brain, impairing the activity of that organ, and oppressing it if it be duly nourished, but soothing it if it be exhausted; (h) In the volitional and in the sympathetic or organic nerves, leading to paralysis in them, and to over-secretion in the glandular structures, over which the organic nerves exert a controlling force.'

"The following is from Dr. Solly, of St. Thomas's Hospital: 'I know of no single vice which does so much harm as smoking. It is a snare and a delusion. It soothes the excited nervous system at the time, to render it more irritable and more feeble ultimately. I can always distinguish by his complexion a man who smokes much; and the appearance which the fauces present is an unerring guide to the habits of such a man. I believe that cases of

general paralysis are more frequent in England than they used to be, and suspect that smoking tobacco is one of the causes of that increase.'

"The following extract is abridged from a paper published by the British Anti-Tobacco Society:

'1. Smoking weakens the digestive and assimilating functions, impairs the due elaboration of the chyle and of the blood, and prevents a healthy nutrition of the structures of the body. Hence result, especially in young persons, an arrest of the growth of the body, low stature, a palid and sallow hue of the surface, an insufficient and unhealthy supply of blood, weak bodily powers, and in many instances complete emasculation.

'2. Smoking generates thirst and vital depression; and to remove these the use of stimulating liquors is resorted to. Thus two of the most debasing habits and vices to which human nature can be degraded are indulged in to the injury of the individual, to the shortening of his life, and to the ruin of his offspring.

'3. Smoking weakens the nervous power, favors a dreamy, imaginative, and imbecile state of existence, produces indolence and incapability of manly or continued exertion, and sinks its votary into a state of careless or maudlin inactivity and selfish enjoyment of his vice. He ultimately becomes partially paralyzed in body and mind; he is subject to tremors and numerous nervous ailments, and has recourse to stimulants for their relief. Thus his vices cannot abate, and he ultimately dies a driveling idiot, an imbecile paralytic, or a sufferer from internal organic disease, at an age far short of the average duration of life.

'4. The tobacco smoker, especially if he commences the habit early in life and carries it to excess, loses his procreative powers. If he marry, he deceives his wife and disposes her to infidelity, and exposes himself to ignominy and scorn. If, however, he should have offspring, they are generally either cut off in infancy, or never reach the period of puberty. His wife is often incapable of having a living child, or she suffers repeated miscarriages, owing to the impotence of her husband. If they have children, they are generally stunted in growth or deformed in shape; are incapable of struggling through the diseases incident to children, and die prematurely. And thus the vices of the parent are visited upon the children, even before they reach the third generation. I have constantly observed that the children of habitual smokers are, with few exceptions, imperfectly developed in form and size, very ill or plain looking, and delicate in construction. If, therefore, ladies sufficiently value their own happiness or their families, they ought not to marry smokers.'

"It is one of the first laws of biology that the physical and mental char-

Parents' Problems.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR.

"Questions answerless, but yet insistent"—BYRON.

"What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer."—*Shakespeare.*

Is it right to deceive children by telling them there is such a person as Santa Claus?
If we take Old Santa away from them, what can we give them in his place.

MRS. L. N. R.

Although Miss Wood has written very helpfully on this subject in this number of the NEW CRUSADE, I think my own experience may be suggestive to this questioner.

In my childhood I knew nothing of Santa Claus, nor in fact of Christmas as a time of giving. I was perhaps eight years old when I first heard of this donor of gifts, and when I told my mother about him she at once informed me that he did not exist and that she did not believe in telling lies to children.

This information gave me at first a feeling of superiority over my playmates, and in quite a missionary spirit I undertook to enlighten their ignorance but received no thanks either from them or their parents.

After a time, as I noted their intense delight in Santa Claus, I began to wish that I too had such a friend, even though an imaginary one. I was an imaginative child, and as I played much alone I had created a host of playfellows and friends who were as real as if they truly lived.

One Mother Grislmgrasm, (I never tried to spell her name before,) was my self-invested near neighbor who shared all my joys and sorrows, and I did not see why Santa Claus might not also be a friend and neighbor. I began to wish that my mother was not so matter-of-fact; and when she brought me a new marino dress and a pair of shoes just before Christmas I was quite grieved that she did not keep them a few days longer and let me play that Santa Claus brought them. I then and there declared that my children should have a Santa Claus.

HOMO-CULTURE,

OR THE Improvement of Offspring
Through Wiser Generation.

By M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

THIS book, under its old title of "Stirpiculture," has attracted widespread attention. The subject of the betterment of the human race is the most important one that we have to consider. Young and old should alike be interested in it. Every one should read this clear presentation of this great subject.

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WOOD-ALLEN
Publishing Company,

ANN ARBOR, Mich

THE NEW CRUSADE.

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To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 5.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof:
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze:
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops,
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops,
That crystallized the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
By the elfin builders of the frost.

THE BAND OF MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MCVEAN ADAMS.

"What shall be our key-note for the coming year, the year 1900?" said the president. The silence which followed this question was broken by the minister's wife, Mrs. Strong, who said, "It has seemed to me that instead of considering so much how to improve our children we might well try, for this year, to learn how to improve ourselves, not only as mothers, but as individuals, as characters, as souls that will live forever."

"Something like that has been in my mind," said Mrs. Rose, the president. "I had thought that we might try to learn what we lack, all of us in common, and then strive to build up the weak places."

"Let us see if we cannot strike a key-note for the year that will be in tune with heaven and its harmonies," said Mrs. Donaldson, the secretary, a little woman dressed in black.

"Well, what do we lack most?" said the president. "I confess for myself that I lack the capacity to enjoy, the power to be happy, the spirit of joyousness. Right there is my failure to be a good mother. I can sympathize with my children when they cry, are hurt or disappointed, but when they laugh for the pure joy of being alive, I cannot enter into their joy. For so many years I have been, like Martha, anxious and troubled about many things, that I have forgotten how to be glad, happy, joyous; and my children miss what they greatly need, mother's sympathy in their simple joys."

Upon comparison, it was found that every woman present was conscious of the same lack.

The minister's wife said, "Here is a strange thing, that the very quality which we lack—a capacity for joy—is the very quality that we must have, to be fit for heaven. If we are going to strike a key-note in harmony with heaven, it must be a note of joy. I find it so all through the Bible," and she turned the leaves of the well-worn book that lay in the crowded work basket beside her chair. Instinctively each member opened the Bible that lay in her lap, and turned to a favorite passage. One by one they read, with little eloquent silences between the verses. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "Neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is thy strength." "Ye shall see His face with joy." "Sorrow is turned into joy before Him." "In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

"Notice," said one, "that we are not only assured that the key-note of heavenly harmony is joy, but we are commanded to be joyful here in all our daily life. Listen;" "Eat thy bread with joy." "Therefore with joy shalt thou draw water out of the wells of salvation." "Withhold not thy heart from joy." "It is joy to the just to do judgment." "Thy word is the joy of my heart." "The meek shall increase their joy." "Finish thy course with joy."

are annoyed by the prattle of children, will enjoy heaven. You remember we read, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof." "And one who dislikes children would not be happy in heaven."

"Let us then," said the president, "make it our aim this year, to learn how to be happy. Let us strike, as our key-note, joy, the joy of the Lord, such joy as will keep our souls alive with harmony, attuned to heaven. God surely meant all his creatures to be joyous, from the very first, on creation's morning, when all the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. And the first Christmas morning, the angels sang for joy. 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God.' Good-bye, then, to sordid cares, and cast all thy care on Him who careth for you.' Good-bye to heavy anxieties and cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee, and strengthen thee and comfort thee.' Good-bye to sharp temptations, for 'ye shall not be tempted above that ye are able to bear, but the Lord will, with every temptation, provide a way of escape. Good-bye to sorrow and crying, for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. What happiness it will add to our homes, to our community, to the world, if we can learn to live joyously, praying only to be led, and giving thanks in everything!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Strong, "and the happiness we add to *this* world is not all, for by winning souls to God we can add to the joy of heaven." "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." "There is joy among the angels over one sinner that is brought to God." Then reverently spoke the secretary, "That is not the highest thought that has come to me, sitting here. There is still a greater privilege in store for us. You can add to the joy of Jesus, our Savior, by simple faithfulness. Listen: 'Jesus is able to present you, faultless, before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy.'"

"Yes, Jesus rejoices that he is able to save, sanctify and to present you blameless before the presence of his Father's glory."

In the silence the president's voice said tenderly, "Let us pray."

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

THE OBLIGATIONS THAT PARENTS OWE TO THE LITTLE ONES IN THEIR CARE.

BY P. W. HUMPHREYS.

It is the right of every child to be talked to in a sensible, intelligent manner, instead of being obliged to listen to the sickening stuff called "baby talk."

It is the right of every child that his questions should have satisfactory answers so far as possible. Yet, how often are they snubbed and silenced when their questions chance to interfere with the comfort of older people?

PURITY IN THE HOME.

BY MARGARET STEWART NORMEL.

Leaving to others the wider scope of the Social Purity problem let me for a few moments present the question as it appears and appeals to the mother in the home. As she looks over her brood of little ones and seeks to prepare them for the duties and temptations of life no more perplexing task confronts her than that of rooting and grounding them in heart purity—the proper conception of all the functions with which God has endowed them.

“Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.” What is it to be pure in heart? What must we do to fulfil the conditions of “seeing God” right here in this material world? Long I pondered this question and searched through God’s law and man’s experience for an answer. And it came with a joy and inspiration born of God. Purity of heart is not ignorance. Nay, the picture of the heathen world in the first chapter of Romans proves that ignorance is the very cesspool of uncleanness. Purity of heart is not mere innocence. No, for the purest hearted men and women of all ages are those who have fought sin and impurity with full knowledge of its scope and power. Neither is purity of heart mere separation and non-participation in all that God has ordained, as is the practice of the recluse and the celibate. Thank God we find what we seek in this simple fact—*purity of heart is seeing every part and function of God’s creation just as God meant it.* Mother, have you grasped this glorious truth? Then are you prepared to teach your child. Oh, the simplicity and beauty of it all. No greater wrong can be inflicted upon any child than to have it learn in the ribald blasphemy of the street and the playground the facts of God’s wonderful arrangement for the constant re-creation of his living creatures.

First, then, mothers, we must insist upon it in our own hearts that so long as we cannot speak to our own children purely and plainly upon what they need to know and *will* know, it is evident that we do not yet “*see God*” in it all. For when we see Him, His plan, His purpose, His wisdom and His love, our hearts will leap up in impatience to reveal to our children how tenderly God provided for their coming into the world. “Little brother came out of a nice, warm nest right under mamma’s heart!”—whispers three-year old to her papa,—“God made it for him to grow in until he was big enough to drink milk and wear dresses, and mamma kept him so *carefully.*” Now

the physical functions. By all means lay a good broad foundation of self-respect and cleanliness by explaining the system of sewerage of the body. How the little "pipes" must all be kept clean and working (or active and open). Show how neat nature is by this provision. Any child can be taught to regard constipation and bad breath as it would unclean hands and face. Insist with all your parental love and authority upon the most scrupulous purity of names and language in reference to the private matters of these little bodies. Remember this is the foundation and it is where impurity first creeps in. The names and expressions which many parents permit in this respect are simply execrable. The school-teacher in after years stands helpless before a seething tide of foul language which has come straight from otherwise good homes.

One of the most important things to be observed in these early lessons is the avoiding of all *mystery*. Whatever you tell the child let it be so put as to have the force of a *whole truth*. Separate the *knowable* from the *unknowable* and let that which is *knowable* possess a *completeness* in its simple revelation which shall for the present completely satisfy the child's questionings. For if children once suspect or feel the existence of a *mystery* they will set themselves with feverish curiosity to *ferret it out*. This is in itself an unhealthy condition and by and by the truth will come with a shock which is anything but desirable. Correct physical culture will do much to show girls and boys that their bodies are developing by different methods and the wise mother will check unhealthy curiosity by frankly calling attention frequently to the fact in a proper way. There is a marked difference in children themselves as to the age at which they can be trusted with a knowledge of things essentially sacred and private. Much depends upon preliminary teaching. But at whatever age a child begins to ask questions they must be answered in a truthful, straight forward manner without garbling or, as I have said before, any suggestion of *mystery*. I have in my own experience found that a child of three years was the sweetest and most faithful student and confidante of the story and facts of *motherhood*. And instead of awakening undesirable curiosity it put an end to it, and the little one fairly revels in the anticipation of her "own little children" and her own little "mother-body."

And as years pass and the child grows, other information becomes necessary. Here we can depend upon it, if we have kept our heart right, the same plain, simple purity of thought and language will enable us to put the truth before our children in such a way that impurity will be hateful to them. They will appreciate and admire the wisdom of God and cherish

LIFE-MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

No. XIV.

The process of division of the egg which immediately follows fertilization is called cleavage. By cleavage the one cell is divided into a colony of cells arranged in a hollow sphere, the walls of which are made up of one or more layers of cells. But some other manner of development must take place in order to form the various and dissimilar organs of the human body, and this is found (1) in the principle of unequal growth, and (2) the principle of division of labor.

If the cells continued always to divide uniformly there would only result the thickening of the walls of the hollow sphere. But by unequal growth of the cells quite a different result is produced.

Where the cells divide more rapidly they will crowd the cells in their neighborhood and tend to push them apart. But the surrounding cells remaining passive will be crowded into a rigid wall around the cells that are trying to get more room. As they cannot get more space they double upon themselves and form a fold in one direction or another, and this fold will grow larger if the increased activity of the process of cell division continues. So, by means of unequal growth there has arisen out of the originally uniform membrane a new organ or part.

The folds may enclose a cavity by folding into the interior of the body which is called invagination, or by folding outward from the body which is called evagination.

In the origin of glands the cellular membrane folds and forms a hollow cylinder which by continuous growth may attain considerable length. If it remains of the same size throughout its length we have a simple tubular gland, like the sweat gland of the skin or the glands of the intestines.

Some times a part grows out from the main tube like a branch, and then these branches may become so numerous that they look much like a tree with branches, boughs and twigs, and out of the union of these will arise such glands as the liver, kidneys, lungs, etc.

The study of the method of development with the microscope is difficult and too complex to be detailed here, but we will take a rapid general survey.

At one point in the egg is a group of cells called the embryonic area. From this point the cell growth pushes out rapidly a layer that forms the outer wall. This is called the Ecto-derm, or outer skin. A second layer, growing more slowly is the Endo-derm or inner skin, and between them there is a middle layer or meso-derm. From the ecto-derm is developed the skin, sweat glands, hair, nails, salivary and mammary gland, the entire nervous system, and parts of the eye and ear. From the endo-derm is developed the intestinal canal, the lungs, stomach, liver, pancreas, oesophagus, trachea, tonsils and bladder.

From the meso-derm, the striated muscles, serous membrane, kidneys, the urino-genital system, the blood, lymph vessels and glands, spleen, bone,

We expect the magazine to succeed, and we are making every effort in our power to bring about that success.

Some of these efforts may cause some changes in the make-up of the magazine and possibly, for a time, in the regularity of its appearance. For these things, if they occur, I crave your indulgence. Recent events have rendered the way of the publisher more than usually difficult, and that, together with the changes taking place in our own printing arrangements may disturb to some degree the even tenor of our way. But we know you will have patience with us.

Do you believe in the success of this magazine? Do you find it helpful, practical? Do you not want to aid me in my endeavor to meet the needs of the home and to make a success of my magazine? You can help me very materially with but little effort on your part. If every subscriber will send me in but ONE new subscriber, my subscription list will be doubled and I will be twice as near success as I am at present. It will take but a little effort on your part to obtain a new subscriber, because you can speak from personal experience of the merits of the magazine.

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I have worked along almost unaided now for nearly five years. I have proved that my magazine meets the needs of many people. I need your help now to bring my effort to ultimate success. Will you not give it?

I want this personal element to be one that will bind us closer together in the days that come. I would be glad to meet each one of my readers face to face, and I am assured that you would all be glad to see the editor. Although we can't meet personally, you can at least become acquainted with my appearance by means of a picture, and it is for this reason that I have had the picture inserted which accompanies this number. Here you see those who are most deeply interested in the work of this magazine and the ones who are carrying the burdens. Here we are—mother, son and daughter—as we often appear when discussing ways and means for the improvement of the magazine. Now you can correct the errors so many of you have unwittingly made. M. C. Wood-Allen is not Mary Wood-Allen, but is her son. Rose M. Wood-Allen is neither married nor a doctor, nor is she my sister, but my daughter, and assistant editor. And Dr. Wood-Allen is not a young spinster who speaks only of beautiful theories, but she is a physician of long standing and a mother who speaks from knowledge and experience. Having seen her, it may be that many doubts which have hitherto made you hesitate about asking her advice and assistance will be removed, and you will be glad to reap the benefit of her experience.

As I think of the new year opening up before us, my heart fills with joy and thanksgiving, for I know the Father has so many good things in store for us. May he bring you His richest blessings, and make us all of truer service to Him and to our fellow men.

such reading as that?' As soon as I could control myself—for he had shown me that I was the sinner—I said: 'My boy, you shall have all you want; let us go down stairs.' I led the way right down to the stock I had laid in, and put out my books and papers before him. He looked at them a moment; then picked them up and fairly hugged them. We soon decided what to do with the bad books; we took them out into the back yard and burned them.

"Then and there my boy and I started out on a new career. When I can I spend the evening with him; one reads and the other listens. Henceforth my boy and I are going to be confidential friends, even if it takes a little time from business."

That father discovered some very important and valuable secrets. Would that others would set about the same work! Usually, when the Christian teacher approaches the wayward boy or young man, he finds the boy's father—by his neglect or wrong example, or both—standing between him and the boy. Quite frequently the father is a professing Christian, and his influence decides the boy's case against religious influence. The question is often asked, Why does not the church reach the boys? and it usually suggests the still more perplexing question, How can we reach the fathers, and through them the boys?

The gentleman referred to above said: "I believe God has forgiven my sinful neglect of my boy; henceforth my service of God will include a loving and watchful care over the precious soul he has committed to me."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF GOOD READING.

Every member of the family, old and young, is considered in preparing the contents of *The Youth's Companion*. This is shown by a glance at some of the contributions announced for the volume for 1900. For boys, besides some fifty capital stories, may be mentioned Andrew Carnegie's article, "The Habit of Thrift;" "My First Survey," by Prof. John Trowbridge; "About Lawyers," by the Hon. John W. Griggs; "Country Boys Who Come to New York," by S. A. Nelson; "Character, Credit, Capital," by the Hon. Lyman J. Gage; "The Boyhood of Farragut," by Capt. A. T. Mahan; and "Ambitions: True and False," by Bishop Henry C. Potter.

For girls a special group of stories has been procured. These stories are by such well-known story-writers as Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Wharton, Eliza O. White, Margaret Sangster, Ellen Mackubin, Florence Converse and Kate Chopin. They will be particularly interested also in Margaret Deland's article, "The Modern Girl's Ambitions;" "The Tsaritza," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; and "Taste in Music," by Reginald de Koven.

Illustrated Announcement Number, containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900, will be sent free to any address. *The Youth's Companion*, 203 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

There was nothing to be gained by weeping, so I plucked up courage and at the end of the hour we were settled in the stuffy close little room of the village hotel.

That night baby slept with his clothes on while a tired little mother cried herself to sleep. With daylight, came new strength and courage, and I made ready for the baby's bath. I feared I should only succeed in drowning the baby. So gathering up all the paraphernalia I proceeded to undress the child and give him a sponge bath.

I was wholly unused to babies, having been an only child. Even when dressed, a little baby was a big problem, and a squirming, wriggling naked baby was a terror. If he was so slippery when dry what would he be when coated with soapsuds.

The baby was a vigorous little fellow. He protested vocally and kicked until I was sure he would soon be standing on his head, as that was the part which would reach the floor first.

How heavy his head was. I was afraid it would break off if left unsupported, and how could I support it, keep track of his feet and turn him over with only two hands. I need six at least, and I almost thought six pairs.

By dint of hanging to one foot with one hand while I rubbed with the other I managed to wash the most exposed surfaces, but dared not attempt the creases and folds of flesh until I had him on a broader foundation than my lap, so I laid him on the floor. Fortunately it was June and warm weather. I finally succeeded in reaching all parts of the body but the insides of the hands. These defied my efforts. The tiny fingers closed so tightly that I knew they would break if I forced them open, and it was several days before I succeeded in unclasping them and removing the rolls of lint that had collected therein.

In a few weeks I became quite expert, but have never ceased to feel that all girls should have adequate training in bathing and dressing infants. I could give a few lessons from my own experience.

One is that very delicate babies cannot endure daily bathing. They are made irritable thereby. They cannot endure full baths. The best way to keep such a child clean is by partial sponge baths, keeping the whole body covered except the part being cleansed, and cover that as soon as rubbed dry. The particular parts of the body can be washed daily. In fact the baby should be washed with a soft linen cloth every time the diaper is changed. If this is done and a thorough drying follows he will never chafe.

Babies who cry when being put into the full bath do so because the air striking on the naked body chills or frightens them. Wrapped in a towel they may be lowered into the bath without protest.

A toy that will float on the water will often help a child to become reconciled to the bath and later really enjoy it.

as "busy work ;" or, if she prefers, you can make your nature-study the topic for your language or drawing lessons. Whichever you do, we hope you may be permitted to write as you would talk. We do not care to know so much about your scholarship as to learn your way of thinking and seeing.

The letters that we receive from members of the Junior Naturalist Clubs are very interesting, and we find that there are many ways in which they regard the same questions. Some seem to think that "to get the answer" the quickest way possible is all that is necessary. Such answers do not mean much and we are not satisfied with them, because they show very little thought.

After a busy day's work, I often walk home by a path that leads me across a high bridge, where is a great rest to lean on the railing and gaze into the gulf beneath. The hemlocks, whose tips do not reach as high as the floor of the bridge, spread their boughs until they partially screen the bounding waters on the rocky stairs beneath. I think of other days when a comrade joined me in the same pleasure of a five minutes' silent contemplation. If you ask me what I see in that chasm that rests me so much, I might tell you that I am watching the water run down hill. This would be "giving an answer," yet it would not express what I feel and what is really to be seen in the shadowy depth.

Some of the letters tell us the number of legs which a tent caterpillar has, the stripes on its back, and all that kind of detail, and so far as it goes it is all right. What we want, however, is more thought given to the subject. Besides learning all we can about it in its present condition, we must look upon the caterpillar as the second link of a chain containing four parts. To understand some of the marvels of its life, we must understand Nature's method of causing each link to be a preparation for the following one.

* * * *

The above is taken from one of the Nature-Study Bulletins sent out by the College of Agriculture of Cornell University. We have put it in our magazine because we have felt that some, at least, of children who see the NEW CRUSADE will be glad to organize a Junior Naturalist Club and learn the fascinating secrets under the direction of the wise men who are carrying on this work. Those who do form such a club and send in their weekly dues will fall in love, we know, with the genial Uncle John who will answer their letters. We will continue from time to time to publish nature-study articles in these pages for the benefit of those who cannot form a club, but those who can organize will receive great inspiration and help from coming into direct communication with the heads of this movement. All desiring to organize should address Bureau of Nature-Study, Ithaca, N. Y.

HOMO-CULTURE,

OR THE Improvement of Offspring
Through Wiser Generation.

By M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

THIS book, under its old title of "Stirpiculture," has attracted widespread attention. The subject of the betterment of the human race is the most important one that we have to consider. Young and old should alike be interested in it. Every one should read this clear presentation of this great subject.

Dr. C. D. Crothers says of it:

"Dr. Holbrook's book on Homo-Culture is a pioneer work of great merit on a subject of vast importance too little understood. It will live as a monument to his work for mankind."

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"It is by far the best and almost the only treatise on this subject in our language worth reading. The chapters on Heredity and Education, and on Evolution's Hopeful Promise for a Healthier Race are very fine."

Especially should those contemplating marriage read this book.

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To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 6.

THE NEW WOMAN.

BY BERNIE BABCOCK.

What a hustle and a bustle—
What a whispering and rustle—
When the long-expected woman came at last.
How we all forgot our breeding,
And to manners gave no heeding,
In the long and curious glances that we cast.

And we all felt very cheerful,
For we'd been a little fearful
Lest she'd be the kind demanding pantaloons:
But she didn't—nor a kodak,
Nor a sweater, nor a knapsack,
And she didn't sigh to vote, nor whistle tunes.

But her ignorance was shocking—
Why, she couldn't mend a stocking,
Couldn't sew a stitch, nor knit, nor cook a meal,
Couldn't paint, nor trim a bonnet,
Couldn't read, or write a sonnet—
This new woman couldn't even ride a wheel.

And her diet raised a question,
For she had a weak digestion,
And she never ate a bite of meat or bread.
And all exercise or frolic
Caused distressing fits—like colic,
So she lived a great part of her life in bed.

All she asked was our attention,
Which we gave to save contention,
For this womenkind are getting wondrous bold;
Meekly we stood all commotion,
For we somehow had a notion
She'd improve—for she was only two days old.

THE INTEGRITY OF THE SEX NATURE.

BY P. M. BRUNER.

The grandest and noblest endowment of Man is the sex-function. It is the physical foundation on which rests the creative capacity of the mind. Without this physical gift man would be unable to give birth to new ideas. It is this function which gives to Man the sense of power, endurance and strength of purpose. It is a noble and ennobling endowment; it is pure and purifying; when unperverted it is holy and sanctifying. All immodesty, all unchastity, all shame, comes from its abuse. All crime, insanity, all cruelty follows in the wake of its perversions and debasement. The direst and most pestiferous diseases are the natural outcome of its immolation on the altar of lust. In its integrity the Angel of Purity ever watches over it and protects it with the wings of infinite Love and Wisdom, and within its sphere and through its latent possibilities he ever gathers, stores, and transmits to the generations of earth the holiest, noblest, and sweetest blessings of mankind. More than this, he makes it the entrance gate to the kingdom of peace in which unchasteness and sensuality are not only impossible but even unthinkable. To fortify these proclamations with arguments would take much time and space. It is unnecessary to add argument, for they are truths and appeal to every man, because in every man there is something, that responds more or less clearly, according as his nature and inherent integrity in him is free and uncontaminated.

We know, however, that this functional life has been largely perverted by mankind; that all mankind suffer more or less from inherited or acquired defects or weaknesses traceable to perversions. We know that men are conscious of it from the fact that the sense of shame possesses them. Ever the fig-leaf of consciousness of perversion obtrudes,—not always for great sins committed but for unworthy thoughts and conceptions harbored. The holiness and cleanliness thereof is not understood and perceived, and chasteness and purity is not proclaimed, but men too easily blush with shame and blanch in dismay before its nudity in the light of day. In this age, in which the secret places of man are being uncovered, judged and remoulded, the conceptions of this functional life also share in the universal overturning and remoulding. The reconstructing and the re-forming promise most fruitfulness along the lines of inherent or native integrity. We will therefore proceed to point

out how this may be fostered and maintained, rather than delve into the mire for the truths found in the realms of disobedience to law.

Up to the age of fourteen or sixteen years, the sex-function is comparatively dormant. The special organs internal and external, develop in harmony with all the other glands, vessels and organs of the body. But about this time they have so far matured that they are prepared for an inflow of new life. When this inflow commences the individual is surprised and even disturbed at the evolutionary changes that are taking place within his mental and physical being. The parts of the body most concerned with this function take on a new and increasing life, and a seemingly abnormal growth and development show forth. In this growth, the whole body shares to a degree by reflected life-force. The muscles grow in girth and power. The appetite for food increases, digestion improves, and labor and exercise become less burdensome, less tiresome. Fatigue is slower in coming on and quicker in going away. A superabundance of life confronts, and the individual is often at a loss to know how to dispose of the excess. Not only in the physical but also in the mental realm this fulness of life shows forth. Indeed there is danger at this period that means may be adopted to dispose of this excess of energy which will injure or destroy the faculty that has brought this abundance. In this trying period, the individual (girl or boy) is left too often to his own devices, to his own interpretation of the meaning and value of the new inflowing life. If he obtains information it is more likely to come from those equally unprepared, equally ignorant of its true meaning, equally uninstructed and inexperienced. As likely as not he will be misled by those who should have warned him in the light of the penalties resulting from their own strayings. Why generation after generation should be allowed to grow up and grope in darkness, and to follow the unsafe leadings of inherited tendencies, is a question that deserves earnest consideration.

Nature, rightly understood, points the way of true development, but hereditary blindness of Man fails to discern the pointings. Seeing, he does not see—hearing, he does not hear. Nature spurs him almost irresistibly to physical and mental activity, and in this lies his safety. Were Man disburdened of Self he would be almost compelled into the field of his greatest usefulness, but looking only to the Self as an end of his endeavor, he finds all kinds of stumbling-blocks in his way. Not usefulness to others, but benefit to and gratification of himself becomes his quest. In this field the pitfalls are plenty and deep. The only safety is in activity, for in activity is consumed the superabundance, and in the delights of the usefulness in the activity is the legitimate reward of his effort. On the contrary, in the pleasure

of self-gratification is no genuine delight, and this path leads to surfeit, to indolence, to dissipation of energy and capacity—to darkness and death. Gratification of the sensual nature or appetites is not delight, it is but release from a craving or from the urging of an impulse. For example, the tobacco-smoker seems to enjoy himself in the indulgence of his appetite, but he only courts the peace of release from a craving that should be his without smoking. He is a slave to the craving until he smokes, and then he purchases a limited freedom from the craving. The peace of the temporary freedom he mistakes for pleasure residing in the habit. This philosophy of the nature of this appetite and its appeasement holds good with every other appetite or craving that takes possession of Man. It is therefore important that the physical exuberance of life and virility should be deflected only into such mental and physical directions as are legitimate activities—plain useful mental and physical labor. In this way the world's needs are supplied, the activities have free flow into channels of usefulness in which is delight and freedom, and in which life tends in directions uplifting and educational.

Nature, truly apprehended, points the way, as was said. It fills the body with increased life force which expends itself in outward activity, and in building and perfecting the body which perhaps hitherto has been weak and stunted. If undisturbed or not misdirected it will continue in this line until the body is fully matured, leaving the individual unsolicited and untempted by cravings for self-gratification. He thus finds himself peacefully and completely *master* of himself, prepared for the exacting demands of the world's work, and equally prepared (but not hampered) for the second fruition of the sex-function—the perpetuation of his kind. These are the two manifestations of this life, the building up or conserving of the body for mental and physical achievements, and secondly the propagation of Man. In either direction life and energy are consumed. Nature also points out the order of the developments of these two lines of activity. Clearly the development and the upbuilding and maturing of the body and the corresponding mental growth within the body are the first in point of time. Only after the body is fully developed and a life worthy of transmission is evolved, only after this is there a valid reason for perpetuation. The reverse of this order is bound to be more or less disastrous. When the upbuilding and conserving power is fully developed in a mature body, the deflection of the life force into lines of propagation is entirely within the determination and free choice of the individual. A cessation from propagation at once re-establishes the alternate upbuilding and recuperative activity which supplies the physical and

mental force of the individual, and fortifies him against exhaustion by any and all strains resulting from intense labor, study or injury.

But when the propagative function is developed and called forth before the body is mature and before the upbuilding or conserving potencies are well grounded, then there is much danger that this propagative impulse will pass beyond control and will refuse to be deflected back into the conservative form of activity. The body being too immature, the primary or recuperative office of this life will continue to be dominated and exhausted by the propagative drain. The conserving potencies will never then be perfected, and the constitution will be stunted and remain unfortified by the reserve power of the complete sex life. The mental as well as the bodily capacity will be thus stunted, and this will be so in proportion to the degree of disturbance of Nature's law. The penalty of straying from Nature's law being now made clear, and the evils of too early propagative development being shown, the first step in a return from the straying is naturally seen to be a return to obedience to the law stated.

Having pointed out the potencies and blessings involved in the possibilities of the sex-function, having shown the two distinct activities of this life, and the proper order of their development, it is now also proper to point out the way of establishing this order so that no stumbling-blocks may remain for those travelling the road of physical development and perfection. We cannot follow those who have wandered far from the law. These must turn their eyes back toward the beacon which lights every man that comes into the world—the law inscribed on their inmost being—and bend their steps toward it. To guard surely against straying and stumbling, guidance in sex lines must begin in infancy and continue until maturity is reached, for along the path are by-paths, and heredity will tempt into these, even if naught else does tempt. Great care should be exercised from the birth of the child that bodily sensations of every kind do not become attractive to the child. The most perfect physical life is that which is most free from sensations, in which the body is but an instrument, unfelt, unnoticed. Consciousness should always be beyond the body, whether this be more interior or exterior. Sensation in itself is more often a sign of disorder, and bondage to sensation is slavery. The child should be kept scrupulously clean to avoid external causes of irritation. It should be so clothed and protected day and night that it may not learn to delight in bodily touch. Even tickling and playfully handling are questionable practices, as they attract attention to the body. It should be so guided that it will observe the ordinary rules of propriety without learning shame or any cause for shame. Whatever it does, it should do

because it is right and proper. All parts of the body should be equally honorable. The idea of shame arouses a host of questionings, suspicions and misinterpretations. All childish inquiries on delicate matters should be truthfully answered, and without manifest fear or hesitation. To the pure all things ARE pure. Teaching and information need not go beyond the demand or capacity to understand. All relations of parent to offspring in man and animal are provisions of the Creator and are in themselves pure. They affect the child beneficially as long as it remains in its inborn central innocence. Shame and impurity do not enter until the idea of personal sensation and a sense of gratification step in, in which the body is no longer held as an instrument but as a goal. This is debasement and prostitution.

When properly guided the child of eight to twelve years will know nearly all the phenomena of vegetable and animal propagation without feeling that it harbors any forbidden or unusual secrets. It will conform to the ordinary proprieties as to its person without knowing of anything indecent or impure. It will repose confidence in its parents in all things, which is the reward of their confidence in its inherent integrity and purity. It will be almost absolutely fortified against indecent and impure approaches, association and teachings. Over against the half-knowledge and the imperfectness of the approaching evil, it will possess the assurance and innocence of fulness of truth. It will be prepared for all that ought to be known when the dawn of the coming of the new life-force breaks upon the perception. Its tastes and leanings will be in line with the laws of health and growth. It will walk in the path of Nature's order.

When a child carefully hides its person from its parents in dressing or undressing, when it harbors secrets to be shared rather with strangers, it is a sure sign that something has gone amiss. It will not be wise to reprove but rather to win back confidence, and to find out and root out misconception and false teaching. This embodies nearly all the personal instruction necessary to the retaining of the safe path. But because men do ignorantly err, because men are so often imperfect in themselves or as guides of others, it is incumbent to mention further allurements that are the reflexes of other perversions and transgressions of law. All stimulating food such as pepper and spices, tea, coffee, chocolate, alcohol, tobacco and drugs, should be peremptorily forbidden to children and young people. These are harmful enough to grown people and especially so to the immature. All of them work powerfully to develop the appetites and passions and to destroy the controlling power over them. All stimulating literature, conversation, exhibitions or movements must be interdicted, that is, all such forms or manifesta-

THE LOST ART OF LEISURE.

BY MRS. MC VEAN-ADAMS.

IN going about the country, from home to home, there is nothing that strikes the mind and heart of "The Speaker" so persistently as the over-worked state of the mothers.

In Christian homes, white-ribbon homes, abodes of wealth, education, refinement, even of luxury, as well as in the dwellings of the poor, the struggle is alike apparent.

The demands made upon the house-mother are so many, the pressure of hurry and worry so constant and so intense that she is denied all the grace of leisure. She has no time, no strength to enjoy her children, or to be to them that inspiration and comfort that she keenly or vaguely feels that she ought to be; no time, no strength to enter into her husband's affairs, and he goes on planning and working alone, till they drift apart; no time, no strength to become acquainted with herself, her own needs, her own spiritual development, her tendencies, her relations to others or her attitude toward God.

O, that such a woman would, for once, pause long enough to "loaf, and invite her soul." Not that she would do it,—poor dear!—she would not know how.

But she could look around her, get her bearings on the sea of life, take her spiritual latitude and longitude, note whether she was bearing down upon a line of sunken reefs, or drifting on breakers. She could lie, like a child, in the strong, soft hands of God, bathed, like a babe, in the ocean of infinite love.

Get such a woman newly rested once, and she would be a new creature. But mere idleness will never rest such a woman, while countless duties (?) (most of them things that she ought not to do), are clamoring at the doors of her inner consciousness.

Where is the remedy? How can she be saved to herself, to her family, to the world and to God? To a careful observer the only hope seems to be in changing the standards of values in the home.

An elegant simplicity, with good taste, and the courage to be different from others, would surely give leisure.

If home-keepers would elect to have less meat and more merry-making and mothering; less tucking and more truth; less ruffling and more rollicking; less fretting and more fruit; less salad and satin, and more solid comfort, then would the lost art of leisure return.

In a plain parsonage, recently visited, this blessed change of standards of values was so apparent that the picture is partly given for the delight of other eyes, and the encouragement of other seekers.

The first impression which the rooms gave was a restful sense of clear space, with room to move freely. The house was not large or lofty, but was

ventured to say to the house-mother, "You are not hurried, I do not seem to be keeping you from any work, and yet you do everything for this large family. Please tell me your secret." She laughed,—she had a laugh that did one good, one of those laughs that so rarely last beyond girlhood. "If I have any secret it must be in choosing what to give up and go without. I try to hold fast the best things. We live simply, as you see, and the children love to help. I plan so as to make my work go as far as possible, and a part of each day I usually work hard. But I am not hurried or worried, while we are well; I think it would be wrong. And we have very little illness. You observe we eat no pickles or condiments and I cook for several days at a time when I can. The ice chest (which the boys purify daily) and the gas stove explain the dinner. The soup was left from dinner day before yesterday. The chicken was prepared ready for the pie yesterday, and gravy made. The boys lighted the oven and baked the potatoes, and, while the girls were laying the table, I stirred up the pie-crust, patted it into place with a spoon (for I like to save handling the bread-board and rolling-pin), put the pie in the oven, heated the soup in a porcelain kettle, warmed the gravy, dished the potatoes, and there we were. Our cooking is done for today, and there are no pots and kettles to wash. For supper we will have more baked apples, bread and milk." And that is all we had, a most delicious supper! "I feel," said the hostess, "that I am of more use to my family than rich food or fine clothing could be, and I am absolutely freed from the dictates of fashion, as to how we shall be fed, or wherewithal we shall be clothed."

That blessed woman was a rest and an inspiration. She always *had time*. Her house, her dishes, her clothing were easily made clean. Was a neighbor's baby sick? She was a tower of strength to the frightened mother. Was her husband discouraged? She beguiled him into an animated discussion of a favorite theme which brought back his happy college days. And her boys and girls! To that happy flock she was playmate, companion, comforter, confidant, friend,—in short, she was "MOTHER!"

"I want to say that I am more than pleased with the New Crusade. I am so thankful that a competent person has taken up these subjects and treated them in a conscientious, scientific way. Your articles on life manifestations have been very valuable to me. I never knew exactly how to put those ideas in words. I have long felt the necessity of giving the young some education that was wholesome and right. I can remember in my own life the abominable ideas I got from servants and nothing from my parents, who were devoted and true, but did not know what to do."

B. R. P.

LIFE MANIFESTATIONS.

No. XV.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

It is an interesting fact that in the lower animals the completed creature resembles the human being at one point in his development. At one point in the human embryo the eyes are around on the side of the head. At one time the upper lip is divided by two fissures from the nose down like the lip of the hare. At a certain time in the process of embryonic human growth, little buds start out on either side and later divide at the ends, becoming the arms and hands, while other buds, starting at the opposite portion of the embryo, develop into legs and feet.

As an eminent writer says: "The webbed feet of the seal and ornithorincus typify the period when the hands and feet of the human embryo are as yet only partly subdivided into fingers and toes. Indeed it is not uncommon for the web to persist to some extent between the toes of adults, and occasionally children are born with two or more fingers or toes united to their tips. With the seal and the walrus the limbs are protruded but little beyond the wrist and ankle. The cat, lemurs, and monkeys form a series in which the limbs are successively freed from the trunk, and in the highest apes they are capable of nearly the same movements as the human arm and leg, which in their development pass through all these early stages."

Physiologists tell us that at certain phases of development, it is not possible to tell whether the embryo is that of some higher quadruped or whether it is human.

The greatest interest centers around the development of the most complicated structure, that which embodies all others, and, passing beyond them, becomes the reasoning human being.

The time occupied in the perfection of the human embryo so that it is capable of living its own separate life occupies about three-fourths of a year, or on an average of 280 days. At the end of the third week it has grown from the microscopic germ to about one-fourth of an inch long. There are no limbs and the head is the largest part. In the seventh week, bone begins to form in the lower jaw and in the collar bone, and narrow streaks show the beginning of the ribs. The heart is perfectly formed and the limbs are beginning to sprout. By the end of the seventh week it is three-quarters of an inch long and the liver and lungs and other internal organs are partially formed. The first indication of structures are exceedingly simple. At first the heart is but a straight tube which enlarges and divides into parts and becomes at last the perfected organ. Pulsations are seen even before the tube is formed. The mode of development of the liver and lungs was mentioned in the last chapter.

The stomach and intestines are at first simply a straight tube. This enlarges at one point to form the stomach. The tube grows in length until it must be doubled upon itself many times to be held in the abdominal cavity. Then the lower end of the tube dilates and forms the large intestine. By similar processes the other internal organs are formed.

By the eighth week the embryo is an inch long and begins to look a little like a human being. The forearm and hand can be distinguished but not the arm. The hand is larger than the forearm, but is not yet supplied with fingers.

From this time on the growth is rapid, and by the end of three months the eyelids are perfect but closed, the lips drawn together, the larger blood vessels carry red blood, the fingers and toes are defined, muscles begin to be developed, the length is four or five inches and the weight two to four ounces.

By the end of the seventh month development has proceeded until the child might live if born, and yet it is still very feeble and its separate life would be maintained with difficulty.

The development of the face is of especial interest. At one time it is simply a mass of material from the sides of which start out five buds or processes which grow towards each other. One grows directly down from the frontal region and becomes finally the bone which in its lower side holds the upper incisor teeth. This is called the inter-maxillary process. From the opposite sides two other buds approach and form the rest of the upper jaw. They are called superior maxillary processes. Below these, two other processes, the lower maxillary push forward and make the lower jaw by uniting in the center and forming one piece. In the lower animals it does not become consolidated but is joined in the middle by a suture.

As the frontal process grows downward it divides at its lower extremity and two offshoots appear at the sides and curl around to form the nostrils.

The processes that form the lower jaw grow more rapidly than those of the upper and join together while those of the upper still remain separate. Should anything interfere with the complete closure of the divisions of the upper jaw, we have the deformity known as a hare-lip.

The eyes at an early period are situated on the sides of the head so that they cannot be seen in front. Later they are pushed forward by the more rapid growth of the back and sides of the head. At one time the eyes look in different directions, out and down, but later as they come to the front they are parallel and look directly forward.

As we note the development of the embryo, we begin to feel that it is no wonder that there are occasional deformities among people, or that there are so many whom we cannot call beautiful, but our wonder grows that there are so few who are born deformed and such myriads of people who are passably good-looking.

LITTLE FEET.

BY A. MACKENZIE.

I.

Dear little feet that lie in my hand!
Dear little feet from a far-off land,
Come to us, come to us, newly
Out of a far-off fairy Thule.
You have run to us out of the greater day—
Can you give no hint of the winsome way?
For we who are grizzled and grey and old
Would fain step out on the streets of gold.
What was the way? What was the road?
Was the pathway easy, and smooth, and broad?
It must have been strewn with roses, I think,
For here is their white, and here is their pink;
And forget-me-nots, and violets, too,
Have stained sweet lilies of delicate blue.
Yes, rose leave swhite and rose leaves red
Were a carpet meet for your dainty tread;
And forget-me-nots and violets blue
Lent you a hint of a heaven new.
Tell us the way! Ah! youth forgets,
And the dew soon dries on the violets.

II.

Dear little feet, you will go some day
Down by a dark and cruel way,
Out to a country dim and far,
Where cool, great waters and green grass are.
But the way is sharp, with many a stone,
And, dear little feet, you must go alone—
And it's oh! that I might lay down my heart
To ease for a moment just one little smart.
For my heart is tender and soft and true,
And 'twould be as the silk rose leaves for you—
As the rose leaves white and the rose leaves red,
Warm and soft to your timid tread;
As the rose leaves red and the rose leaves white
To gleam in the dark with love's own light;
As forget-me-nots and violets blue,
To keep you in mind of the heaven in view,
And oh! it would stretch for you all the way,
On through the night, on the day,
But, dear little feet, you must go alone.
Alone, alone, and all alone.

—*Good Words.*

THE VALUE OF TOYS.

BY MARTHA CROMBIE WOOD.

How many of us can recall the feeling of intense weariness which followed a day spent at the "World's Fair" in Chicago! Our eyes refused to see, save in a dull, unappreciative way; our ears failed to catch the great beauty of even the best of music and our brain all but refused to record any impression of the world about us. So many sensations came crowding in upon us that, if we stayed longer than we should to receive the greatest benefit, we found ourselves in a kind of mental stupor.

Have you ever thought that many babies endure similar torture every day they live? Try to imagine how we would feel to be talked, cooed and sung to all the time, shaken up and down, rocked back and forth and when our patience became exhausted and we proclaimed the fact by lusty yells, to have a toy composed of ivory rings, silver bells and bright ribbons shaken in our face until Nature, becoming exasperated with unintentional cruelty inflicted, gathered us in her loving arms and gently closing the weary eyelids proceeded to sooth the tingling nerves.

Even though lying quietly in his cradle, or perhaps I should say crib, as the swinging, swaying cradle seems to be of the past, baby's eyes follow a bright light or gay color, his ears listen to unusual sounds and his tiny hands reach out to grasp any object which attracts him, not even hesitating to try to seize the moon.

There is so much for baby to see, so many changing views passing before him, that his attention should be attracted to some simple object which, by causing him to forget other things, will rest him. Too many sensations exhaust the feeble brain-power and leave no impression. For this the simple yarn balls used in the kindergarten do very nicely. Their bright color holds the attention, the form is the same when seen from any side, so the same impression is repeated and in that way strengthened. Being of a convenient size to fit into baby's hand it is easily held, and although the little hands may fail to hold it, a bump on the face from it will do no harm.

To make the balls, take a small quantity of wool batting, just enough to make a ball the size of a circle one and one-half inches in diameter, crochet a covering of single zephyr. Using a plain stitch, crochet around and around, widening when necessary until half done; then begin to narrow. When about three-fourths done, stuff with the wool and, continuing to narrow, close the opening. Before you break the yarn after closing the top of your ball, make a chain about eight or ten inches long. Now using this cord fasten the completed ball to the top of the crib or carriage where your baby

doll-house from the toy shop? Because the first is the result of his own thought and originality. It is a part of himself and its very crudeness allows free play of the imagination. The other is so complete there is nothing for him to do unless he destroys it. The wooden beads and bead-tiles, also tablets and sticks used in the kindergarten, prove an endless pleasure to children, especially invalids.

It has too long been an accepted fact that boys should not be interested in *dolls*; that they were for *girls* not *boys*. From infancy they are not only allowed but encouraged to look with disdain upon anything belonging to girls and when they are grown we wonder why they are so lacking in tenderness and respect for women. I have noticed that boys who were not used to "girls' things" became much more tender after learning to play with the kindergarten doll.

I do not say boys should play with dolls as much as girls do, but they should know how to, and in this way will have more respect for the play-things of their sisters. They naturally turn to balls, tops, marbles, guns and bow and arrows—things with which to test their strength and skill. These are all good toys if rightly used but how often we see boys learning to undervalue life by being allowed to use a gun improperly. I have seen them hit birds with air-guns and never know and never care if they were dead or suffering. Guns should be used to give skill and to protect the weak from the strong. I cannot see why girls might not be allowed to use a gun or bow and arrow. It trains the eye, steadies the nerves and gives physical control.

With toy dishes children may learn to arrange the table nicely, wash dishes properly and serve a simple meal. They may learn a number of little things while nursing their dolls that may be helpful to them when they care for their children. Show them how to make the bed without removing the sick doll, or to prepare a dainty tray, and it will lighten their work when the time comes for them to care for some invalid. Before your girls become too old to play with dolls buy some doll patterns and teach them to cut and fit. Help them to make dainty garments, using the exquisite needlework our grandmothers were familiar with and your girls will not try to be young ladies too soon. Teach the duties of housekeeping with toy dishes, stoves, and doll furniture and it will be much easier to do the same things on a larger scale. Be careful that the *teaching* is not evident or the freedom of the play may be lost. Too rapid change in toys produce fickleness and a wrong idea of their value. When the toys are put away in the evening every one should be accounted for; not even the little things should be lost.

. . . In the Nursery . . .

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."—DELANO.

THE CARE OF THE CHILD FOR THE FIRST SIX YEARS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

No. II.

For baby's first wardrobe the mother should prepare high-necked, long-sleeved shirts of fine all-wool or silk-warp flannel. These can be so made as to accomplish all that the band does without its objectionable features. If they are not so made, elastic bands of flannel or stockinet will be needed to keep the navel dressing in place for the first three weeks. Four dozen diapers will be needed. Cotton is better absorbent material than linen. Next she should make three cotton skirts, three flannel skirts, six slips and three muslin night-gowns all cut in the princess style, the first sleeveless, the others high-necked and long-sleeved. Two outing flannel wrappers, two short flannel jackets, and one shoulder shawl will be found useful. All seams of the flannel should be made on the right side and cat-stitched down. This outfit, if home-made, need not cost more than ten dollars.

After resting from his first bath the baby may be dressed in shirt and diaper, and placed in what might be termed swaddling clothes. This last calls for a cheese cloth quilt about a yard square, and two flannel blankets of about the same size. Fold down one corner, lay the child's head here, and the body diagonally across the blanket. Fold first one side loosely around the child and then the other, and lastly turn up the lower corner and fasten with a safety pin. This necessitates little handling and allows easy access of the mother's hand to discover the bodily conditions.

For weak or premature children an additional convenience is a small hair or cotton pillow covered with a pillow case. On one side is a pocket half the length of the pillow into which the enwrapped baby may be placed and held snug and comfortable. After a few weeks the baby may be put into the rest of his clothes. Much handling and turning may be obviated by placing the garments one inside of the other—flannel skirt, cotton skirt, dress—and putting them all on the child at once. Pins, compressing bandages, and rough embroidery are all done away with, and full liberty of the limbs should be insured by limiting the dress to thirty inches from shoulder to hem.

This style of dress is admirably calculated to meet all vicissitudes: in the hottest weather, the one long-sleeved flannel slip may be all that is needful in the middle of the day, while for morning and evening or cooler summer days, the cotton skirt and dress or the outing flannel wrapper, or short jacket then may be slipped on.

This plan does away with an undue amount of clothing. Many summer babies suffer with eruptions that might have been avoided had their caretakers realized that it is just as important to avoid overheating as it is to keep the tender infant from undue exposure. Nowadays such beautiful light-weight fabrics can be bought, that there is no excuse for weighing the baby down with heavy clothes or coverings. White china silk may be used for baby's summer dresses. It is light-weight, yet warm enough, and is in the end no more expensive than starched and embroidered slips, because it needs no trimming and is so easily laundered. For children old enough to walk, slips of ecru-colored pongee are practical. The change to short clothes may be made when the child gets strong enough to use his limbs vigorously. When he begins to walk they should be so short that he will not step on them.

The fashion of putting very little boys into trousers and jackets is objectionable; hygienically, because the legs will in all probability be insufficiently clothed; artistically, because the large head and trunk and small limbs are emphasized by this style and thus the child is made to look like a Brownie; morally, because the garments are generally so tight as to cause discomfort, and the effort to relieve this may result in the formation of an evil habit which in later years may result in ruin of soul and body. When the boy of five or six is promoted to trousers they should not be loose enough to create pressure and there should be no opening in front. Mothers ought also to know that very often fretfulness and nervousness may be caused by conditions which could be relieved by the simple operation of circumcision, but the advice of an established physician should be the criterion of its necessity.

The dress of the little girl should be so constructed as to allow her perfect liberty of lungs and limbs. All garments should be supported by waists and should be loose enough to allow of the deepest breathing under active exercise. Petticoats may be discarded in the every day garments and dark-colored bloomers take their place. These will permit the perfect freedom of movements which the activity of the girl, as well as of the boy, demands, and by their inconspicuousness make climbing and romping seem more modest. Upon the perfect muscular development of the child will largely depend the health, happiness, and it may be the life of the woman.

Every mother should understand that the natural human foot is in a measure fan-shaped with pointed heel and spreading toes. To maintain this shape the baby socks should be made rights and lefts with the sole corresponding to the shape of the foot. As the child grows older, soft moccasins

may be made, baby's foot being used as a guide for the shape and size. In buying shoes, care should be taken to select broad soles, spring heels, and especially to see that the shoe is long enough, as shoes too short tend to produce bunions.

Upon the active circulation of blood in the feet and legs will also depend to a great extent the healthful condition of more remote parts. Catarrhal difficulties may be induced and continued by insufficient clothing of the lower extremities.

PUTTING THINGS IN THE MOUTH.

BY MARIE DU BOIS.

I had left for a few moments my two-year-old baby in the nursery with a friend who was a great lover of children. I was, therefore, **greatly surprised** on returning to hear sounds of contention and to see my little Dotty engaged in a struggle with Mrs. Barr. They both looked up with apparent gladness at my return, Dotty screaming "Mine, mine," as she pulled at a box which Mrs. Barr held in her hand, and Mrs. Barr saying to me in a reproving tone of voice: "I am surprised that you leave this box of buttons within reach of the baby. It was a good thing I was here or she might have swallowed them all."

"She won't put them in her mouth," I replied. "They are her special property. You can give the box to her without fear."

Mrs. Barr looked at me as if she thought I was crazy, but relinquished the box of buttons and Dotty went away satisfied to her play.

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Mrs. Barr, "that you allow Dotty to play with those loose buttons!"

"I certainly do," I replied. "Dotty has played with that box of buttons for more than a year. Just see how she amuses herself with them."

Dotty was seated on the floor with her box of buttons and an empty wide-mouthed bottle. She put the buttons one by one into the bottle, then shaking it for a time and enjoying the noise, she emptied it into the box with evident delight and repeated the operation.

"Does she never put them in her mouth?" exclaimed Mrs. Barr with astonishment. "I thought children always put everything to their mouths. Mine always did."

"I have come to the conclusion," I replied, "that putting things into the mouth is a matter of education. I used to believe that children could not be trusted with anything for fear it would go at once to the mouth. In fact, it was so with my oldest child, but I have learned a few things since his babyhood."

"Well," said Mrs. Barr, with a slight touch of irony in her voice. "I should like to know how you can train your babies to be so smart that they will not put hurtful things into their mouths."

"It is simply that I do not teach them to put things into their mouths," I said.

"I am certain I didn't teach mine to put things into his mouth, but he always did it," said Mrs. Barr.

"I am rather of the opinion," I replied, "that you did teach him, though not intentionally."

"I will give you my own experience. When my first child was born I knew absolutely nothing of the care of babies. Consequently, he was brought up in the usual hap-hazard fashion. I seemed to have the idea, which is so universal, that he must be fed every time he cried, no matter what the cause. I, therefore, unwittingly taught him that to put something into the mouth was a panacea for all ills.

"When he grew older, the same unconscious instruction was continued. He ate at all times and under all circumstances, and it was no unusual thing to offer him an apple or a cookie to divert his attention if he had received a hurt. His nurse taught him to suck his thumb by putting sugar on it. We used to bite into an apple and put it to his lips to encourage him to taste it, and so we were continually teaching him to put everything to his mouth.

"It was six years before Henry came and during that time I had learned something. He was fed with regularity. In fact, it was a standing joke when the baby cried to tell him to ask his mother to look at her watch and see if he were hungry. He was a bottle-fed baby but I never gave him his bottle and put him off in his cradle or cab to take it by himself. I never allowed any one else to feed him, but taking him in my arms I held him close to me and supplied, as far as possible, the conditions which exist when the natural food is given; and I believe he actually thought I was his source of supply.

"Nothing was ever offered him to put into his mouth except his bottle. When he was weaned, he was still fed with regularity and always under certain conditions. He had his plate, knife, fork, spoon and cup. These were put in a certain place and there was a certain routine which accompanied his eating. He never was given anything to eat except under these conditions.

"I had not observed that he did not put things into his mouth until one day a caller gave him some candy, which he held until his hands were sticky and then he came to me asking me to take the candy and wash his hands. The lady was quite surprised and said:

" 'Doesn't that child know enough to eat candy?'

"My answer was, 'The child knows too much to eat anything except at meal time.'

Editorial.

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D., Editor.

ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN, Assistant Editor.

One of the greatest encouragements that comes to me in my work is the proof that my magazine is helpful, not only to those in our own land, but also to those brave souls who are working in foreign fields, under so many discouragements, for the uplift and betterment of other nationalities.

This proof comes to me in the most tangible form in the way of subscriptions and oftentimes causes me to wonder that my little magazine, started so modestly, should have grown to such pretention and have become of value to those in other lands.

I have been moved to write thus by the number of foreign subscriptions that have been coming in just recently. In one letter I received subscriptions for persons in Foochow, China; Tokyo, Japan; Osaka, Japan; Kohala, and Hawaii, Hawaiian Islands.

The same mail that brought this letter containing so many foreign subscriptions, brought a request from Amsterdam that a complete file of the NEW CRUSADE be sent, in order that they might be bound and incorporated in an exhibition of magazines devoted to the interests of women, which was to be sent by the women of Holland to the Paris Exposition.

The nucleus of this collection was gathered for the Exhibition of Women's Industries held at the Hague last summer. It has already been doubled, and, together with more than 3,000 additional volumes upon subjects pertaining to the moral, industrial and legal position of women, will be sent to the coming Exposition at Paris.

It is the intention to bring together all that has been published relating to women's work in the different countries of the world during the second half of the nineteenth century, and to issue a special catalogue of this literature.

Unfortunately, I did not have the prophet's vision in the early days of my magazine and did not foresee its wonderful growth and the call that might arise for back numbers. The consequence is that I have no complete file to send to Holland. I would like very much to send the magazines desired, and I am wondering if there may not be some of my subscribers who have had the magazine from the beginning, and would be willing, for the sake of having

our work represented at Paris, to send to us the numbers in their possession needed to complete our files. The numbers that we need are as follows: 1896, April, May, July, October and November; 1897, August; 1898, September.

I am so glad that these things come into my life to encourage me in the work that I have undertaken, and yet this recognition from foreign lands is not more encouraging to me than the words that come to me from tired mothers of our own home country, expressing their gratitude for the help which they receive.

I am going to let my readers share in these encouragements from month to month, by printing one or two of these letters as they come to me. One mother, who is also a physician, writes: "The blessed Crusade! Long may it live! There is no other publication equal to it in helpfulness to parents and teachers."

In response to last month's editorial one subscriber has written to ten women of her acquaintance, asking them to subscribe to the NEW CRUSADE. At the same time she sends us the ten names and addresses, requesting us to send sample copies, which we gladly do. Shall we do the same for you?

One subscriber says, "My little boy asks the meaning of the picture on the cover of your magazine. Will you explain it?"

Gladly. The Crusades of old were expeditions of men, who, clad in armor, went forth to fight for the cross. This gave the name Crusade. They expected to succeed by bloodshed. The picture represents one of these mailed knights giving up his sword to a knight of the new Crusade who wears no armor, but who raises the standard of purity symbolized by the White Cross. He stands as the protector of the woman and children, his arm resting on the White Shield, the symbol of protection. The woman thus guarded, gives to her children the knowledge which shall enable them to walk safely through life's rough paths. From above the light is streaming over all and in its rays are the words (in old French) "Dieu le Volt," (It is the will of God), which was the war-cry of the old Crusaders, and is also ours.

The aim of the NEW CRUSADE is given always on the first page of our magazine. It is a crusade of knowledge against ignorance, of light against darkness, of virtue against vice; its knights are clad in the panoply of righteousness and conquer not by force and arms, but by the power of a pure and noble life. Who wants to be a Knight of the New Crusade?

... Of Interest to Fathers ...

“Thou giv’st me, child, a father’s name,
God’s earliest name in Paradise.”

--*Bayard Taylor.*

THE UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

It was Easter Sunday in a large West-end church. The choir passed slowly up the aisle. The Curate and the Incumbent came at the end of the procession, and the solitary figure of a very small boy brought up the rear.

The congregation were well-accustomed to this sight, and knew the story of it all. Three years had passed since the wife of their popular rector died, leaving her child motherless.

It was whispered about on the authority of a member of the vestry, that their cultured, scholarly rector (so deeply versed in theological intricacies) was equally at home in the mysteries of the nursery; that he himself poured out the boy’s mugs of milk. And it was believed, not without good evidence, that his own hands brushed and carefully parted the child’s smooth head of yellow hair. He was a man of two ruling passions—an intense love for his motherless child, and a great enthusiasm for the “glad tidings” was commissioned to bear.

This Easter Day he preached one of his most powerful sermons. He spoke of the mother of Christ, and his words made every man present think of the mother who had borne him, and filled every woman with a deep maternal longing. He dwelt on the agony of the Crucifixion and the unutterable grief which must have wrung the mother’s heart. And then he turned to another point—the misery of those who “feel a mother-want about the world.”

It was at that passage that many pitying faces were turned towards the corner of the front pew, where the boy sat, all alone, gazing up with childish love at his father. Such a loveable little face it was, with deep, glowing eyes, and pale golden hair, a pathetically small boy to be sitting there all alone!

The rector in his earnestness was not unconscious of his lonely child. The golden head and eyes he loved so dearly were a sorrowful instance to give point to his words; and they made him speak as those alone can speak of what they have learned through suffering.

"Think," he said, "what a child's life is without a mother's love! Who else can wrap the babe in swaddling bands, who can tend, who can cherish, who can love, who but a mother?"

At this question his powerful voice was stayed for a moment, as though waiting an answer from the attentive listeners, whose eyes were fixed on him in motionless silences.

In the hush a clear childish voice reached even to the farthest corners, as the answer came from the small solitary figure in the front pew: "A faver would do ev'y bit as well, daddy dear!"

The rector closed his sermon somewhat abruptly; and turning, delivered the concluding doxology in a voice which betrayed he had lost something of his imperturbable calm.

In the vestry a few minutes later, he gathered his son in his arms, and pressed him to his heart, as the child anxiously inquired: "You ain't angry wif me, are you, daddy dear? I forgot ev'ybody was listening!"—*Handasyde in Sunday Magazine.*

NOBODY KNOWS BUT FATHER.

DEDICATED TO ALL FAITHFUL FATHERS.

Nobody knows of the money it takes
To keep the home together:
Nobody knows of the debt it makes,
Nobody knows—but father.

Nobody is told that the boys need shoes,
And the girls hats with a feather:
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood
And flour's out together;
Nobody else must make them good,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody thinks whence the money will come
To pay the bills that gather:
Nobody feels so blue and glum,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay
Up something for bad weather,
And runs behind, do what he may;
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cold storm
To meet dear ones who gather
Around with loving welcome warm,
Nobody does—but father.

Nobody loves the home-life pure,
Watched over by a mother,
Where rest and bliss is all secure,
Nobody—only father.

HOMO-CULTURE,

OR THE Improvement of Offspring
Through Wiser Generation.

By M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

THIS book, under its old title of "Stirpiculture," has attracted widespread attention. The subject of the betterment of the human race is the most important one that we have to consider. Young and old should alike be interested in it. Every one should read this clear presentation of this great subject.

Dr. C. D. Crothers says of it:

"Dr. Holbrook's book on Homo Culture is a pioneer work of great merit on a subject of vast importance too little understood. It will live as a monument to his work for mankind."

Dr. H. H. Gleason, says:

"It is by far the best and almost the only treatise on this subject in our language worth reading. The chapters on Heredity and Education, and on Evolution's Hopeful Promise for a Healthier Race are very fine."

Especially should those contemplating marriage read this book.

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To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health:
To dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. XI.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 1

THE KING OF LAPLAND.

BY ALICE CRARY.

I know a tiny monarch who has taken his command
Within a quiet region, where a faithful little band
Of people do his bidding, or yield him homage true,
And watch his faintest gesture, as old vassals used to do.

His territory's bordered by two encircling arms,
And keeping in their shelter, he is safe from all alarms;
This land is sometimes "rocky" if he feels inclined for jest,
Or lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is known as Mother's Brow,
While east and west are twin-gray lakes, reflecting, I avow,
The prettiest bit of Nature that a human heart can see
Whene'er the little monarch is alert for jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary from the riding out in state,
Or bowing to his subjects and serfs importunate,
Retiring to the castle, his regal head our King
Lays down in princely grandeur, while loving minstrels sing.

If you would find his royal seat, you need not sail the sea,
For—strange enough—his throne is set in this home of the free.
Just find the nearest nursery, and bow to the command
Of the loving little monarch, who is King of all Lapland.

WEEDS OR BLOSSOMS.

BY MARTHA CROMBIE WOOD.

A prominent writer once likened the mind of a child to a garden, and the reading matter given it to seed. He said many people who would consider it foolish to plant weeds in gardens did not hesitate to fill their children's minds with trash. We carefully select the seeds for our gardens, buying only the best and *planting only the kind we intend to cultivate*.

Much attention is given to the preparation of the soil and Nature is allowed to unfold the plant according to the plan best adapted to its growth.

We do not let vines run along the ground until they are long enough to reach the *top* of the trellis, and then interrupt their growth and bruise their leaves by trying to separate them from the weeds and rubbish with which they have become entangled, but we allow children to see crude pictures, hear poor music and listen to or read stories void of good English, moral value or even accurate information.

Then when they begin to choose their own pictures, books and music they select trash, and the mothers, thinking that the time has come to begin to cultivate a taste for the best, look about for some way in which to do it. They do not realize that they have planted seeds which could only develop crude tastes, and which must be rooted out by a slow and painful process, when it would have been quite as easy to plant good seed in the beginning.

It has been proved that lessons in self-control may be given to infants with their food. Is it not quite as possible to control their literary, musical and artistic tastes? Do not the first influences begin with pictures, stories and songs of the nursery?

Perhaps we do not realize how early in life the baby notices pictures. A mother once had a copy of the Angelus hanging above a door in her hall; one day her eighteen-months-old baby stopped in his play, and pointing to the picture said, "George." The face of the man in the picture being in the shadow caused the baby to think it was the picture of a colored man working on the place.

One of the mothers in my Mother's Study class has tried the following plan very successfully. Using the Perry Pictures she selects a small group of those most likely to appeal to her children and pins them on the wall by their beds where they will see them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Without calling their attention to it she changes the group by taking away a picture and filling its place with another one. In this way the children enjoy watching for the new ones and by seeing the same pictures a number of times become familiar with the choicest works of art. These children have expressed their enjoyment of the pictures in ways quite similar

Goose," but there are so many crude ideas to be gained from them that it is necessary to change the words in many places. The Old Woman in the Shoe may be changed in this way,—

"There was a dear woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children that there were many things to do;
She gave them some milk and nice buttered bread,
And kissing them sweetly she put them to bed."

Some sensitive children are much distressed over the fate of the black-birds that were baked in the pie and reason that since they could sing when it was opened they must have been alive while it was being baked. It could be changed in some such way as this,—

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Flying in the sky.

or

Sing a song of spring time,
Summer's drawing nigh;
Hear the birdies singing,
Building nests so high.

When the summer's over
South the birds will fly,
Leaves will turn to crimson,
Dark will grow the sky.

Then will fall the snow-flakes,
Covering birdies' nests,
Brooks and trees and flowers
All will be at rest.

Every one knows that time wasted in growing weeds might have been used to grow flowers. The time most children have wasted for them by being supplied with poor stories might have been used to store their minds with choice stories from our best literature. Through stories we may cultivate a taste for choice literature, art, history and natural science.

Last winter when we were talking about the blacksmiths I told the story of Achilles' Armor. After describing Achilles as a leader of soldiers I told how one time when they had great need of a strong leader he left them and going to his tent sulked because he could not have his way. Then I spoke of his armor being lost, and his final decision to return to the field and the armor which the mighty smith Vulcan made for him. Great emphasis was placed upon the fact that he overcame his selfishness.

THE MOTHER AS COMRADE, CONFIDANT AND FRIEND.

BY ALICE LEE MOQUE.

THE question, "How are we, as mothers, to control our children?" is one of vital importance, and when those children are boys, the problem becomes not only more difficult, but upon the answer hinges not only the welfare of the boy himself, but his influence in the world, for good or evil.

An oft-quoted saying, "A man is what his mother made him," is undoubtedly true, but we must remember that it is in the early formative years alone, that the mother is able to "make or mar."

When I use the word "control" in reference to the management and education of a child, I do not mean to express any real use of force, nor even the exercise of maternal authority, but the far more subtle, and powerful soul-molding power, which every true mother should exert at all times, by her life—in thoughts, deeds and words—implanting each day and hour in the heart and mind of her boy, the high moral ideas she herself possesses, which will teach him to do no wrong to others.

But some little mother will ask wearily, How can I do all this? conscious of the innumerable other duties which rest upon her, and fearful of the great responsibility of leading and teaching, while conscious of her own lack of experience. As a mother of sons, maybe my own plan will be of help, and may afford a plan of campaign, for some other mother to improve and perfect.

The great mistake is made, when a parent allows a child, either boy or girl, to "grow away." Growing up, should always mean growing nearer to the maternal heart and life, but it is unfortunately too often just the reverse, and yet "in their teens" is just the very time when the young hearts, souls, and minds need most guidance. Yes, and more than guidance, the boys and girls need a comrade, a confidant, a friend.

Most boys, by the time they have entered their teens have grown to think of their mother as a councillor "for the girls," but quite beneath their own status. Already there is a dread of "mother knowing" what they are doing and thinking, and, little by little, they slip away until one day the mother wakes to find she has lost her boy, by having lost his confidences and having ceased to be made his confidant.

A big boy is nothing after all but a little boy; but the big boy must no longer be openly governed, but taught unconsciously to think our thoughts, and act as we would have him act, by imbibing continually the mother-love and mother-influence. The way of all ways to keep our children in our hearts, is to keep ourselves in their minds. Maternal dignity may be all very

It is only the first step which counts. Let a boy in his youthful ignorance and folly but take a wrong step, and he soon follows it by others, as a matter of course. How many mothers tell the boys and girls the great things, while their whole lives are given up to harping upon the lesser and unimportant? "Keep your hands and face clean," they command, but how rarely do they explain the need for keeping a clean soul and body?

Ah, yes, after all, men, and women, too, are what their mothers made them, but not only that, but what their mothers *keep them*. These little ones of ours are pure and spotless in God's sight, when he places them in our arms, let us strive to keep them so; remembering, that the truth properly told has never yet harmed a child, while silence, false shame, and mystery, have corrupted the souls and bodies of untold millions.

THE HOUSEHOLD MARTYR.

BY P. W. HUMPHREYS.

She was gazing from the window with a thoughtful look on her usually sunny face—gazing sympathetically at the patient figure of a young girl wheeling a baby coach steadily up and down in front of the house.

"If there is any one in this wide world," she said, "whom I pity more than another, it is the figure familiar to many but understood by few—commonly looked upon as the household martyr; and this little specimen outside is just entering upon her reign of martyrdom.

"Perhaps you do not recognize her by that name," she continued, "but yet you have seen her many times, with her patient face, her never quite new gowns and her look of premature gravity that characterizes a face on which the continued life of self-sacrifice has made its mark. A flock of younger brothers and sisters look up to her as the guiding star of the home, a dependent mother turns over the care of the children to one who has scarce known any childhood of her own, and at a time when she should be enjoying life's best and sweetest, the slender shoulders of the oldest daughter are weighed down by cares that should only come to her in nature's chosen way, instead of being thrust upon her to blight out all the pent-up youthful enthusiasm, making her old before her time.

"When but little more than a baby she was thrust aside from the mother's knee to make room for a little sister or brother; her play-time resolved itself into "minding the baby," and as the years went on, and the family still increased, it became her duty to look out for first one thing and then another, until by the time she was fifteen her experience would have been readily taken for that of a woman of fifty.

Editorial.

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D., Editor.

ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN, Assistant Editor.

WHEN a child I used to imagine that on New Year's day the whole earth took a "flop" somehow and began on a new level, and this, I fancied, was why we all resolved to turn over a new leaf. It would be easier to turn when the earth did.

Then, too, I fancied that on birthdays we made a big leap from one year to the next. I did not know just how, but yesterday I was 6, today I am 7, a whole year older. I must have made the jump in the night while I was asleep.

I am wiser now. I know that the earth does not turn a somersault on New Year's day, and that people do not leap from one year to another at a bound. I have learned, too, that resolutions made on these special days are very apt to be broken, unless we have been practically keeping them a long time in advance, and therefore the best way to keep a New Year's resolution is to make it and keep it every day in the year.

O, but I've learned a deeper lesson than that, and that is if we want to keep our resolutions we must make them moment by moment. I was cross yesterday and last night I resolved I wouldn't be cross today, and the first thing I did this morning was to get out of patience. I put off my resolution too long. I should have made it yesterday just at the moment I lost control of myself and have kept making it all day, or better still, have kept myself so in the spirit of Christ-like love that the irritable spirit would have departed and have taken with it the possibility of being vexed. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose heart is stayed on Thee." Ah, I did not seek the in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Ah, I did not seek the source of Peace before I began the day.

I think I have learned another lesson, and that is that it is very foolish to bear the burdens of the past or forecast those of the future.

D'Israeli in Lothair makes one of his characters say of another that he always experiences what he fancies will come, and warns him against imagining possible griefs and cares; and mental scientists today tell us that we create our future by our hopes or fears. Be that as it may it certainly is unwise to grieve over that which has gone and cannot be changed or over that which is possible and yet may never come.

If we observe closely ourselves and our friends we'll soon see that we are all loaded down with past and future burdens as well as with present ones.

. . . Of Interest to Fathers . . .

"Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise."

--*Bayard Taylor.*

PERSONAL PURITY AND CRIME.

BY T. D. CROTHERS, M. D.

PURITY of thought and conduct is both an inherited and acquired faculty. The several centers of the brain, or that part which regulates the impulse for reproduction, may be malformed, over developed or under developed, or wanting altogether. All degrees of variations are found in this faculty, very much as the external forms of the body vary. In nearly all cases this faculty is the most neglected, and ignored. It is suppressed and invested with mystery, and no function of life is surrounded with greater ignorance and delusional stupidity. Impurity of act and thought is the result, with crime, reversion to animalism and destruction. No parents can expect high-minded, pure children unless they themselves are so in thought and deed. The higher moral brain centers which govern and recognize our relations to others, and teach the ethics of right and wrong, duty and responsibility, are cultivated as essentials of life. But our relations to posterity, and duty to transmit both physically and mentally what we have acquired, are only vague theories, seldom practiced.

The sexual impulse is an inheritance, modified by degrees of vigor, perfection of growth and restriction, up to the period when it attains beginning maturity. If this inheritance from parents is defective, exaggerated or diminished, above or below the normal plane, and associated with extremes of excitement and exhaustion, it will appear in the children. Nothing can be more certain than this transmission, in some form or other, to the next generation. The abnormalities of parents in lines of sexual descent are always present, concealed or open. Can early culture and training divert and turn the mind away from these lines of reversion? Certainly, the same as in other directions of brain culture and training. Impurity of thought and act shows either bad inheritance and worse training, together with a degenerate sexual brain. A clergyman who enjoyed stories of sexual weakness and puns of sexual life, had a son who became a rake and died early. He inherited a diseased sexual impulse and without early training was literally wrecked. A lady whose husband was a sexual degenerate and died early, consulted me as

that she only found relief in opium. She too recovered and has no return of these impulses. She has taken up active out-door studies with exercise, and is well and strong again.

The publication of details of sexual crimes is exceedingly dangerous for many persons. There is impurity of thought in these details that is criminal, and will some day be punished and suppressed. Personal purity is a growth of knowledge, a culture, an attainment, signifying manhood and womanhood as it should be. It may come naturally or only by vigorous efforts to overcome some defect of the brain. The opposite of personal purity is both manhood and womanhood retrograding, going back to lower types and levels of living.

TWO IDEALS.

BY W. G. R.

William is five and Margaret seven,—
 Dear little comforts, gifts of heaven!
 They stood one day by their mother's chair,
 Fondling her face and stroking her hair.

"When I'm a man," said William the bold,
 "When I'm a man, I'll be good as gold;
 I will be good as papa is now."
 And his sister answered with earnest brow,

"Yes, Willie dear, if you're good as he,
 You'll be just as good as a man can be,
 Will he not, mama?" With faith and pride,
 "He cannot be better," the dear one replied.

O Christ the forgiving! O Father in heaven!
 Would I were pure as the girl of seven!
 Blot out the sins of the past yet alive,
 Make me as true as the boy of five.

should be more liberally supplied in the dietary of the mother, or he should be weaned, because her milk is deficient either in quality or quantity.

Water, unadulterated and made pure by sterilizing, is the only necessary and entirely unobjectionable drink. Tea and coffee contain nerve poisons and are therefore deleterious; beer causes a very poor quality of milk to be secreted and in proportion to the alcohol it contains is positively poisonous. Cocoa and cereal coffee are less open to objection, but these drinks owe all their apparent efficiency to the water they contain.

When the baby must be reared artificially, trouble begins. No doubt the best substitute for the mother is a good wet nurse, but even if a woman with a physical capacity can be found, it is possible that her personal habits or mental and moral obliquities may make her most undesirable.

Next to the natural food comes cow's milk taken from a herd of well-kept cows, as it is more uniform in quality than that of one cow. One doctor of wide experience believes that in the country where the cows are well-fed and kept clean, the milk fresh and well-cared for, babies thrive best on unsterilized milk diluted with sterilized water. In the city, however, where the milk is subject to many vicissitudes of exposure and travel, sterilizing is a necessity. If a mother cannot purchase a patent milk sterilizer, let her obtain a covered vessel with a false perforated bottom which will allow the bottles to be immersed in water. Into each bottle put enough properly diluted milk for one feeding, cork each with a rubber cork, place in the vessel on the perforated bottom, put in water enough to cover the bottles, and boil for one-half hour. This heat is sufficient to kill the germs without destroying the vitality of the milk. The bottles can now be placed to cool, and when needed, one can be set in a pan of hot water until raised to the right temperature—blood heat, or 99 degrees F. Never *rewarm* a meal that has only been partly eaten. Give a fresh supply each time and throw away the unused portion. Too hot or too cold food is hurtful.

It is the experience of some observant physicians that unsterilized cream diluted with sterilized water will agree when all else fails. The proportions, one-third cream to two-thirds water, are maintained unvaryingly, but the whole amount increased as more food is required. Water is sterilized by boiling one-half hour; it may then be corked up in bottles and will keep sweet indefinitely.

It is impossible to select any one prepared food as the best, for what agrees with one infant will not agree with another. If these foods are to be used experimenting will doubtless be necessary, but this calls for the careful guidance of a competent, experienced and conscientious physician. Condensed milk should be resorted to only in an emergency.

The new-born infant needs a small quantity of food, about six teaspoonfuls at a meal. The weight of the child can be taken as an approximate

baby should have several teeth, as this is a sign of physiological changes taking place in the intestines, preparing them to appropriate solid food. As the teeth develop in groups with intervals of rest, care should be taken that the weaning is accomplished during a resting interval. He should be weaned gradually, and, if the mother is strong, this should not be done in hot weather. The life of the child may depend upon the possibility of his having maternal nourishment during the summer. He should not be weaned when ill.

Teething is a physiological process and not responsible for the bowel disturbances attributed to it. It, however, indicates certain changes which are taking place in the alimentary canal, and which are accompanied by increased irritability of the bowels. Improper food at this time will cause disturbances which should be observed and remedied, but which too often go unregarded because they are supposed to be the natural result of teething.

The appearance of teeth indicate that the child is getting ready for solid foods. These may be gradually given him in the form of unfermented whole-wheat (not Graham) bread, or hard rolls on which he can nibble and thus exercise his teeth and call into activity the developing salivary glands. Mothers do not generally know that babies cannot digest starch, and so they give white crackers—which are an abomination—white bread, rice, arrow-root, etc. Prof. Monti of the Polyclinic, Austria, Vienna, asserts that starchy foods are the all-prevailing cause of the so much dreaded teething complaints. Where milk and cream do not agree, some farinaceous food may become a necessity. Wheat farina is good. Oatmeal gruel can be made and strained through a wire sieve. Cereal mushes should be cooked for hours and if they contain bran in any form should be sifted or strained.

Long boiling converts the starch of white flour into dextrine which is digestible by the baby. The flour should be tied up in a cloth and boiled twelve hours. The soft outside should then be cut away. A teaspoonful of the hard inside can be grated off and used to make a thin gruel. Albuminized milk, such as used by the mother, is also good.

The response to the request for back numbers of the NEW CRUSADE has been so prompt and generous that now we are obliged to request that no more be sent. We will return those numbers that we do not need where we have the address of the sender. Some have given no address so we cannot return them, but we are truly grateful for the kind courtesy that prompted their sending.

undue familiarities of her young men friends. When we go to call on Edith Ward we know we needn't expect to 'make eyes' at her, squeeze her hand, or kiss her on the sly, for she isn't the sort of 'cheap' girl who smiles on any of these innocent-appearing little attentions. No, every caller at the Ward home is received in the bosom of the family as a friend and made to feel as one by Papa and Mamma Ward and the four big brothers Ward."

"You don't mean to say it takes the whole six of them to chaperone this one immaculate young person?" said Geoffrey with an amused laugh. "When I call on a girl I usually expect to see her alone, at least for a few minutes."

"Chaperon?" responded Gilbert. "Of course I don't mean that she has her whole family dancing constant attendance upon her. What I do mean is that no young man can be on calling terms with Edith Ward who isn't willing or worthy to be a friend of the family, and when he is lucky enough to 'see her alone' she treats him with a frank, kind friendliness that 'puts him on his me'el,' as it were, making him wish that he really was the truly manly young man she appears to think him. He goes out from her presence respecting her, and if not quite respecting himself resolving to so live in the future that he can."

"Well, it's a grand thing for a young man to be able to respect himself," remarked Geoffrey, with sudden thoughtfulness.

"It is, *just*. And there are more young men respecting themselves in this community than before Edith Ward came into it. Without particularizing the point she soon let it be known that she recognized no different standard of morality for young men and maidens. She is very severe on the sowing of wild oats, but if you'll believe me it only makes her more popular. Say what you please, Geoff, young men care most for what they can respect, no matter how 'wild' they are. A 'cheap' girl's influence can only go so far, but one like Edith Ward unconsciously appeals to all that is good and pure and holy in a fellow's nature. By the most ordinary acquaintance with her he is uplifted in spite of himself."

"How enthusiastic you are, Gilbert!" said Geoffrey, noting the other's shining eyes. "But how about the 'cheap' girls—are *they* becoming less, or being uplifted? Or does your 'dear' girl's influence apply only to young men?"

"No, she's a real girl's girl, and while she, by her actions, decrys all their little 'cheapnesses,' there's no offensive 'I-am-better-than-thou' Phariseism about her in word or deed. Why, I saw her myself stop one day on the street to speak to a girl who had 'belonged to our circle' but whom, at that time, all the other girls were shunning. I don't know what happened after but do know that now that girl is living a blameless life, striving to live down the consequences of the false step in her past, and Edith Ward is her staunch friend. I tell you, Geoff, she's gold all through."

For the third time Geoffrey subjected the other to a close scrutiny.

"I've no reason to doubt that last statement," he said, "but, Gilbert, old fellow, I think you're a little hard on your so-called 'cheap' girls. Most of them are really good at the core and allow themselves to be led into these little flirtations through thoughtlessness or, at the worst, foolish sentimentality. It doesn't strike me as being quite the manly thing for young men, many of whom have been guilty of far graver offenses against morality, to suddenly cry out against their little follies and flock to the standard of one so high above them as your Edith Ward."

Geoffrey's voice was low but full of severe reproof. Gilbert flung his head back and squared his shoulders proudly. "I understand the allusion," he said, with quiet, haughty dignity. Then his tone changed to one of winning tenderness. "But, Geoff, my boy, it is you who are hard on me. I realize with deep regret that I haven't lived a flawless life, and a girl like Edith Ward is not for me. To show you how far you misjudge me I want to tell you that one of these innocently 'cheap' girls has consented to, one of these days, take me 'for better or worse.' Together we will try to live the perfect life."

"But," he added, "I'll never forget that it all came about through Edith Ward's influence, and I'll help to hold up her high standard before young men and maidens so long as I have breath to speak."

WANTED—AN ANSWER.

BY MABEL AYRES LEAL.
(14 Years Old).

Now Forethought is something that I have not,
And I guess that you know that is true;
Or if I have any it's small as a dot,
So what can I really do?

Of Carelessness, now, I have quite a large stock—
A stock everlastingly long;
It stays as though kept beneath strong key and lock,
Or as though it would be very wrong

To let it run off or to give it away
To the person who first passes here—
And I wonder, too, what that same person would say
To receive such a queer gift. Oh, dear!

So now I've no doubt I shall have it to keep.
I want to get some Forethought, too;
But if I should fail my chagrin would be deep—
And what could I really do?

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OR THE **Improvement of Offspring
Through Wiser Generation.**

By **M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.**

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To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. XI.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 2.

THE BIRDS' ORCHESTRA ON A SUMMER MORNING.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Bobolink now plays the violin,
Great applause to win;
Lonely, sweet and sad, the *meadow lark*
Plays the oboe. Hark!
That inspired bugle with a soul—
'Tis the *oriole*;
Yellow-bird the clarinet shall play
Blithe, and clear, and gay.
Purple finch what instrument will suit?
He can play the flute.
Fire-winged blackbirds sound the merry fife,
Soldiers without strife;
And *the robins* wind the mellow horn
Loudly eve and morn.
Who shall clash the cymbals? *Jay and crow*;
That is all they know.
Hylas twang their harps so weird and high,
Such a tuneful cry!
And to roll the deep, melodious drum,
Lo, the bull-frogs come!
Then the splendid chorus, who shall sing
Of so fine a thing?
Who the names of the performers call
Truly, one and all?
Blue-bird, hunting, cat-bird, chickadee
(*Phæbe-bird* is he),
Swallow, creeper, crossbill, cuckoo, dove,
Wee wren that I love;
Brisk *fly-catcher, finches*—what a crowd!
King-bird whistling loud;
Sweet *rose-breasted grosbeak, vireo, thrush*—
Hear these two, and hush;
Scarlet tanager, song-sparrow small
(Dearer he than all;
At the first sound of his friendly voice;
Saddest hearts rejoice).

SYMPATHY BETWEEN PARENT AND CHILD.

BY HELEN RAYMOND WELLS.

With the above topic in mind, I have lately noted carefully where sympathy was lacking or possessed, how acquired, sustained and used or abused in different families.

"I have no sympathy whatever with that boy nor with his foolish notions." Such words are heard frequently and express impatience or annoyance, but when, as in this case, they were uttered by a father about his own son, the conditions are deplorable. It is usually just the things that they themselves were once inclined to that fathers are most impatient with their boys for wanting to have or to do, seeming to feel that their experience of a folly should suffice for others. So too it might, if, instead of censure, sympathy were employed to guide the young feet around the stumbling blocks their own feet had come against.

The unsympathetic mothers are rarer, and are so only at those stages and concerning those occupations of the child's life that they feel come outside their own sphere of action. They are those mothers who care most devotedly for their children in infancy, but consider them "off their hands" when old enough to go to school, having no inclination to follow them there, even in their thoughts; who have no interest in hearing anything about their school life from the children, meeting their wish to tell thereof with indifference if not outright objection to "being bothered about such things," as I heard one mother say when intent on preparing a good dinner for her family and the children came in eager to talk over their morning's experiences. "It's their teacher's business to attend to their school affairs. I've got all I can do to dress and feed them properly," she added, after silencing them; never thinking that to shut off a child's confidence in one thing may be to destroy it altogether, nor foreseeing that her own action was bringing about the time when the children would come to consider her incapable of sharing their larger interests and would turn from her to those who could sympathize with them.

Another mother was getting dinner and ironing. Warm and tired and not very well, it would hardly have been surprising if she had remonstrated at the vehement greetings upon the entrance of the children. "I got 100 in spelling, Ma," cried Ben, "and Nettie's map was 'well done,' the teacher said." "I forgot the six in the table of nines, Mamma," confessed Will, "but thought of it in time from the story you told me about it. I don't think I'll ever forget the old 54 again." The mother smiled her approval,

looked her praise, and in few but hearty words spoke her sympathy to each one and patting the least child on the head, asked, "Was Fannie a good little girl in school?" Sympathy begets sympathy. The little thing at once offered to help Nettie, who, as soon as she put away her books, had begun to set the table. Ben declared he'd "just like to iron the towels," while Will was off for a pail of fresh water.

Yet another mother, considered not a very exemplary housekeeper, was found going over the day's lessons with each child before school time in the morning. "In ten years from now," she said, "it won't much matter whether my work was all done up at the proper time of day, but it will matter if these children have made the most of their chances in school."

"I can't get this translation," said her son to still another mother, coming to her with his Latin book in hand. She might very reasonably have asked, "Why do you come to me? I don't know a word of Latin." What she did say was: "I'd just leave that awhile. Do the other sentences and then come back to this. Perhaps you will get fresh ideas by that time." The plan succeeded, and, throwing his arms about his mother, the boy exclaimed: "You can always help a fellow somehow."

There are so many things that parents must care about in the proper maintenance of their families that they find it a necessity to abandon many of their youthful accomplishments and pleasures, rather taking credit to themselves for "settling down" into staid and steady going old folks. That is all very well for them, but there is danger of their "settling down" too far into deep ruts that disqualify them from entering into the lives of their own children. They have "put away childish things" so far into their past that they have nothing whatever in common with children. "One is no older than he feels," it is said, and by that standard of measurement many people we know never grow old. They keep a young heart—a heart for the young, that consequently draws the young. Those who have lost or mislaid their youthfulness, let their hearts shrivel and their blood grow sluggish, possibly have so far forgotten their own young days as to find themselves out of harmony with young people, must endeavor to strike a note of interest, the chord of sympathy that will bring their lives in touch and tune with young lives they wish to influence. An interest may not be feigned, either. It must be genuine or a child will surely detect the false ring. I know no better way for the parents to establish this true sympathy for their children than to be children with them. You have no idea until you try what a rejuvenating effect it will have to play with them. The happiest homes I know are those in which the habit prevails of having a play after the evening meal before the smallest children go to bed and the older ones to their studies, and where in consequence the very highest opinion and greatest love prevails among these happy young folks for their parents, frequently thus expressed: "Mamma's

just like a girl, and papa is as good as any boy," and they are just as ready to confide in them as if they were.

The sympathy acquired by the parent entering into the child's interests may be sustained by admitting the child in his larger growth into the parents' interests. Almost any boy or girl will feel complimented to be admitted into the parents' confidence. They will appreciate confidential talks in which they are made acquainted with the aims and plans of their parents, and by which means an interest on the child's part in the occupations and efforts of the parents is established that means comradeship of a most enjoyable and beneficial nature.

The sympathy engendered by this exchange of confidences serves as a bond that holds young men and women to their homes and from detrimental outside influences. A correct knowledge of the family finances will keep them from extravagant expenditures, inspire them with a wish to aid the parents in their efforts to accumulate, and, if necessary, to economize means; and also induce them to make the most of their opportunities in acquiring an education and choosing an avocation, and, more than all, fire them with a noble ambition that their lives be well and worthily spent.

Can so good and desirable a thing as parental sympathy be abused? We hear that evil is but good carried to excess. If the parents' sympathy for their child lead them to condone his faults instead of pointing them out or punishing them, to shield him from just retribution, to uphold him in wrong doing, to indulge him in selfish desires and grant wishes unwisely, certainly this would be sympathy abused turned from its purpose of restraining, guiding, guarding the child to a hurtful, baneful influence.

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

BY ESTELLA BACHMAN BROKAW.

"Have either of you met Mrs. Frisbie yet?" The speaker, a bright faced little woman, glanced from one to the other of two ladies who had chanced to come together in her pleasant parlor that warm June afternoon.

"I met her last evening at the social, but it was just as she was leaving and I had no chance to get acquainted," returned one of the guests.

"I have not even seen her," remarked the other. "Is there anything unusual about her?"

"I think there is," rejoined her hostess, "but I will leave you to decide for yourselves what it is." "Do not go yet," she added, as her callers were rising, "there is Mrs. Frisbie just turning in at the gate now, and you will have a good opportunity to get acquainted."

The two ladies resumed their seats as their hostess hastened to the door to welcome the newcomer.

"Why, Mrs. Brown, have I intruded on a meeting?" exclaimed Mrs. Frisbie, as she caught a glimpse of the bonnets in the parlor.

"Oh, no; you have met Mrs. Montague, I believe"—that lady bowed and smiled a welcome—"and I want you to know Mrs. Ward, for she is interested in the subjects we have been discussing and I want you to help me convince her on one or two points."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ward, as she came forward with extended hand, "Mrs. Brown has been trying to make our circle in general and myself in particular believe that the diet and dress of children has an important bearing on the health and morals of the nation; but the connection seems just a little too far-fetched for me."

"The connection is certainly a vital one," returned Mrs. Frisbie, as she accepted the easy chair Mrs. Brown placed for her, "for the way the babies are fed, clothed and developed will determine the trend of national life."

"Really," said Mrs. Ward, in a half jesting tone, "between you, you make the way we feed and dress our children seem a matter of such immense importance that you fairly scare me."

"That is just what I would like to do, scare mothers into serious thought on these subjects," returned Mrs. Brown, decidedly. "For instance, there is the question of the dress of little children and its relation to morals—"

"Do excuse me, Mrs. Brown," broke in Mrs. Montague, who had been listening somewhat impatiently, "but if you are serious I would like to have you show me the connection."

"I confess I did not think of it at all seriously myself, until lately, when I began talking it over with Mrs. Frisbie here, who has given the subject considerable thought and study, and, I must say, she has put some new ideas into my head."

The two ladies turned to Mrs. Frisbie with looks of curiosity, while Mrs. Montague remarked: "Well, I am sure my children are as well and appropriately dressed as a little boy and girl need me." She glanced complacently out on the lawn where several children were playing, conspicuous among whom were a little boy and girl who looked as though they might have stepped out of the latest fashion plate. "Is that little boy your child, Mrs. Frisbie?" she continued, noting a stranger among the children.

"Annie is my child, but she is not a boy," replied Mrs. Frisbie, quietly, as she nodded and smiled through the open window on a sturdy looking child of three years, clad in a loose blouse waist with little knee pants to match, black stockings and low, broad soled shoes.

Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Montague both looked startled and a little blank. "Why, Mrs. Frisbie, I should think—" the latter began, but stopped suddenly while her face showed strong disapproval.

"What do you want to make a boy of the child for, Mrs. Frisbie?" asked Mrs. Ward, disgustedly.

"I have no intention of making a boy of Annie," returned Annie's mother, "and I had her in the orthodox dress for little girls—that is, the dress quite short I thought she was about as free in her movements as a boy. coats. She wore that costume for over a year and as I made the skirt of the dress quite short I thought she was about as free in her movements as a boy. Then her father persuaded me to try leaving off the skirt—you see the result in her present costume—and I confess, ladies," she added earnestly, "the result was a revelation to me. I saw at once how much easier Annie got about, climbing up and down and in and out of her baby sister's yard. The child herself was delighted with her freedom."

"But," put in the mother of the fashion-plate children, "you surely would not have us dress all little girls as if they were boys?"

"I would make no more difference in children's dress than nature makes in their bodies," replied Mrs. Frisbie. "I tell you what it is, ladies, though, judging from what Mrs. Brown has told me of the purity work of your circle, you are studying how to teach your children so as to avoid inculcating a morbid sex-consciousness, yet you dress them from about the age of two years in a way to emphasize the matter of sex as strongly as possible. At the same time you dress the little girl in a way to hamper her physical development from the start. It is just as natural and just as necessary for her best physical and mental development for a little girl to run and jump, climb and skip about as for a boy. Yet you put the boy first into very short skirts that barely come to his knees and in a few years into knee pants; while his sister is condemned to skirts that come but a few inches from the ground, then into shorter and again into longer skirts—while during all her life her skirt is a constant hindrance to perfect freedom of movement. It is an actual bandage about her limbs whenever there is a breath of wind stirring. But the moral effect of the skirt is fully as bad, or worse, than the physical. From the time we tell the little girl to pull down her dress, so that her undergarments shall not be quite so conspicuously displayed, to the time when the idle loungers at the street corner watch her crossing in the rain, holding up her dainty skirts, while they make remarks about the lace and linen displayed, we teach that there is something relating to sex concealed beneath the skirt—the skirt which claims to hide but always allows half glimpses of the form and clothes beneath it. We strenuously cultivate a thoroughly immoral tendency of thought while claiming to wish not to stimulate a consciousness of sex, but quite the contrary."

"But if all little girls wore pants, how would we know which was which, boy or girl, in a group of children?" asked Mrs. Ward.

"What difference would it make if we did not know? Why should they not be simply children while they are children?" returned Mrs. Frisbie. "However," she added "I would make that difference and only that which is called for by the natural difference in the bodies of the children. I would

dress little girls so that they would have precisely as much freedom for their active little limbs as their brothers have. I would give them the same chance for the perfect development of every muscle in their bodies. Children trained in that way would have no sex-consciousness such as they now have almost before they can walk or talk. By starting right and then keeping on in that line we would not have so much to undo and so much to regret in later years."

"I never heard such a way of putting the skirt question before," exclaimed Mrs. Ward, "but you have put an idea into my head and I will think it over seriously."

"Set Mrs. Ward to thinking and we will see results," said Mrs. Brown, in smiling approval.

"But, Mrs. Frisbie," asked Mrs. Montague, "at what age would you put the girls into skirts, for they must come to them sometime?"

"As to that," began Mrs. Frisbie, "I have given some years to study and practical experiment on myself, and have reached the conclusion—"

"Mamma, mamma," cried little Annie Frisbie, running in at the open window, "papa is coming up the street."

"Then I must go at once," said Mrs. Frisbie, rising as she spoke. "Do come and see me, all of you," she added, "and I will tell you about my experiments."

CLOTHING FOR GIRLS.

"This has long been a hobby of mine,—the amount of bother there is about little girls' clothes,—but I never saw any particularly good way out of it until lately. A woman with three little girls, ranging from five to nine years of age, moved next door to me. They are the liveliest, jolliest little things, and their chief idea of having a good time seems to be to see how near they can come to breaking their necks without actually doing it. And as they fly over the bars and the swings and the great seesaw, they seem to perfectly unhampered by their clothes that I asked their mother how she dressed them. She makes their play dresses of heavy dark-blue percale with a little white dot or stripe. At first she trimmed them with white braid, but she found that the braid became dirty or dingy long before the dress did, so now they have pretty, detachable, broad white collars. In winter they wear union suits of heavy flannel; and in summer lighter ones. Over these they wear little knickerbockers of the same material as the dress. The children can climb, or stand on their heads, or do anything else their fertile imaginations can suggest, without much danger of hanging by their clothes. In winter they have blue flannel dresses and knickerbockers, and always seem warm and comfortable without being burdened with many wraps."—*Puritan*.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE MOTHERS?

BY MARIAN HARLAND.

The girls were coming home! Their school-days were ended; their home-life, as young ladies, was about to begin. This was the cause of the upheaval from its foundations, of the usually quiet household. The parlors were to be refurnished, the library fitted up as a music-room, where Aimée, who was musical, might practice, while Eva, who was not, entertained her friends in the apartments on the other side of the hall. Each of the fair graduates in one sphere—the debutantes in another—must have her own bed-room. Hence the sewing-room on the second floor, a lightsome corner chamber heretofore devoted to mamma's work, was given up to Eva. The house that had, up to this date, seemed large to desolateness for four people, had grown suddenly almost too small.

"And where, may I ask, is mamma's nook in this stirred nest?" I ventured to ask, looking about in vain for the remembered sewing-machine, work-table, and lounging-chair.

A shadow she meant should be a smile passed over the face of my friend and hostess.

"Ah! I must show you what a snugger I have in the front basement. It is light and airy and pleasantly retired from the gay bustle that, I foresee, will fill the rest of the house. I shall be cozily comfortable there in the evenings, and during the day it is a manifest convenience to be upon the same floor with the kitchen. It was my plan throughout"—hastening to check the demur she saw hovering on my lips. "The prime object now is the girls' comfort and happiness. I ask no reward except the knowledge that they are happy. My day is over! As you say, they are able to go alone. Were I to drop out of their lives tomorrow, it would make no difference to them or to their brother, after the first shock was over. It is the natural lot of mothers in our day."

"How old are you?" I asked abruptly, for my heart was swelling.

"Forty-seven. I was married at twenty-three."

I was silent, because indignant and impotent. This woman's mother had died at seventy, lamented by all who knew her, missed and mourned most by the sons and daughters whose pride she was. I recalled her active beneficence in neighborhood and church; her tender ministrations in the families of her children; her wise arbitrament in the affairs they brought to her for counsel and decision. My friend, her daughter, was morally, intellectually and physically her equal. What had held me back from gainsaying her pathetic, "My day is over!"

Should she live to her mother's age, were the twenty-three years that remained to her on earth to be such waiting as that of the husk shriveled upon the stem that bears the ripened fruit?

Ten years ago I tacked above my work-stand a card inscribed with a bit of wisdom evoked from Leslie Goldthwaite's quick, thoughtful brain—"Something must be crowded out!" My eye fell upon the silent mentor when I returned home, still revolving the problem set for me by the morning call. In the world at large, in the history of families as in the individual life, something must give way in the warfare of "Must-haves" with "May-wants." Was this the solution of what I had just heard and seen, of the multiplying similar instances of "children to the front," "parents to the rear" that vexed my equitable soul? Is there fault, and if so, whose is it, when what has been the hub of the wheel is relegated to an unimportant place upon the circumference? To the child, "mother" is authority, conscience, Bible. He dwells and develops under her shadow until such time as custom demands that he shall be consigned to tutors and governors. The son, setting out blithely upon his journey to college, warehouse, or office, where he is to learn how to earn his bread, the daughter, whose tears drop fast into the trunk packed by "mamma's own hands" for the boarding-school that is to "finish" her, may cry sadly, "I have lost my mother!"

Friend and comforter, boy and girl, may find at each visit to the old home "mother"—as infancy and childhood know her—infallible and well-nigh omnipotent—never, never more!

Meanwhile, what of her who has learned from Nature and through years of practice to be "mother," and that alone? The brood that went out from her, callow, chirping piteously for her care and flourishing, return in such bravery of fledging as half frightens while it fills her with pride. Their note is changed, too. She listens bewildered to the talk of the girl of the period and that of the "fellow" who "keeps abreast of the times." The vital necessity of accomplishments unheard of in her day of pupilage, the cant of modern science, literature, art, and progress in general are foreign to her ears, indigestible by her comprehension. If she be very humble she may comfort, even congratulate herself that she has reared a race of demi-deities; may survey their brilliance in a tremor of delight from the obscure corner into which she has crept, as a bat may peer from a rock crevice or hollow tree upon the flight of eaglets in the sunshine. They love her very dearly, of course, and always. Did she not bear and bring them up? Are they—her own flesh, blood, and bone—destitute of natural affection? Is she not "mother?"

Thinking and saying this, they put her, in more senses than one, upon the same floor with the kitchen, and know neither scruples nor remorse for the classification then or thereafter. For—and here lies their excuse, so well

understood as to be seldom clothed in words—she is, in everything, behind the age. When they were “little girls” she dictated what they should wear and how the garments should be made. If they are people of moderate means,, her little hoard of trinkets and laces, her stockings, collars, cuffs, shoes, were common property to her and her great growing daughters, from the time they “got to be just my size.” She had a way of complaining of this that amused them without hindering their depredations.

“The mother of such big girls has nothing of her own unless it be her skin and teeth,” she would scold, so plainly elate in the fact that they were old enough to wear her clothes as to encourage the free-bootery. It does not occur to the full-plumed young lady that her parent preferred to be robbed to the conviction pressed upon her by every daily incident that their interests are no longer identical, or even cognate. She can not bear to deny them “what other girls have,” and their careless, happy eyes fail to trace any connection between the “We will try to manage it, dear,” which answers their petitions, and her growing old-fashionedness. They do not analyze her motive in offering to make over for herself the black silk of which Mary is “tired to death,” and to give the girl a robe of the latest and duldest tint dictated by artistic taste. Jenny’s last year’s street costume is frayed and shabby. Moreover, “everybody knows the old thing.” Mamma, “who goes out so little” (naturally), proposes to take it off her hands, giving a new one in exchange. A series of such exchanges is not favorable to the development of “style” in the elder woman’s attire, but lends freshness to that of the younger.

Mary and Jenny are bright, clever girls, ready with wit and needle. *They* “go out” a great deal and must look well. The house, if not refurnished at their debut, is gradually transformed by their agency until the only unsightly piece of furniture in it is the nominal mistress. She looks out of place—is growing “poky,” complain the juniors. As time passes she is apt to become less lively in speech and expression, and they to wonder petulently at her backwardness in learning new customs. The very table is set differently from “her way.” The late dinners à la Russe, ladies’ lunches, kettle-drums, and high teas are a surprise and a strain to her faculties. Facile youth with difficulty receives the idea that novelty is oftenest pain to age. The usages of years, the sanction of “parents passed into the skies,” make common things sacred to her.

“I’m not cross! I’m *discouraged!*” piped the little fellow who had been whipped for persistent fretting. When our girls find mamma’s temper uncertain, her mood whimsical, they can apply the anecdote.

It is disheartening, dear girls, let one tell you who has thought herself into a dull, fixed heart-ache on this subject, to be swept aside by inches, or boldly removed from the board where one was, not so very long ago, a figure

of consequence. The process of grinding down from somebodies into nobodies, cuts well into nerve and soul while it may remove the excrescences of vanity and selfishness. She lives to be consulted, and she does not like to be patronized—especiall by the children whose faces she washed and whose untidy tricks she chided—it seems but yesterday! She is already sufficiently conscious of her deficiencies, her ignorance of really valuable things, without being tormented by animadversions, implied or uttered, upon her perverseness in not sitting to learn at your feet of a thousand trivialities, momentous to you, but flint-dust in weight and in irritating properties to eyes already used to the wider horizon of life that has no appreciable dividing line from eternity.

We mothers, enriched by the experience of years, grown patient and wise through the discipline of our long probation, beseech you to be charitable to our slowness and merciful to the stiff movement of mental muscles that copy with pain new postures and paces. "Let us alone! for soon our lips are dumb!" is the silent protest of many a loving parent, set to lesson-learning when she thinks school-days should be over.

"Then," murmur Mary and Jenny in concert, "if the case of the daughter be thus with the mother, we are to walk forever in the old worn-out path that tries us as sorely as the new can vex her! What, then, becomes of our æsthetic zeal, our skill in domestic art decoration—the house beautiful of our dreams?"

Now I lay me down but one, and what seems to me a sound principle. Your girlhood's home, as it now stands, has been your mother's kingdom for more years than you have lived in this changing world. That it is neat, home-like and comfortable—that it is at all, is due to her thrift and toil abetting her husband's industry in another sphere of action. Her furnishment of her dwelling stands to her as a record of her life. That was the way in which homes were fitted up in "old times." A new bedroom carpet was an exciting incident; fresh papering and painting an event; refurnishing the parlors an era which seldom fell twice in one life-time. To accomplish any one of these required long foresight, economy, and self-denial that went toward the making up of the individuality and history of the house-mother.

Whatever may be your rights under your father's roof, while she lives, they are secondary to hers. Should she choose to assert as much, legal and moral statutes would bear her out in it. She is not likely to do this. You smile incredulously at the suggestion. The danger lies in your selfishness or usurpation, not in her want of magnanimity; in your forgetfulness of the truth that while you may be crown-princess, she is queen until her death, not in her disregard of your hereditary claims. What she yields to your petitions or dictation is entirely of grace. One day you will come into realms of your own. She will have no kingdom but this on earth.

One word of compassion, not of right. "Mamma" is antiquated in language and dress; in works and in ways non-progressive; had she chosen to neglect you instead of herself; had she given to her own studies and mental culture the hours devoted to drilling you in early tasks; had she kept pace with society in place of sitting out the long evenings and bright days in the nursery; had the stitches set in small frocks, trousers, and coats gone toward the furbishing of her own wardrobe, you might have had less apparent cause to be ashamed of her. You would undoubtedly, had you survived the process, have now more and just reason to blush for your own defects.

For love's and pity's sake, then, try if this thought will not transfigure gray homeliness into seemliness and shining; if, by setting over against each lack of hers that virtue or accomplishment or physical perfection of yours of which this lack is the price, you may not grow in patient love and gratitude—even if you have not the greatness of soul that should beget, with these, admiration and reverence for the plain, time-worn creature you know now as "Only Mother."

—*In Eve's Daughters.*

"Sunday Afternoons for the Children" is a Mother book by E. Frances Soule (published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, price 75 cents), and deals with a perplexing problem. How can we interest the children on Sunday in ways that are suitable to the day is the anxious query of many parents. Here they will find many wise and helpful suggestions how to provide Sabbath afternoons with a glad atmosphere, the hidden purpose being most earnestly spiritual.

"Two Children of the Foothills," by Elizabeth Harrison. (Sigma Pub. Co., 10 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.) This is a record of a happy year spent by this well-known kindergartner and a companion among the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Here they became interested in two children, healthy, unspoiled, of 4 and 5 years of age. The sweet and simple story tells of how these two women devoted themselves to the unfolding of those two untrained minds. It is full of suggestions for mothers and teachers, as it portrays the means used to awaken noble aspirations, to teach the right conduct and to lead up to a reverent knowledge of the serene of all truth.

"The Fairyland of Flowers," by Mara L. Pratt (Educational Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.), is the finest book on flowers we have yet had the pleasure of seeing. It is a book for the little folks, giving them enough technical information in simple language to enable them to analyze and classify the flowers of the woodland. In addition to this is given analyses of a large number of flowers together with many beautiful illustrations. With these are given poems, legends and stories of flower life inspiring the child with the beauty of flower-life as well as teaching him to understand its structure and laws.

... Of Interest to Fathers ...

“Thou giv’st me, child, a father’s name,
God’s earliest name in Paradise.”

--Bayard Taylor.

FOUR FOURTHS OF A MAN.

BY LYMAN BEECHER SPERRY, M. D.

Decided mental progress has been made by that one who realizes that four-fourths of a number make a whole number. Much greater progress has been made when one realizes that *it takes four-fourths of a man to make a whole man*. I do not now refer to the generally recognized four-fold nature of man—the physical, the mental, the moral and the spiritual phases of his life—but to the four departments of his physical body: the Nutritive, the Motor, the Rational and the Reproductive departments.

The Nutritive Department embraces all those organs and functions which have to do directly with the physical growth and maintenance of each individual, from birth until death. This department not only attends to the increase in size and strength during the growing period, but also to the development of the animal heat and energy required for life’s various functions. It must provide not only for its own development and support, but must also build up, keep in repair and constantly sustain the energy of the other three departments. In other words, its duty is not only to furnish properly prepared material but also to develop the power for running the entire machine. It is the primary, the essential, the fundamental department of physical life.

The Motor Department is intended for the purposes of locomotion and labor. Its organs are *bones*, whose office is to give form, protection and leverage; and the muscles, whose function is to give expression and utility to all our physical life.

The Relational Department, whose organs are the brain and nerves, brings the various parts of the body into sympathetic co-operation with each other, and the body as a whole into responsive relation to the external world.

The Reproductive Department has for its mission the perpetuation of the race. Through it we “multiply and replenish the earth after our kind.” This department depends upon the fact of *sex*,—the fact that, “*male and female created he them*.” Its organs are called the *reproductive organs*. The most perfect health, the most potential energy and the greatest comfort and

production ; or it may be expended in exalting and intensifying the nutritive, the muscular and the mental life. This fact is of superlative importance. It should be carefully noted, for it is highly significant, that the reproductive department is naturally developed only after one has secured a large part of his general physical development, and that it continues active and potential only till the time when the nutritive department begins to fail and its income is needed to sustain the energy which is essential to the health and efficiency of the individual who produces it. Evidently the Creator intended that only this superabundant vitality should be expended in the generation of offspring. One may, however, contribute to the future of the race not simply by leaving to the world the offspring of his loins, but by giving to it various useful products of his muscle and brain ; he may also contribute to the welfare of mankind by the contagious example and energizing influence of a virile and noble life. Normal sex development gives to man not only his broad shoulders, strong muscles, heavy voice and bearded face, but also an instinctive desire to use his energies in providing for those who are naturally dependent upon him, and in defending and preserving all who need his protecting care. It gives to woman not only extra nutritive power, for use in bearing and nourishing children, but beauty of form and features, gracefulness of motion, tender sympathies, warm affections and all those special and delicate qualities needed for home-making and child-rearing.

When the intense energies of men which seem to be of sexual origin are not expended along those special lines of activity directly intended for reproduction, they naturally find expression in deeds of courage, heroism and philanthropy, and in various benevolent efforts contributive to the general good of humanity. Normal sex instincts lead men to do that which contributes to the advancement and upbuilding of the race, as well as that which benefits themselves and their families. Patriotism and philanthropy are natural expressions of the highest and purest sexuality. The law of Nature, like the written law, commands us not only to "be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth," but to "*subdue it.*" Unadulterated, undepraved, properly developed human nature also instinctively lives according to "The Golden Rule." Eunuchs, effeminate and the sexually mutilated are, in the nature of things, defective, cynical, selfish, groveling and unfit for the kingdom of God—in so far as that kingdom relates to this world. They may be sentimental pietists, and hair-brained "reformers," and may sing with gusto, "I want to be an angel," or "I want to go to heaven *when I die*;" but they are not, and can not be, efficient in bringing about, for themselves or for others, a heaven on earth, characterized by charity, peace and good-will. It takes men of virility and vim, and women of purity and chastity, to "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God." Only such cheerfully "visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and keep themselves un-

spotted from the world." A tremendous responsibility, therefore, rests upon parents and teachers, and upon all others who in any way may be able to assist in the true development of the young. The work of the schools is but one small factor in the real education of a human being.

Every child has a right to be well born. God demands for it,—what it would demand for itself, if it only knew enough and could assert its rights,—an inheritance of such capacities and tendencies as shall make it comparatively easy to develop symmetrically and successfully in this world and ripen properly for "the world to come." After giving the child its existence here, parents are under obligation to feed it so that it shall secure not only fullness and symmetry of body but mental balance and power as well. We have no business to permit our children to become dyspeptics or gluttons, muscular weaklings or pugilists, mental defectives or sufferers from a moral obliquity which tends to cruelty and crime. Intelligent solicitude for a child's "education" will not permit us to limit its activities to the province of the schools, which, at best, deal only with the third department, but will lead us to do our utmost to help to secure a harmonious unfolding and habituation of its *nutritive*, its *motor*, its *relational* and its *reproductive* departments. There should be no false modesty or unreasonable delicacy in the matter. No child should be permitted, either through ignorance, depraved tendencies, bad precepts or bad example, to abuse and undermine any one of its four departments. Many parents feed their children generously, clothe them lavishly, send them to expensive schools as long as they will consent to attend, pay gymnasium bills cheerfully, and at the same time allow them to tumble to pieces and rot through ignorance of the laws governing the reproductive department. By daily example many of us teach our children to eat gluttonously, dress unhealthfully, exercise languidly around billiard tables and in vitiated air, smoke and chew tobacco, drink alcoholic liquors, revel in lust, and dissipate generally, till, eventually, through the bad habits we help to fasten upon them, they graduate into gluttony, prostitution and debauchery. Increasing knowledge regarding nature and human possibilities has wonderfully increased our opportunities and obligations. It is not enough to shelter, feed and clothe a child and send it to school till it is old enough to "shirk for itself." Duty—and every *duty* ought to be a *pleasure*—demands that we do all in our power to secure a harmonious *education*,—that is, a symmetrical unfolding and training—of each and all of the *four departments of human activity*.

. . . In the Nursery . . .

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."—DELANO.

THE FIRST SIX YEARS OF A CHILD'S LIFE.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

No. IV.

A very convenient bed for the new baby is a flat, shallow basket, suited to his size and so lined and padded as to be a protection from draughts. It can easily be carried from one room to another as the mother goes about her work, thus obviating the necessity of leaving him alone or of lifting and disturbing him. At night it can be suspended over the foot of the bed, so that the mother can examine into baby's condition without leaving her own bed. Thus it is convenient where the sleeping quarters are limited and the baby is much more comfortably and healthfully situated than when sleeping between grown people, as too often is, but never should be, the case.

The ventilation of his sleeping apartment is of the utmost importance. He is not nearly so much in danger of taking cold from an open window as he is from being shut up in an atmosphere poisoned by personal exhalations. Mothers often notice that their babies sleep better when riding in their little cabs than in bed. This is because they are in better air, which compensates to some degree for the cramped position. Learning this, some mothers find a shaded outdoor spot in which to put their babies to sleep in pleasant weather, and I know one mother who all last winter made a day sleeping place of the porch. The child, well covered and protected, would sleep peacefully and warmly for hours. The neighbors were horrified, but the baby evidently enjoyed it and thrived wonderfully. Daily naps should be continued for the first three years at least. Children sleep better at night if not allowed to get too tired during the day—a hint which can be heeded during the whole period of childhood. Each child should have his own bed, and his arms and shoulders should be protected by a flannel over night-dress.

Regularity of habits is needful to harmonious development of brain, and regularity can be taught from the outset of life. It needs a firm belief on the part of the mother as to the need for regularity, and then a little persistence, and she will soon have the little life moving on in a quiet routine that is not only of benefit to him, but minimizes the labor and anxiety attendant upon his care. If he cries during the intervals between his regular meals, she will

not be distressed for fear that he is hungry, but will begin to seek other possible causes. She will remember that babies cry from thirst; because they are too warm; because they are cold; because the air of the room is close; because they are tired from lying in one position too long; because the dim light of the room has wearied them; because they are suffering from local inflammation or chafing; because their clothes are too tight, or too heavy or too long; because they are wet; because pins are annoying them; because they are suffering with indigestion manifested in colic; because they have been handled, jolted, tossed and played with until their nerves are all a-quiver; because they have learned that crying is a potent weapon by the use of which they can gain their own way.

The remedy for nearly every one of these ills is self-evident. If colic is the cause the baby should be given hot water in teaspoonsful and should have a heated flannel placed upon the abdomen. The bowels may be rubbed, beginning low down on the right side and rubbing up, across and down on the left side. The back may also be rubbed, and, if it is an extreme case, a warm bath should be given as a relief. Here, as elsewhere, however, the "ounce of prevention" is the all-important matter.

A child should never be allowed to cry for the attention he ought to receive, as this teaches him the effectiveness of tears, but his needs should be anticipated by the provision of thoughtful, loving care.

Quiet is essential to the baby's best development. His nerves have, up to the time of birth, been completely quiescent, but now they are bombarded by a multitude of unaccustomed vibrations, and, although not as sensitive as those of the adult, they quiver under the new stimuli. Their sensitiveness increases rapidly, so that great care should be taken to protect them from undue stimulation. The child's hearing should be gradually made accustomed to the full din of life, and his eyes need to be brought gradually to receive the strong light of day. Especially while asleep should his room be quiet and darkened, that the developing brain may have a chance to rest free from the stimulus of sound and light. To awaken a child to display him to admiring friends is calculated to disturb the harmonious action of brain and nerves, a most costly sacrifice of the child to parental vanity or friendly curiosity. An atmosphere of serenity and quiet for the nursing mother is imperative, for her mental state will affect the quality of food furnished the baby. Her fretfulness, anxiety, anger or irritation are sources of poison to him.

... The World's Sisterhood ...

"She knew the power of bonded ill,
But knew that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good,
The world's united womanhood."

—Whittier's tribute to Frances E. Willard.

THE INFLUENCE OF GIRLS.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

Some time ago I received a letter from one of the many girls whom I count as my friends, though I have never seen them, asking me to write something upon the subject of influence. The articles we have had in our department during the past few months have had an indirect bearing upon that subject, but now I want to meet this request by a direct discussion of the topic suggested.

Influence is exerted so invisibly and without any effort on our part that oftentimes forget that we cannot go through life without having some kind of an influence upon those who come in contact with us.

Your choice of friends is made in an almost unthinking, instinctive fashion. You feel a liking for one girl, and seek her society. Of another you say, "Oh, I don't like her," and you may go on to specify in what particulars she fails to suit you. And yet you haven't realized that you had a standard by which you were unconsciously judging all your acquaintances, accepting as friends only those who came up to that standard.

You are doing more than that, did you but know it. You are setting the standards of life for your associates. You remarked one day to your friend, "I don't like so-and-so because she can't keep a secret," and your companion, herself communicative by nature, fortifies her soul with a strong resolution to be worthy of confidences in the future. All unknown to yourself you have dropped a seed into your friend's mind which germinates, grows, and bears fruit in her character.

At another time you say, "I wouldn't be seen walking down the street with so-and-so, she talks so loud that everybody stares at her." And your chance remark leads another, who possibly has not had the advantage of such a home training as was yours, to mentally note the fact that one's voice when upon the street should be such as will not attract attention.

So you go through life unconsciously sowing seed in the minds of

friends. It may be good seed or it may be bad seed; you yourself can make the choice if you but realize your power.

Let us consider it well, dear girls. We can make our standard of friendship an inspiration to others, a goal toward which others may struggle and, in their efforts to reach it, reap everlasting benefit. Have you not met once in a while a girl whose noble nature and lofty ideals have made her an inspiration to all who surround her? "How proud you must feel to be considered one of so-and-so's friends," is the comment that will often be made, and many a girl will be encouraged in her efforts for self-improvement by the secret thought, "If only I might become one of her friends, too."

Now that we have opened up the subject of influence, I hope you all, my dear readers, will consider it thoughtfully. If you have any ideas to present, send them to me that we may share them together. Or if you have questions you would like to have answered, I will be glad to attempt a solution. Next month I will carry our consideration of this subject on still farther.

"The Friendships of Women, (\$1.50), Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass., by Wm. Alger. The writer believes that love is not the only emotion worthy of notice. He believes that true friendship may give guidance, comfort and inspiration, and he proves his points by numerous illustrations of friendships among people of reputation, as John Quincy Adams and his mother, Mme. de Stael and her father, Caroline Herschel and her brother William, Robert Browning and his wife, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, Lady Jane Beaufort and Catherine Douglas, and a host of equally well-known instances. He says "this is a book of goodness," and it is indeed good to read of that unselfish goodness which we know as friendship.

"True Motherhood," by Rev. James C. Fernald (published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York). The author has a high ideal of motherhood and endeavors to arouse the same in his readers. He does not seem to feel entirely confident that young women are deeply impressed with their future destiny as probable mothers, and seems inclined to feel that they are being educated away from their highest work. Facts seem to indicate, however, that the most truly cultured women are the best mothers.

Almost all books on etiquette are written for those who have special social advantages, and who are supposed to have already received a training in the fundamentals of etiquette. For every day people, however, such a book as "Good Form and Christian Etiquette," written by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry comes as a great blessing. She considers in her own practical, helpful manner the little everyday matters of conduct that everyone meets and wants to know the right way of performing. Every home would do well to possess this little volume and carefully study it as a guide (Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., 50 cents.)

. . . The World's Chivalry . . .

"A knight,
Who revered his conscience as his King;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who honored his own words as if his God's;
Who led a sweet life in pure chastity;
Who loved one only, and who clove to her,
And worshiped her by years of noble deeds."
—Tennyson.

A KNIGHT OF THE NEW CRUSADE.

BY N. M. BENNETT.

Just at dusk on a summer evening, a travelling man stepped from the train in a western city. He was a merry young Hercules, ready for all the fun there was going, but his fine face clouded as he crossed the open space leading to the street, for a poorly dressed young woman accosted him, told him she was absolutely destitute, and offered him what should have been priceless for money to buy food.

What should he do? It would be easy to turn away in scornful silence and leave her. Perhaps the story was false, only told to trap him into evil. He had no money to waste, there were a mother and sisters at home, depending on his earnings, and a home of his own in prospect when he had saved enough to justify its establishment, but—what if the girl's story were true! She told him she had never before said to anyone what she had said to him.

"Five dollars will not break me, and it may save her," was his mental conclusion, so he gave her the money, with brotherly words of entreaty that she would never again speak to anyone as she had to him, and went his way, not quite sure whether he had made a good investment or a foolish one, but content to leave it with the Master whom he was humbly trying to serve.

Two weeks later, when passing a fine residence in another part of the city he saw this same young woman sweeping the steps. She recognized him, and stepped down to the street to thank him with a full heart for what he had done for her—the sin from which he had saved her—saying the loan had enabled her to find a good place to work, and she wished to return two dollars that she had not used, and would return the rest as soon as she received her wages. Then he talked to her of One who saves from all sin, and in a heart made tender by kindness sowed the good seed of the kingdom, hoping that the life he had been permitted to save to rectitude and honor might be saved to the life everlasting, thanking God that the sturdy manhood that was capable of being tempted could, through self-mastery, be powerful for saving those who tempt.

HOMO-CULTURE,

OR THE **Improvement of Offspring
Through Wiser Generation.**

By **M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.**

THIS book, under its old title of, "Stirpiculture," has attracted widespread attention. The subject of the betterment of the human race is the most important one that we have to consider. Young and old should alike be interested in it. Every one should read this clear presentation of this great subject.

Dr. C. D. Crothers says of it:

"Dr. Holbrook's book on Homo Culture is a pioneer work of great merit on a subject of vast importance too little understood. It will live as a monument to his work for mankind."

Dr. H. H. Gleason, says:

"It is by far the best and almost the only treatise on this subject in our language worth reading. The chapters on Heredity and Education, and on Evolution's Hopeful Promise for a Healthier Race are very fine."

Especially should those contemplating marriage read this book.

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**WOOD-ALLEN
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ANN ARBOR, Mich

THE NEW CRUSADE.

To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispell Darkness by Light.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1900.

No. 3

A NATIONAL CRIME AT THE FEET OF AMERICAN PARENTS.

BY EDWARD BOK.

Do American men and women realize that in five cities of our country alone there were during the last school term over sixteen thousand children between the ages of eight and fourteen taken out of the public schools because their nervous systems were wrecked, and their minds were incapable of going on any further in the infernal cramming system which exists today in our schools? And these sixteen thousand helpless little wrecks are simply the children we know about. Conservative medical men who have given their lives to the study of children place the number whose health is shattered by overstudy at more than fifty thousand each year. It is putting the truth mildly to state that of all American institutions that which deals with the public education of our children is at once the most faulty, the most unintelligent and the most cruel.

I am making no attack on the teachers of this country, for I yield to no one in my admiration of the work which these noble women and men are doing. And from no class, I venture to say, will these words elicit a stronger approval. Indeed, it is from them that there has come the most intelligent aid received by this magazine in its investigation of this question. But the teachers dare not speak freely. Especially is this true of the public-school teacher, who is only too often a part of a vast political machine controlled by men ignorant of the first principles of true education.

Just see what is being done to our children, and with our consent as parents; or, if not with our consent, with a shameful negligence of the matter on our parts.

The most rapid growth in the human brain takes place during the first seven years of a child's life. That is a settled fact. Hence, all that is required at this period is simply to direct into the right channels this outpouring of natural mental energy, and to nourish the body properly to stand the

strain of rapid mental and physical growth. Therefore, no child should be sent to school before the age of seven. Fortunately, this is becoming the general rule.

During the second seven years of a child the marvelous brain growth begins to slacken. It was planned by Nature that between the ages of seven and fifteen the child should have rest—not rest which will stop all mental and physical growth, of course, for when growth ceases in the natural or physical world, decay begins; but the child's pace should be checked so as to allow him to recover from the strain which his system has just undergone.

But what really happens to the average child at the age of seven? Is he given this period of rest? Verily, no! He enters the schoolroom and becomes a victim of long hours of confinement—the first mental application, mind you, that the child has ever known. The nervous wear and tear begin; the child is fairly launched upon his enjoyment (God save the mark!) of the great educational system of America. The warning has been again and again sounded that the fresh mental interest of a child of seven cannot be advantageously held for more than eight consecutive minutes at a time on any one subject. It has been proved that the health of a child between seven and ten cannot stand more than thirty-five minutes of study during any single twenty-four hours.

Here is a very recent demonstration of this fact: In Chicago they have started, at the Alcott School, a common-sense experiment in education. On the theory that brain growth is affected through, if not entirely by, physical vitality, a child is carefully examined physically, and his mental capacity is thus established. It has been found that a number of children who are sent to school should, instead, be at home and under a physician's care, and they have been returned to their homes. It has also been found that the physical force of a child varies tremendously throughout the day. At nine o'clock, for instance, it is fair; at ten it is strong; but from that point it decreases until at twelve it is very low. At one o'clock there is a slight revival; at two it is fairly good, and at three it is again low. Thus it is demonstrated that there is barely one brief hour in a day's study when a child's mind is actually fresh.

Now, these discoveries are not new. But the question is: When will the warning they sound be heeded—when will parents learn the lesson?

For how are these conditions met? In the majority of cases, by the little tots being compelled to study or to hang over their books from one hour and a half to three hours each day.

The child is made to study far, far beyond his physical strength, and consequently his mental good. Into what Nature planned should be a period of rest, a time of moderate study, an immense amount of learning is crammed which is absolutely valueless because one-tenth of it is not absorbed, and the

child is physically injured. The noonday meal is hastily eaten for fear of "tardy" marks, or to make time for recess in the playground. The child goes back to another two hours in the school-room when his mind has lost its freshness, and is given another dose of the cramming system, and of the bad air, which in the average schoolroom is enough to sicken any one who enters it from the street.

Special systems of "marks," which amount to prizes, are started, serving only to overstimulate the preternaturally bright child, who needs relaxation most of all, and to discourage the child who happens to be below the average of intelligence. It is cramming, cramming, cramming! A certain amount of "ground must be gone over," as it is usually called. Whether the child is physically able to work the "ground" does not enter into the question.

And we do not stop even there!

The poor children are compelled to carry home a pile of books to study, usually after supper, and just before going to bed! And that is about the most barbarous part of the whole system.

We are constantly admonishing business men that they must not continue their work after nightfall. "Burning the candle at both ends" has killed almost as many men as liquor, say investigators. Men of common sense know that night work after a day of business is vitally injurious. Yet in their own homes is presented almost every evening the sublime picture of children poring from one to two hours over lessons for the next day. What a superbly consistent people we are, to be sure!

The merest novice in mental science knows that the last work given the brain to do often continues to exercise it during sleep. And yet there are thousands of mothers and fathers throughout this enlightened land of ours who wonder why their children toss themselves about in bed, why they mumble and talk in their sleep, why they are frightened in their dreams, and why they are so afraid of the dark. Now, all these are simply the results of unsettled nervous condition. Is it any wonder that children have to be called over and over again in the morning, and that they at length rise unrefreshed and without appetites for their breakfasts? When are parents going to open their eyes to this fearful evil? Is all the book-learning in the world worth this inevitable weakening of the physical and mental powers?

"Oh!" but say our educators, "we do not give children home lessons until they reach certain grades. And then we regulate their study periods. More than two hours of home study in any grade is forbidden. We do not allow it" Allow it? Bah! How can hours regulate a child's study. What one child will learn in one hour another may be unable to absorb in three! And if a child has certain lessons to learn, and is slow to conquer them does he regulate the study by the clock? No, no! The fault lies not there; the

remedy is not to be found there. It is to be found in refraining from giving a child so much to do. True reform always begins at the root of all evils, and the root of the evil of home study lies in the cramming system at the school. If it is thought that independent study at home is more effective than study in school, then the school hours must be so shortened as to give the child a study hour at home in the afternoon, so that his play hours may not be curtailed. To rob a child of the playtime which belongs to him is a rank injustice.

Take the average child between, say, seven and fifteen years of age, and what time has he for play? The hours of study vary in different schools, but let us take the average set of from nine to twelve o'clock, and from one to three. It is quite a bit after three before the child can reach home, put away his books and be on the play-ground. In winter it is dark by five. Barely two hours; and can any reasonable parent expect a healthy child to rob himself of one of these two hours and give it over to study? And after play is the child in a condition to return to his books? Naturally, then, the child waits until the evening hours, when he is not allowed to go out.

It is unreasonable to expect a child between the ages of seven and fifteen to devote more than four hours each day to school work, and these four hours should include an hour of study either at school or at home, as seems most advisable.

But educators and parents will say the children cannot learn all they should in such short hours. They can, and trials have proven it.

Last year the Board of Education of Greater New York found so great a pressure on the schools that it was obliged to take one-half of the children from nine until one, and the other half from one until five. A cry went up from the press and the people that children could never make progress at that rate. But what was supposed to be an evil proved to be a blessing in disguise. The children were so much fresher for the shorter hours that they actually accomplished almost twice as much as they did with the former longer hours.

In a private school it was decided to do away with home study altogether. An hour of study was included in the regular four school hours. It was found that during a whole term about a month was lost, but when the time lost under previous rules, resulting from illness from overwork, dulness from too close and long application, was taken into account, it was seen by the teachers, after a year's experiment, that the children were the actual gainers—and home study is now abolished altogether by that school. Thus the new method has proved an aid instead of a hindrance.

The evil of night study, or of afternoon study at the expense of play hours in the open air, cannot be overcome by early morning study, for study before partaking of food in the morning is one of the most injurious prac-

tices to a growing child, while if study is persisted in after breakfast the mind is tired before it reaches its work in the school-room. In any event, the child who crams his brain in the morning just before recitation, and then recites parrot-fashion, cannot be said to have learned his lessons.

Nor can home study be excused on the ground which is too often advanced that the child has the assistance of father and mother. Methods of instruction have so changed in the past generation that the assistance of parents in the lessons of their children as often confuses as it helps them. And it is likewise a grave question whether a lesson learned by a child with the assistance of a parent does not engender the habit of a dependence upon others. To explain everything to a child, and to remove all difficulties from his path, is, to say the least, a questionable proceeding. What we learn ourselves we remember longest, and that holds just as true with the child as it does with us of maturer growth.

The solution of the home-study question is simple enough when common sense is applied to it. No child under fifteen years of age should be given any home study whatever by his teachers. He should have not more than from one hour to four of schooling each day, the hours increasing with his years. Outside of school hours he should have at least three hours of play. Even where the necessities of the family call for the assistance of the children in domestic work it is a wise mother who so adjusts the home machinery that her child can have three hours of play and freedom for the natural expression of his spirits.

After fourteen the brain has another period of rapid development, with special increase of the higher faculties. If too much strain has not been put upon brain and body during the previous years, then the child begins to learn with beneficial effects. Four hours of schooling, then, is not too much, provided the child's physical being is capable of it, and in time an hour of isolated study may be added. But that is enough. Five hours of brain work a day is the most that we should ask of our children. The mind cannot remain fresh after that strain. And even then study during evening hours should be positively prohibited, and the hour of isolated study be so arranged that the child may pass at least two hours a day in the open air. One reason, other than improper diet, why the majority of our boys and girls do not enter maturity with that share of health of mind and body which they should have, lies right here in that they do not get enough fresh air and sunshine into their bodies and natures.

Some educators will claim that the hours of home study are already arranged much as here suggested. But these rules, even where they do exist, go for naught where the pressure of lessons is so great that the child feels that he must pursue home study in order to "keep up" with the class and "pass." There is where the fault lies. The number of required studies in

the vast majority of schools is far beyond all needs and beyond all learning within the time allotted for their study. The ambitious child, anxious to learn, and thinking that these lessons are necessary to a full education, takes them home and gives them the study there for which time is denied at school. There is too much given to our children to learn, and a great deal of it is absolutely useless to them either for the present or the future. The most casual investigation into the studies of our children reveals this. The crying need of our school system is fewer studies and more time given to those studies which are essential.

But no material change can be hoped for in this matter until the American parent throws off his or her present indifference and demands reform. No change can come from within the system or the school: it must come from without—from the parent. There must be a closer co-operation between the home and the school.

Our children must no longer be the prey of ignorant and conscienceless politicians who either control our Boards of Education or are a part of them—men absolutely unfitted for such work as that intrusted to them.

How to get these reforms for the parents for their children is the next step. They can come only through closer co-operation of home and school. The teacher and parent must come closer together. That is the root of the present evil. One means toward this end lies in frequent conferences between mother and teacher, as is the practice in one school of which I know. The teacher must better know the timber she is seasoning.

This is an urgent case of demand for reform. Neglect has already worked untold injury. The accusation should no longer be possible that the American father and mother look on with stolid indifference as their child is being permanently crippled by a cramming system of education which is a disgrace—a stinging rebuke to American parentage. It is time to halt; high time to do something.

A national crime lies at the feet of American parents: a crime which concerns their own children.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

FATIGUE IN THE SCHOOLROOM—HOW MAY IT BE REDUCED TO A MINIMUM.

BY SUPT. H. E. KRATZ, OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Psychologists tell us that with the normal pupil mental fatigue from school work is quickly induced and also quickly passes away. Mental efficiency, or the increments of skill gained through mental training, is much more permanent in its character and is not so soon lost. If this be true, in order to attain the highest possible maximum of mental efficiency, with the greatest economy of effort, provide the working periods of the school-room with more frequent rest periods and thus secure, through this power of the mind to recuperate rapidly, an almost continuous high state of mental vigor. The mind, instead of being as we supposed like the old-fashioned sensitized plate of the photographer, which required a long exposure, is, after all, more like the highly sensitized plate of the modern snap-shot camera.

Change is rest. Weariness in the sense of sight can be partially relieved by the exercises which appeal largely to the ear or to the use of the hand. The strongest possible contrasts should be made in the arrangement of the daily program, and the wisest adaptation of difficult subjects to the best working hours of the day.

Much wasted energy can be husbanded by a wiser training of pupils how to study. Studying is a great art, and its mastery or failure to master it, is fraught with momentous consequences to the pupil. There are those right beginnings which lead on to conscious power and mastery, and there are those misguided efforts which lead to weariness and defeat.

The utilization of interest in a greater degree than heretofore promises much relief from the past weariness and drudgery of the schoolroom. Wherein interest becomes such a potent factor in relieving from drudgery, lies in the fact that, even concerning subjects which were at first distasteful, "build up such a powerful apperception mass that any fact connected with that mass will at once attract our attention quite irrespective of our will."

Dislikes, antagonisms, adverse undercurrents of feeling sap energies which should be utilized in fruitful school work. Education from this point of view is to direct nervous energy into right channels and to keep it out of wrong ones. Some of these nerve currents may be termed friendly and some hostile. Some dominant and some defeated. Fatigue and worry may so react upon each other that they become an endless circle.

Every idea that enters a boy's mind is accompanied by some tendencies to motor activity. In fact, he has not thoroughly comprehended it until it has set every power he possesses, both of mind and body, into sympathetic action. He must be free to learn it all over, to secure for himself as many points of contact as possible.

Play on the school ground, under supervision with its freedom and self-control, its spontaneity and self-restraint, its exhilaration and self-expression, is not only the best tonic for rapid recovery from mental fatigue but also possesses great value as an educational process. Physical training exercises, while helpful, yet demand close attention and do not afford as good opportunities as the more spontaneous movements in an out-door recess. Both are needed.—*The Moderator*.

THE SCHOOL IS SUPPLANTING THE HOME.

BY AARON GOVE.

(Superintendent of Schools, Denver, Colo.)

The growth of paternalism in this country is affecting the schools. Great modification of social life demand corresponding modifications in school life. Much of the child training that was formerly done at home is now relegated to the school.

The severe religious and effective discipline of the early American home is fast disappearing. The father no longer claims the boy's time and earnings until manhood is reached. This changed condition requires changed school relations. The school has helped to forward this movement by demanding regular and prompt attendance at school. Fathers of the present have turned themselves away from the supervising of the detailed training of the children. The mother's field of activity is enlarged by participation in governmental and public affairs. Something like Spartan possession threatens the youth of the country.

The remedy is more with teacher and tutor. Rather than permit idleness at home and on the street, ten hours should be spent at school association instead of six. The home demands that the state take more intimate and direct control of the youth.

The present disposition to relinquish the home training of the children and the enlarged field of elementary instruction demanded, require a changed condition in the mechanism of the schools. The state must assume these duties for self-protection; it has already commenced, as illustrated by free school board lectures in many cities. Assembly rooms are to be attached to every schoolhouse for the use of the people every day and every evening of the year. Vacation schools are becoming a necessity.

Changed conditions necessary to meet present and future responsibilities will doubtless be well adjusted by the wisdom and intelligence of the American people.

GREAT THINGS AND SMALL.

BY HARRIET HICKOX HELLER.

A tempest raged within my garden.
The riven branches lay upon the paths;
The swirling dust obscured the burning sun
And hid the distant mountains from my view.
The stinging gnats, grim care and discontent,
Were ever flying in and at my eyes—
The heat was 'tense, the burdens hard to bear,
And all my toilings seemed to come to naught.

A sudden shadow fell across my path,
I raised my eyes—and lo! I stood aghast!
With face averted and a calm and awful mien,
There stood the angel men call Death.
My heart stood still. "O Death," I cried,
"Pause not before *my* gate.
I have but one, one treasure, one wee lamb—"
Untouched the tempest left his sable garb;
Majestic from its folds he raised his hand
And pointed toward the weary, rugged way.

"Thy treasure is thy burden, too," he cried,
"And see! upon the path thy feet are torn."
"Nay, nay, 'tis naught!" I fiercely, wildly cried,
And strove with aching eyes his face to read—
That face so passionless, yet not unkind—
"My poverty is great," I pled. Leave me mine own!"
He turned his calm and awful eyes on me.
"Thy sisters all, are those who me have given,
Yes, unto me have given their all in all.
Art thou more delicate than they?
Less strong to bear thy part?
Is this thy child loaned thee to perfect and enjoy,
Too dear to give to higher life, to greater joy, to God?"
My head dropped down upon my breast,
And useless fell my pleading hands apart.
"I have no claim," I murmured low.
"Be swift, O Death, and sure; if thou must strike."

The storm was spent!
But O, my garden was so dark.

* * * * *

Then came a clear and swiftly uttered word.
God's love to man, called science, spoke,
And Death withdrew
And passed by on the other side—
My tears gushed forth
And drained of woe my heart.

When morning came, I clasped my child,
My duties, trials, labors all,
And went my way about my garden.
The sharpest stones seemed cushions to my feet,
The debris of the storm my garments swept aside.
I knew it not.
No powdered granite, beat up by my own unrest,
Today obscured the sun—
But clear and fair the mountain peaks
Of promise shone out in the west.
I hold my darling! Mine to perfect and enjoy
With love and prayer; to God I leave the rest.

A MOTHER'S CONFESSION.

BY CHRISTINE BEALS.

I once saw a mother take an angry, refractory, erring child who had refused to obey her into her arms, and kiss the hot little face flushed with rebellious passion, and in a sweet, low voice repeat a little song ending with these lines:

“And all must keep to time and place,
And all must keep to rule.
Both waves upon the sandy shore
And children true at school.”

When she finished the child lay perfectly still for a few moments, then smiling up into the mother's face said, “I will do what you asked me to now, mamma. I am sorry I was naughty.”

In answer to my question what had suggested so novel and original a plan of quelling rebellion, she replied:

“When my child was still very young he showed signs of a passionate rebellious disposition. Of course I felt it my duty to conquer it, and I resorted to severe measures. I will confess to you that I had no conceptions whatever of the nobility and grandeur of motherhood. Whatever love there may have been in my heart for a mother's tasks, and a mother's calling was perfectly dormant. I was as one who was blind. At one time I opened the cellar door and put my child into the dark cellar and left him there for an hour or more. Then as his passion and anger had spent itself I took him out. For the remainder of that day he sat around in a quiet, subdued way, in something like a stupor, and I shall never forget the look of fear that lingered in his eyes. I cannot tell you the revulsion of feeling that came over me. I clasped my boy in my arms, and held him tight, and cried over him, and prayed God for mercy. For the first time I knew what it was *to be a mother*. But that startled look in my baby's eyes haunted me for days and weeks, even after I was sure every trace of it had disappeared. I felt now as one who had just received sight. Heretofore my child had been to me something dear to my heart but possessing a disposition that caused a sort of antagonism between us. I believe that I felt that the harsher and more severe I was in conquering him, the more effectually I would eradicate his faults. But after my awakening I saw a human being, an immortal soul, a soul whose destiny is Eternity, and whose plastic nature had been given into my hands to mold and shapen. The little sensitive human frame, through which the hot passion leaps, was given to him without his knowledge or consent. And this live pulsative sentient being is his inheritance, and through this nature such as it is, such as it may become, runs the Divine purpose of God.

"To my newly acquired sight the child seemed transformed. A thing apart from the common mold, a part of the creation which bears the imprint of Divinity.

"Pondering these things," continued the mother, "the thought came to me: What if I compel my child to obey me: suppose I inflict punishment until he dare not disobey, what have I gained? Have I accomplished the thing that I desired, or a shallow outer form of it? Have I the real spirit of obedience prompted by the true nature, the heart of the child, or a hollow mockery of it?

"I had been in the habit of tying the child to a heavy piece of furniture when he refused to obey, with a little rope kept for the purpose, and often when commanded to do a thing he would ask, 'Will you tie me up if I do not?' I had not considered such a question demoralizing in its effect. My ready answer, that I certainly should tie him up unless he obeyed instantly usually brought obedience. But to my awakened sense this was the lowest form of obedience, such as any dumb animal might be trained to. He obeyed because he feared to disobey.

"And was I to train and rear my child without taking cognizance of the Infinite depths of truth and love imbedded in an immortal soul? Then other thoughts came to me. I could tie my child's body now, but what of the time when I could not? If I could not govern him through his heart and mind, while the mind was plastic and the heart tender, what resource would I have when his body grew large and strong and the heart and mind fixed?

"I tell you, my friend," she said, "I did some thinking in those days, and it seems to me now that every thought was a prayer. I read all that I could obtain on the subject and studied over it. I wish that every mother in the land could have her inmost nature stirred and aroused as mine was, and that they might be brought to look a mother's responsibilities, and a mother's blessed privileges in the face as I have.

"Now I began to study my child's nature and analyze it. I resolved to ascertain, if possible, what it was that caused those angry flashes of temper, and the rebellious and disobedient moods. I found that I must search deeper than the surface of my child's nature. I saw that certain things baffled and perplexed him, and that his temperament was of so excitable a nature that he lost control of his reasoning faculties at such times. As he was a very active child and was generally trying to accomplish something beyond his strength or skill, he was apt very frequently to encounter something that would arouse his antagonism and ill-will.

"But, I reasoned, habits grow only as they are indulged in. Then if I can so manage and control the child that he will not be tried beyond his limit of endurance, in time it will grow easier for him to overcome. And when I saw him with his small patience all but exhausted I would go to his assist-

ance with a suggestion, or a little help over the hard place. I remember the surprised look he used to give me when I first offered to help him. You see I used to punish him whenever he gave way to his temper, and he had learned to expect it. But after I changed my mode of treatment he soon learned to come to me for assistance, and his fits of anger and passion became more rare. And such a bond of sympathy sprang up between us, and I had his interest so at heart, and was so anxious to help him, that when he was tried beyond endurance I first talked to him in a soothing, quieting voice, and it was almost beyond credulity to see how the anger and rebellion would die out of his restless little heart.

"I desire to be guided aright in the management of my child, but if I err I hope it may be on the side of mercy.

"Who is there among us who does not fall from grace day to day; and who has not at some time rebelled at the disposition of things about him, or at the path that his feet must tread? Then I reasoned why should one be hard or unsympathetic with a child? I will let my boy see that even in his weaknesses I feel for him, and from this vantage ground I may point out to him that error and wrong doing can never bring real pleasure, and that only honor and obedience can make one truly happy.

"Unless a mother gives careful thought and study to her child's inner life, how is she to know what thoughts of disobedience and discord surge and throb through his heart? I feel it as incumbent upon me to know the condition of my child's mind as the condition of his body. And this I have resolved, that whatever form of punishment I employ, or how ever I deal with him when he errs, that it shall be of such a nature, and be administered in such a manner, that it may be remembered by him in kindness and tenderness, with love and respect, and that he may be impelled to come to me when he is tempted, or when he has erred, sure of my love and sympathy.

"I tell you," she said, with deepened fervor, "children may have faults and their dispositions may be perplexing, but there is a key to their nature, and the mother can find it if she will. I have explained to my child how always in nature certain laws must be obeyed, and have pointed out to him what the effect of disobedience would be, and I have seen the light of understanding leap into his eyes, as they looked back into mine the love, reverence, and devotion they could not express."

The regard I felt for this woman had during her talk grown into real admiration, and I felt that when all mothers take up their obligations with the sincerity of purpose that she had, there would be fewer aching mother hearts longing for the boys and girls that have grown away from them.

MOTHERS AND WAR.

BY H. P. MORRIS.

We had just passed a marble column commemorative of a military victory, when the good boy of three years old, trudging at my side, said in a matter-of-fact tone, "The hucksterman would not give me any peaches this morning; I am going to kill him and have a battle and a monument."

Now this declaration did not seem to him censurable; he had heard the servants praise the life of a soldier, he was putting the matter on the same basis, associating murder of the individual with wholesale slaughter,—something natural and commendable.

To bring a moral idea to his mind, I said, "My dear, when Jesus was here on earth, did He kill men? Did He not tell us to love even our enemies?"

The child assented, but the conversation dwelt with me. The next day in a village, I read a poster advertising a picnic of the Foresters of Pennsylvania, at the close of which was the cool announcement, "A murder will be committed for the amusement of the children."

A sham of course, and the same is done daily in the theaters, but a shocking presentation to innocent little ones, familiarizing them with crime and brutalizing their perceptions; while as they pore over the daily papers, they find details of wickedness, which further stimulate passion.

The time has come when Christians should realize the sacredness of human life, and ask oftener "What would Jesus do?" He came to bring peace on the earth, but we delay it so long as we teach the people that revenge is sweet, that patriotism consists in taking up arms for our country, and that war is glorious.

Our laws forbid murder of an individual, and yet sanction it when national. Strange inconsistency!

Europe today is groaning under the burden of militarism, and we, who were almost free from it, are inciting Americans to foreign conquest, instead of turning their thought toward the greatly needed reforms in our own political structure. "spiritual wickedness in high places." The satire in these verses is pithy and pertinent, referring to Boys' Brigades:

We'll help the church to march in line
With this progressive age;
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
With fighting on the stage.

Ring out the patient Nazarene,
Ring out the Golden Rule,
And base our Creeds and Catechisms
On the Military School.

We'll file around the pulpit stairs,
 With sword and spear and gun,
 And sing and shout in Sunday School
 Fight on, fight on, fight on.

We claim that mothers mold the mind of a nation, and at the recent Peace Congress at the Hague, a petition was read from thousands of women in many lands, protesting against the scourge of war; therefore let us lead this benign endeavor and win back for America her place, as foremost in the world's righteousness.

* * * * *

"There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope; it is for you only who can feel the depths of pain; and conceive the way of its healing."—*Ruskin*.

AN IMPERATIVE DUTY OF MOTHERHOOD.

Every fairly educated woman should be able to train her children in the correct use of the mother-tongue. It is merely a question of inclination on her part. The miserable excuse for not making the effort is usually that the children "will learn all that after awhile in school." I wish to make it clear that they will never learn grammar so well in school and after six years as they can learn it at home before six. We need not make the little child's life a burden by descending hawk-like upon all his birdling ventures in speech. It is a natural tendency in early childhood to make all the verbs regular, and to invent adjectives. The three-year-old little one instinctively says "rolly" for slippery, "fally" for unsafe, etc. These inventions ought to be treated indulgently, for they will speedily be outgrown. It is more important to extend their vocabulary by often using new terms in their presence than to clip their original variations. Not only should we use good English before our children, small and large, but we should inspire in them an ambition to achieve excellence by dropping now and then some general rule so simple that they can themselves apply it. Grammar may in this way take root in their understanding without the use of text-books, and a saving of time be accomplished in the space devoted to school education.—*Florence Hull Winterburn in the April Woman's Home Companion*.

Editorial.

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D., Editor.

ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN, Assistant Editor.

I have had an interview with my doctor which has given me food for thought. During these spring months I have not been gaining strength as I felt that I ought, and so I thought I'd take counsel. I am willing to take advice but not medicine. And the doctor says it is not medicine that I need but rest, absolute rest. "Now don't go away from home and take your work with you. That will do no good. Go and leave all care behind and by fall you will probably be able to take it up again with renewed vigor, but if you do not obey this dictum * * * ."

Well, I won't finish the sentence; suffice it to say that I came home and pondered and held a family council.

"I could manage it all but the NEW CRUSADE," I said. "I would certainly be obliged to take the editorial work with me."

"Why not suspend it for three months?" asked the business manager.

"That would be like suspending cooking meals," I replied.

"Well that could be done in a case of emergency," he answered. "During the summer the readers will take their vacations, the Mothers' Clubs will suspend. I believe we can suspend too. I am sure if the subscribers of the NEW CRUSADE could know the situation and vote on it they would vote unanimously to suspend publication till fall in order that you may have this needed rest."

"I wish they could know the situation and vote on it," said the assistant editor. "If they could know how many years you have labored for the welfare of humanity with never a thought of yourself, I know what their vote would be. Why mother, just read the wishes and prayers that come to us in the daily mail; even the business letters often close with a prayer for your health and the success of your 'blessed magazine.' Do you think for a moment that these people would be unwilling to grant you a little rest?"

"I know, dear. These heartfelt wishes coming from all quarters of the globe have been my daily tonic, and I feel that I must not fail those who trust me."

"It won't be failing them in the least. It will be only pushing their subscriptions on a little farther. Each subscriber will get his full quota of numbers, only he will get them after September instead of before. It will be a perfectly legitimate business transaction. Put it to vote."

After this conversation I concluded to put it to vote in this number and wait for the response, but that seemed like a lack of confidence in you all, as well as postponing my vacation later than seemed desirable, and so I have signified my trust in you by arranging to suspend the publication of the NEW CRUSADE until September, and by the time this reaches you I will probably be among my father's relatives in England. Should some one ask why the assistant editor could not issue the magazine in my absence I will say that those dear children are not willing that mother should go on such a journey without some one to care for her, and so the son elects to stay at home alone while the daughter convoys the mother as far from business cares as possible.

Ours will not be a jaunting from place to place with the strain of sight seeing, but will be a quiet rest among the few remaining members of my father's family, a pilgrimage, as it were, to the graves of my forefathers. In memory I can see the little country church yard where several graves have been made since I stood there thirty years ago. I shall feel that I owe it to your generosity that I am able to see the living faces of the few that remain.

I shall think of my NEW CRUSADE family with loving interest, and shall strive to grow strong every hour that I may better work for you in the future than I have done in the past. I trust the summer will bring to each of you many blessings and many delights. Won't you take a rest with me? Come, let us lay aside all the superfluities of life, being content with just the needed material things that we may have time to feed our restful thoughts and grow strong by absorbing vital force from sea and sky and woods and mountains.

Even the inanimate earth must at times lie fallow if we would not have it fail altogether in productiveness, and we, while lying apparently idle, are only storing up that nutritive material which shall enable us to nourish others more abundantly.

In the *Review of Reviews* for April the methods of industrial training pursued at Hampton Institute, in Virginia, are described by Albert Shaw, whose text is illustrated from a series of forty photographs recently taken by Miss Frances Johnston, of Washington.

No better reading matter for the young folks can be found than that contained in the *Christian Endeavor World*. Every member of that society should be a subscriber, and parents would do well to bring it into the home. A recent number is devoted to a consideration of the subject of purity

. . . In the Nursery . . .

"Omnipotent are the laws of the nursery and fireside."—DELANO.

THE CARE OF THE CHILD FOR THE FIRST SIX YEARS.

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

No. V.

The first exercise of the baby should be passive through gentle rubbing and patting of the body, and stretching of the limbs. He should not be encouraged to self-activity but allowed to use his strength as his own developing brain and muscles indicate. His aimless movements are educational and as he gains power he will naturally desire to use it.

The time when he shall creep, stand or walk may be best decided by himself. The very young infant should be carried in the arms for his daily outing. When after a few weeks he is put into a perambulator it should be in a recumbent position, well covered and with eyes protected from the sun. He should receive no rough jolting. When old enough to sit up during his rides his back should be well supported. In mild weather for the child strong enough to maintain an upright position the wheeled chairs are preferable to perambulators.

The ability of children to develop the power of self-direction is often interfered with by the constant repression in childhood of their muscular activities. "Don't climb, you'll fall," "Don't run, you'll hurt yourself," and similar injunctions from nervous mothers tend to lessen the vigorous development of brain, muscle, and judgment, and to make a weakling.

The exercise of the child from babyhood on should be both spontaneous and guided. Where his impulsive activities are not harmful, let them have full play. Then add to these the education of his senses under judicious management, and you will have a more complete physical development than if either spontaneity or teaching have had complete sway. Let him first get acquainted with himself by creeping, walking, climbing, as his own impulses direct. Then train his eye to observe the world of nature before the world of books, let his muscles learn the use of larger tools before putting them to the pencil or needle. He may know much of the many sciences before he can read or write a word, and be both stronger and wiser than if earlier confined to the school room with its unphysiological seats, its taxing lights, its bad air,

its compelled physical inactivity, its strife for marks and prizes, and its mental strain of examinations.

The physical care of the child cannot be wholly separated from the mental and moral. Happiness depends upon health, and health upon happiness, while both depend upon mental states and moral conditions. The disobedient child is not happy; hence, not well. He must therefore be early taught to obey. He must not be teased, irritated, made angry or needlessly disappointed, frightened, treated unjustly, or injudiciously indulged. All these are sources of mental disturbances which reflect injuriously on the health.

It is not enough that he be well-fed, comfortably clothed, and warmly sheltered. To be physically well he must be treated as an individual with rights to be regarded, with activities to be directed, with belongings to be protected, with affections to be cultivated; without this he cannot grow up physically sound and harmoniously developed.

Do not permit the children to form the habit of disputing and quarreling with each other. It may be prevented, like other bad habits, by watchfulness, particularly if the training is begun when the children are very young. Separation is the best punishment, breaking up the play and taking away the cause of the dispute. Children are social beings and do not like to play alone. They dislike solitude, and if they find it is invariably the result of quarreling they will take pains to be more amiable so as not to be forced into it.—April *Ladies' Home Journal*.

There is a growing tendency in the best literature of the day to encourage young girls to realize their ideals rather than to make them sensitive of their inexperience. As a leader in periodical literature for women the *Woman's Home Companion* is to be congratulated upon the inauguration of the department "Short Talks With Girls," to be conducted by Ada C. Sweet, who will make the *Companion* a helpful counselor of girlhood.

... The World's Sisterhood ...

"She knew the power of bonded ill,
But knew that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good,
The world's united womanhood."

—Whittier's tribute to Frances E. Willard.

THE INFLUENCE OF GIRLS.

BY ROSE M. WOOD-ALLEN.

(Continued.)

It does not seem possible to us, when we consider the small amount of influence which each one of us appears to possess, that this slight power could have any effect upon the advancement of our nation, or upon the welfare of the race, yet such is the case.

In order to understand why this is, we must remember in the first place, as the Scotchman says, "Mony a mickle maks a muckle." Your personal influence added to my personal influence is greater than either alone, and when to ours we add all the influence of all the other young women in our country, we can begin to see that here is a greater power than we had at first imagined. This power may, of course, be scattered and so not reach any very great usefulness; or it may be united for some one definite thing and then it becomes a mighty, almost irresistible force. We have not realized our power and so have scattered it. Now it is time for us to "see with our understanding" and unite for the betterment of the world.

Of course, we must remember that men have this power of influence as well as women; and there is one field in which we may clearly discern the effect of this power exerted by them united, though, to a certain extent, unconsciously.

In the field of morals men have required of women a certain high standard of life. Men have said by actions more potent than words, "You must be good, pure, true. You must not drink or smoke or swear. You must come up to our standard of right for you, or we will not respect you; we will not accord to you the honor of wife and mother."

This united influence of men has strengthened those longings for the best which dwell in every human heart, and thinkers agree that this is the reason

why women today live up to this high standard. It is because the power of man's influence has compelled them.

When we turn to consider the moral status of men, we find this is much lower than that of women, and we naturally ask why this is so. A little study will show us that women have not required this higher moral life of men, and that is the reason they live on the lower level. Women have tacitly said, "It matters not what you do, we will still smile upon you, flatter you, receive you into our houses, accept you as husbands, and close our eyes to all your sins and vices."

Here is where men have been wronged by women. No one ever climbed without an incentive, and there is but one incentive strong enough to enable men to come off victorious in this hardest of all battles, the fight with self and the baser desires. Those who should have been man's inspiration to effort and growth have failed him, and he has suffered the consequences. Man's lower moral condition is woman's shame.

This being true, let us set ourselves to redeem the mistake of the past. Let us set our standard of manhood high and keep it fixed before the eyes of all. Thus may we become man's inspiration and truest friend, and the means of the upbuilding of the nation and the improvement of the race.

You may think the last statement I made concerning the uplifting that might be done by us but an outburst of rhetoric. I want to show you that it was but the statement of a plain fact.

You may think that I am exaggerating when I say that if the young women of today would make the same requirements of men that men today make of women, the whole nation would feel the effect.

"Why," you say, "even our taking that stand wouldn't change all the young men. There would still be a large number who would continue in the lower life."

That is probably true, and yet my statement is also true. This result might not come all at once, but it would come just as surely.

If the young women take this same stand as do the men, it would mean that no young man who smoked or chewed or drank or lived an impure life or read objectionable books or attended questionable amusements or indulged in language unfit for a lady's ear would be accepted by any girl as her husband. That would mean that his physical, mental, and moral deterioration would not be handed on to coming generations.

We do not think enough about our responsibility in this direction, my dear girls. We can choose one-half of the inheritance of our children. Shall we not, then, choose for them the best?

Sometimes you will hear a young man say it is nobody's business but his own if he smokes or drinks. No one has a right to interfere with his personal liberty. Now this might be said with some show of truth if we were

. . . The World's Chivalry . . .

"A knight.

Who revered his conscience as his King;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who honored his own words as if his God's;
Who led a sweet life in pure chastity;
Who loved one only, and who clove to her,
And worshiped her by years of noble deeds."

—Tennyson.

TRUST AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

One of the most notable illustrations of the evil consequences of distrust is that afforded by the relative positions of the sexes. The institutions of society and education, so far as they have to do with these relations, are established on the theory that men and women are not to be trusted together. Our colleges and schools, and all the institutions and usages of social life, recognize, as a cardinal fact, the untrustworthiness of men and women. They proceed upon the theory that men will betray if they can, and that virtue in women is only a name. Wherever this theory is pushed to its extreme, there we shall find always the qualities suspected. I suppose that there is no country in the world where young women are guarded with such care as in France. The very extreme of punctilio is exacted on the part of parents, and a woman is hardly allowed to see her lover alone until after her marriage. The duenna is her companion in society, as constantly as her own shadow. Yet in France, as in all countries where this extreme of caution is observed—where this distrust takes its severest form—is female virtue the rarest, and masculine licentiousness the most universal. Virtue shrinks and refuses to live in the atmosphere of universal distrust. Manly purity and honor find no use for themselves where they are neither believed in nor appealed to. This distrust of the sexes, so persistently and powerfully inculcated by society, breeds untrustworthiness, and sows broadcast the seeds of impurity. It always has been so, and it always will be. There is no remedy but in releasing society from the control of men and women who are sadly conscious of their own weaknesses, and in the assumption of the functions of education by men who are something more than saintly and suspicious grandmothers.

